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KING OF PRUSSIA

COUNT BISMARK

# GERMANY,

FROM

THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC;

OR,

# PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND VENETIA,

WITH REFERENCE TO THE LATE WAR.

60916

BY

CAPTAIN SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF 'SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS,'
'TURKEY, RUSSIA, THE BLACK SEA, AND CIRCASSIA,' ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, BROADWAY,
LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.
1867.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

# PREFACE.

Of every species of writing, there is none that provokes a greater share of discussion than a book of travels. The historian narrates the events of a bygone age—the novelist and the poet, the creations of their own genius; these, of course, cannot excite animadversion on merely personal grounds, but the traveller, who, in addition to the task of describing the various features of the countries that pass beneath his view, undertakes to depict their religious, social, political, and moral state, necessarily incurs no inconsiderable share of hostile feeling among those who may happen to differ from him in opinion. It is superfluous to expatiate on the pernicious consequences which ensue when a traveller, influenced either by the dread of the reviewers, or the apprehension of offending the powers that be, suppresses or misstates facts, in recording his impressions of the countries he has visited. On the other hand, the man who fearlessly makes known what he believes to be the truth, is not only recognized as a friend to the best interests of humanity, but may also be instrumental in

making the rulers of men acquainted with facts, the knowledge of which might otherwise never have reached them.

The present work owes its origin to the suggestion of that eminent caterer for the intellectual requirements of the public, Mr. George Routledge. 'We want,' said he, 'a work on Germany for the million, that shall embrace something more instructive than the commonplace sayings and doings of the mere traveller. We want to become more intimately acquainted with its past history—its probable future—the religious, social, political and moral character of the people. We want to know what were the causes that led to the late war, and what are likely to be their results—in a word, we want to know all that can be told, in a comprehensive summary, of that vast and interesting country of Central Europe which extends from the Baltic to the Adriatic.'

What an overwhelming amount of requirements for a poor author to comply with, who, moreover, was only permitted to devote a month or two to the task! It is true, Germany was to me, from early associations, and long residence, a sort of second fatherland. I knew the country thoroughly, its government, and its people, but how to execute the work in so short a space of time was the question. Mechanism has not yet been brought to bear on intellectual labour, and I had

no other alternative than to summon to my aid, my son, Mr. Almaric Spencer, who having been partly educated in Germany, is also well acquainted with that country. By our united efforts, the task is now completed. I have, therefore, only to add, the reader will find that in the following pages we have endeavoured to lay before him the fullest description of those important countries of Central and Eastern Europe that can be comprised in a single volume.

By a brief historical survey of the past, we have endeavoured to trace to their origin the causes of the important events that have so recently occurred. The past is the key to the present, and it is only by a careful study of history that we can appreciate, at their true value, the events now passing around us. We have given brief genealogical sketches of the principal Royal Houses of Germany, we have treated of the social and moral condition, the manners and customs of the people, of the physical aspect and natural productions of the various countries we describe, whenever such considerations were calculated to elucidate the circumstances that may have influenced their present political condition.

In our descriptions of the campaigns of 1866, both in Bohemia and Venetia, and in tracing the causes which, we think, contributed to the success of the victor and the overthrow of the vanquished, we have endea-

voured to deduce such practical inferences as we consider will not be without their value in the event of the renewal of hostilities.

It is true, that Europe at present enjoys a brief interval of repose, but we fear the blessing will prove but transitory—a mere lull before the storm. We have no wish to be alarmists, but we must confess that the present aspect of affairs is not one to inspire confidence. Better to look events calmly and boldly in the face than to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. These are no times to beat the sword into the ploughshare, when all Europe is yet heaving with the throes of revolution, when the Eastern question is still unsettled, when all the leading powers are arming, and the electric telegraph may, at any moment, flash the signal for hostilities from Tzarskoe-selo, or the Tuileries. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and in the hope that our work may prove both useful and instructive to a varied and numerous class of readers, we finally commit its merits to the verdict of public opinion.

ED. SPENCER.

*December 27th*, 1866.

# CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

## CHAPTER I.

Causes that led to the late War in Germany — Congress of Vienna, and Treaties of 1815 — Difficulty of uniting the different States of Germany under one Head — Jealousies of the leading Powers — Schleswig-Holstein—Policy of Prussia — Herr von Bismarck — Austria and Prussia contrasted — Future of Germany .. .. Page 1

## CHAPTER II.

The Home of the Teutonic Races — Germany in the olden Time — Distinctions of Race and Language — Soil and Climate — Physical Aspect of the Country — Hercynian Forest — Mountains and Rivers of Germany — Natural Productions — Picturesque Scenery — Towns and Cities — Features of general Interest and Attraction .. .. 11

## CHAPTER III.

Past History of Germany — Fall of the Roman Empire — Charlemagne — Origin of the Term Kaiser — The Germanic Empire — Influence of the Popes — The Hanse Towns — Rudolph of Habsburg — Foundation of the Habsburg Dynasty — The War of Succession — Origin of the Kingdom of Prussia — Teutonic Knights — House of Hohenzollern — Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg — Frederick the Great — Patriotism and Devotion of Prussia — Battle of Leipsic — Prussia in 1848 .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 19

## CHAPTER IV.

Hamburg — Altona — Schleswig-Holstein — Lübeck — Bremen — Hanseatic League — Hanover — Brunswick — Göttingen — Mecklenburg-Schwerin — Ludwigslust — Natural Productions of North Germany — Ancient Dynasty of the House of Mecklenburg — Oldenburg and its reigning Princes — Petty States of Central Germany — Their social and political Disadvantages — Hegemony of Prussia .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. . .. 32

## CHAPTER V.

Prussia — First Impressions — Aspect of the Country — Industry of the the People — Berlin — Character of the Prussians — Sympathy between the King and the People — Der Alte Fritz — The present King of Prussia — His personal Appearance — The Executive — Education of the People — Protestantism — The Prussian Army — Zündnadelgewehr — Causes that have contributed to the Success of the Prussian Arms — Origin of the Landwehr .. .. .. .. 45

## CHAPTER VI.

Irregular Frontier of Prussia — Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Brunswick — Their Union with Prussia — Future of the petty Princes of Germany — Kingdom of Westphalia — Franconia — The Country of Herman — General Gulse — The Hessians — Their soldierly Qualities — Anecdote of Jérome Bonaparte — Wilhelmshöhe — German Palaces .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 62

## CHAPTER VII.

Franconia — Its ancient History — Inhabitants — Elements of material Prosperity — Beauty of the Country — Peasantry — Nuremberg — Wurzburg — Saint Kilian — Taunus Mountains — Roman Remains — The Pfahlgraben — Duchy of Nassau — Princes of the House of Orange — Their History — Mineral Springs — Wiesbaden — Its historical Recollections — Mayence — Its Antiquity — Its great Strength — Guttenberg — Ancient City of Worms — Luther before the Diet — Frankfort — Wealth and Beauty of the City — Its Annexation to Prussia — A Peep into Futurity .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 71

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt — Influential Alliances of the reigning Family — Heidelberg — The Palatinate — Why claimed by France — The Fortress of Landau — Spires — Grand Duchy of Baden — Carlsruhe — House of Zähringer — Strasburg — Schwartzwald — Constance — Political Divisions of Germany — Her weakest Frontier — Wurtemberg — History of that Country and its reigning Princes of the House of Teck — Bavaria — The Danube — Munich —The Ex-King Louis and the Walhalla — National Character of the Bavarians — Sketch of the History of the Princes of the House of Wittelsbach .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 81

## CHAPTER IX.

The Rhine — Its Importance as a Frontier — The Moselle — Antiquity of Treves — The Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein — Historical Associations of the Rhine — Cologne — Aix-la-Chapelle — Rhenish Prussia — Krupp's Iron and Steel Works — Sketch of the former History of the Towns on the Rhine — The left Bank of the Rhine — The Emperor of the French — The Gaul and the Teuton .. .. .. 92

## CHAPTER X.

Louis Napoleon and M. von Bismarck — Claims of the French to the left Bank of the Rhine — Sarre-Louis — Landau and Luxembourg — Their political and strategical Importance — Lorraine and Alsace — France and Russia — Their Policy with regard to Germany — Sketch of Belgium and Holland — Influence of Language — The ancient Flemish superseded by the French — Schiller and the German Language — The Teutonic Race .. .. .. .. .. 101

## CHAPTER XI.

Industry of the Prussians — Silesia and Posen — Characteristics of the Inhabitants — Salutary Effects of Prussian Rule — Ancient Kingdom of Poland — Evils of an Elective Monarchy — Sufferings of Prussia during the French Occupation of that Country — Prussia and Prussian-Poland contrasted — Possible Future of the Poles — Causes that led to the Division of Poland — Its Effect on Europe .. 113

## CHAPTER XII.

Silesia — Its Conquest by Frederick the Great — General Aspect of the Country — Characteristics of the Inhabitants — Battle of Lissa — Breslau the Capital — Tomb of Blücher — His Character and early Career — Productions of Silesia — Its past History — Traces of the Seven Years' War, and of its Occupation by the French — Upper Silesia and its beautiful Scenery — Frederick the Great and the Monasteries — The Castle of Fürstenstein — Riesengeberg — Splendid View from the Schneekoppe — Character of the Scenery .. 124

## CHAPTER XIII.

Strategical and Military Importance of Bohemia — Its early History — How it came under the Rule of the Princes of the House of Habsburg — Disaffection of the Inhabitants — Sketch of Prague — Its Resemblance to the Eternal City — Religious Persecutions — John Hüss and Jerome of Prague — Extraordinary Valour of the Hussites — Their long Wars with the Emperors of Germany and the Catholic League — Moravia and the Herrenhüters — Their History — Concluding Remarks .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 133

## CHAPTER XIV.

Bohemia, its Mountains and Defiles — Its physical Obstacles to Invasion — Battles of the Frontier — Effects of the Needle-gun — Dash and Energy of the Prussians — Their Military Organization — The Railway and the Telegraph — Strategy of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief — His Line of Battle — First Brush with the Prussians — Trautenau and its Consequences — Langensalza and the Hanoverians — Battle of Königgrätz — Capture of Chlum — Defeat of the Austrians — Advantages of Fortresses — Retreat to Olmütz — Results of the Battle .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 147

## CHAPTER XV.

Prussia previous to the late War — Modern Warfare and its Connection with Science — Breech-loaders and Rifled Cannon — Lessons taught us by the late German War — Citizen Soldier contrasted with the mere Hireling — Constitution of the Prussian Landwehr — How to

educate a Citizen Soldier — General good Conduct of the Prussian Soldier — To what it may be ascribed — Modern Warfare — Its possible Results — The Bohemian Campaign from an Austrian Point of View — Battle of Königgrätz — How Chlum was lost — Desertion of the Italians — Feldzeugmeister Benedek — His Character as a General and a Soldier — The Archduke Albrecht and the Emperor of Austria — The Battle of Sadowa from a Prussian Point of View .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 159

## CHAPTER XVI.

Characteristic Sketch of the King of Prussia — Count Bismarck — What he has done for Germany — His Character and Antecedents — Prussian Military System — How far it is applicable to other Countries — Force of Public Opinion in Prussia — Austria and Prussia contrasted — The most distinguished Prussian Generals — What they did during the late War .. .. .. .. .. .. 174

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sketch of Saxony and its past History — Henry the Fowler, the first Saxon Emperor of Germany — Causes that led to the Decay of Saxony — Division of Saxony — Character of its Rulers and People — Importance of Saxony to Prussia — The late Government and future Prospects of Saxony — Magdeburg — Tilly and the Thirty Years' War — The Germans and Queen Louisa of Prussia — Birthplace of Luther — Halle, Wittenberg — Langensalza — The Saxe Duchies — Schiller and Göthe — Saxe-Coburg-Gotha .. .. 191

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Saxon Switzerland — Romantic Beauty of the Scenery — Fortress of Königstein — The Kuhstall — Sandstone Rocks — Extraordinary Labyrinth of Rocks at Adersbach — Approach to Dresden by the Elbe — First View of that Town — Catholic Church — Frauenkirche — Japan Palace — Picture Gallery — New Railway Bridge — Meissen — Leipsic — Character of the Inhabitants — Book-trade — Literature — Printing Establishment of M. Brockhaus — The two Battles of Leipsic — Their important Results — Soldierly Qualities exhibited by the Saxons during the late War .. .. .. .. 205

## CHAPTER XIX.

Historical Sketch of Austria at the Zenith of her Power — Gradual Decay of her Influence — Its Causes — Princes of the House of Habsburg — Their Character and System of Rule — The Doctrine of Nationalities — The Hungarians — Preservation of an Independent Hungary essential to Austria — Difficulties of her Position — Influence of the Priesthood in Austria — The Aristocracy in Austria — Loyalty of the Hungarians — Their Sufferings — Fatal Policy of the Princes of the House of Habsburg .. .. .. 218

## CHAPTER XX.

Population of the Austrian Empire — Slavonians — Czecks of Bohemia — Germans — Sketch of the Hungarian War of Independence — Panslavism *versus* Magyarism — Astute Policy of Russia — Thwarted by the Crimean War — Countries of the Lower Danube — Their possible Future — Hint to Austria .. .. .. .. .. .. 232

## CHAPTER XXI.

Who are the Magyars? — Their early History — St. Stephen their first King — Title of Apostolic Majesty first conferred upon a King of Hungary — Dynasty of Arpad — Robert of Anjou — Prosperous Reign of King Louis — The great Hungarian General Hunyadi — War with the Turks — Court of Matthias Corvinus — Battle of Mohacs — How the Princes of the House of Habsburg became elected Kings of Hungary — Misfortunes entailed upon Hungary by their Rule — The Future of Austria in the Hands of the Magyars — Foundation for a Slavo-Magyar Empire — A Plan for the Government of the different Nationalities .. ... .. .. 240

## CHAPTER XXII.

Physical Characteristics of the Austrian Empire — Her Geographical Position and its Advantages — Extraordinary Fertility of Hungary — Effects of bad Government — Undeveloped Resources of the Country — Droughts of Hungary — Their Remedy — The Concordat and the Pope — 'Austria as it is,' by an Austrian Nobleman — Priests — Army — Government — People — Public Opinion in Austria — Francis Joseph and the Jesuits — What will he do with them? .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 252

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Absence of diplomatic and military Talent in Austria — How accounted for — Austrian Nobility — Their Pride of Ancestry — Their Exclusiveness — Their monopolizing Tendencies — Its pernicious Influences upon the Prosperity of the Country — The Austro-Deutschthum of Vienna contrasted with the Magyarthum of Pesth — The Habsburg System of Rule, and what it has led to — Hostile Feeling of the People towards the Jesuits .. .. .. .. .. .. 264

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Visit to the Madonna of the Styrian Alps — Beautiful Scenery — First View of the Holy City — Way-side Altars — Number of the Pilgrims — Church of Maria Zell — Miraculous Image of the Virgin — Beauty of the Shrine — History of the Image — Its great Antiquity — Similar to those found in Egypt, Syria, and Greece — The Emperor Joseph II. and the Jesuits — What he did in the Holy City — Demoralizing Influence of Religious Pilgrimages — Dangerous Expression of Opinion in Austria .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 273

## CHAPTER XXV.

Excursions in the Alpine Provinces of the Austro-Deutschthum — Visit to the Styrian Labyrinth — Sublime Beauty of the Scenery — The Mysterious Lake — An Alpine Village — Ascent of the Speik-Kogel — Varied Flora — Glorious Sunrise — Arrival at the Summit — Magnificent Prospect — The Valeriana Celtica — Its Celebrity as a Perfume — How to live in Alpine Districts — Supper for an Epicure — The Lavanthal and its Inhabitants — Habits of the Chamois and the Marmot — The Tyrant of the Alps .. .. .. .. 283

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Facilities of Travelling in the Austrian-Switzerland — Pass of the Leobel — Sublime Scenery — Mineral Wealth — Want of Enterprise — Iron Mines of Styria — Quicksilver Mines of Idria — Laybach and Sir Humphry Davy — Maid of the Inn — Zirknitzer Lake — A Paradox — Grotto of Adelsberg — The Proteus-Anguinus — Its singular Conformation .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 296

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Principal Towns of the Alpine Provinces of Austria — Gratz — Salzburg —Leoben — Upper Styria — Anecdote of the first Napoleon — Duchy of Carniola — Costume of the Mountaineers — The Karst — Its singular Geological Features — The Bora Wind —Its extraordinary Violence — Splendid Prospect from the Opshina — Venetia and the Adriatic — Trieste — Concluding Remarks on Germany .. .. 307

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Italy and its past History — How Venetia came under the Rule of Austria — What the Emperor of the French has done for Italy — Sinister Influence of the Court Camarilla on the late War — Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi — Sicilian Conspiracy of the Clerical and Reactionary Party — The Quadrilateral and its Connection with the Papal Hierachy .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 317

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A free and united Italy — Her future Prospects — Victor Emmanuel — His Frankness and Honesty — National Failings of the Italians — Garibaldi — His Life — Character — His Power of winning the Affection of his Followers — Influence of his Example on the Field of Battle — The Camicie Rosse — Garibaldi as a Commander — General Cialdini — Mazzini and the Red Republicans — Departure of the Austrians .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 325

## CHAPTER XXX.

Cession of Venetia — Its political Motives — Ill-advised Policy pursued by Austria — The War in Italy and Bohemia contrasted — Disaffection in the Austrian Army — An unfortunate Miscalculation — Venice, her Past and Present — National Rejoicings — Patriotic Conduct of the Clergy in Venice — Important Era in the History of the Roman Catholic Church .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 335

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Venice before the late War — Characteristics of the Austrian Soldiery — Sketch of the Quadrilateral — Fortifications of Venice — Their great

Strength — Venice in the olden Time — Impregnable Character of the Lombardo-Venetian Forts — Singular Fatality attending the Career of Francis Joseph .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 344

## CHAPTER XXXII.

agic of a Name — Battle of Custozza — Its Effects on Italy and Austria — Disastrous Retreat of the Italians — Military Panics and their Consequences — Battle of Custozza from a French Point of View — The late Prussian War and its Results to Italy — Good Faith and high Character of the Italians as an Ally .. .. .. .. .. 355

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

uropean Military Reform since the Peace of 1815 — The French and Austrian Systems — Prussia and the Needle-gun — Wellington and the first Napoleon — Their Tactics — Value of Enthusiasm in a Soldier — Ancient and modern Warfare — Breech-loaders and rifled Cannon — What will be the Result of their Introduction — Opinion of the first Napoleon upon the military Tactics of his Day — Anecdote of Solyman the Great and the Alchymist .. .. .. .. .. 365

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

aval Battle of Lissa — How to attack Ironsides — Admiral Tegethof and the Austrian Navy — Unfounded Report of the French and Italian Journals — Dalmatia and its Seamen — How Dalmatia came under the Rule of Austria — Characteristics of the Inhabitants of Dalmatia — The Illyrian Peninsula and Dalmatia — Their probable Future .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 380

## CHAPTER XXXV.

istorical Sketch of the Illyrian Peninsula — How it came under the Rule of the Turks — Gradual Decline of Ottoman Power — Dalmatia and the Lion of Saint Mark — The Bocca di Cattaro — Its Importance as a Naval and Military Position — How the French lost the Bocca di Cattaro — Its Uselessness to Austria — Importance of Montenegro as a military Position — Its natural Defences — Concluding Observations on the Eastern Question .. .. 390

# GERMANY

FROM

# THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC.

## CHAPTER I.

Causes that led to the late War in Germany.—Congress of Vienna, and Treaties of 1815.—Difficulty of uniting the different States of Germany under one Head.—Jealousies of the leading Powers.—Schleswig-Holstein.—Policy of Prussia.—Herr von Bismarck.—Austria and Prussia contrasted.—Future of Germany.

UPWARDS of half a century has now passed away since the close of the last great European struggle—a period that will long be remembered in the world's history as one of almost unexampled material prosperity and intellectual progress. The blessings of civilization, instead of being confined to a few privileged classes, are now shared by the great bulk of the community; and education, having become more widely diffused, has awakened an increasing thirst for knowledge, that has been met by a corresponding development of the public press. Our commercial relations with other countries have, in the present day, attained a scale of importance such as could scarcely have been dreamt of, by the most sanguine, at the commencement of the present

era; a result to which that gigantic agent of human progress, the steam engine, has contributed in no small degree. The different nations of Europe have been brought into such close and intimate relations, that we might almost be pardoned for imagining that the ancient landmarks of race and creed were about to be swept away altogether, and to yield to a period of universal peace and goodwill. Alas! for the fallibility of human judgment, and the imperfection of human institutions, such dreams have been rudely dispelled by the events of the last few months. Christendom has once again been the theatre of a contest as fierce and bloody, though, happily, not as protracted, as any that ever wasted her fields and desolated her homesteads. To the superficial observer of human affairs, such a result may well be both perplexing and disheartening, but to all who possess the gift of reading the events of the future in the signs of the present, it must long have been apparent that some such crisis as that recently impending, was sooner or later inevitable.

It was foreseen by the first Napoleon, when he gave utterance to his celebrated dictum,—'In fifty years the world will be republican or Cossack;' and the shadow of coming events cast a gloom over the death-bed of the veteran diplomatist of the old school, when he declared, 'Après moi, le déluge.' Both foresaw that awakening of the people; that passionate craving for national existence, that is characteristic of the times in which we live; but neither foresaw that moral and intellectual growth of the masses, that has kept pace with their

political development, and tempered their acts with a wise discretion.

It is not to be expected that such a revolution as we have lately witnessed in Italy, and still more recently in Germany, could be accomplished without bloodshed. Not by the flowery paths of material prosperity alone do nations attain to the highest stage of political existence; and freedom, to be worth the name, must be bought with a price. Happily, however, the crisis has been passed through without those scenes of lawless violence and anarchy that were predicted. Both Napoleon and Metternich formed too low an estimate of human nature. They read events by the light of the past, rather than of the future, and the vision of bloodshed and ruin that filled the prophetic eye of the Corsican, seemed to leave no alternative for Europe but republicanism or the rule of the Cossack.

The elements of discord now existing among us may, to a certain extent, be regarded as a heritage bequeathed to posterity by the Congress of Vienna. That celebrated conclave, in a spirit of blind conservatism, set about the task of constructing a new edifice out of old materials, and while ostensibly engaged in so adjusting the balance of power, and establishing the relations between the different European States, as to secure a guarantee for future peace and tranquillity, was, in reality, sowing the seeds of revolution broadcast over the land. The nations of Christendom, treated as so many bloodless abstractions, were parcelled out and divided in accordance with the

traditions of an obsolete statecraft, that took no cognizance of race and language, and made no provision for that growth which is the essential condition of national as of individual existence. The result of their labours was a very pretty bit of diplomatic mosaic work, as sightly, but likewise as brittle, as glass. Events now passing around us are the best commentary on the treaties of 1815.

The mighty German nation—one of the most civilized and intellectual in the world—parcelled out among a host of petty princes, was a giant in the swaddling clothes of an infant. That a condition so abnormal should have endured so long, does indeed, at first sight, appear surprising; but the wonder will cease when we come to take into consideration the difficulty of uniting a people living under so many different rulers and separated by so many conflicting interests. There seemed an inherent *vis inertiæ* in the heterogeneous mass that nothing could overcome. The real fact was, however, that propulsion had not yet been imparted from the right quarter. The difficulty of uniting the various petty States—each with a sovereign, court, and bureaucratic system of its own—was the first to be overcome. Granting, however, that they had been willing to sacrifice their individual interests on the altar of a common patriotism, there still remained the prime obstacle to German unity—the jealousy of the leading powers.

Germany was a vast camp, divided into hostile factions, under the leadership of Austria or Prussia,

each one striving to thwart and outmanœuvre the other, and to acquire for itself an exclusive ascendancy in the councils of the fatherland. The unhappy Bund had long been a dead letter. Its decrees were set aside and ignored just as it suited the purpose of the real arbiters of the destinies of Germany, neither of which would abate one jot of its pretensions in favour of the claims of its rival. How was unity to be effected under these circumstances? Prussia let slip the opportunity in 1848, and none has since presented itself. The only possible solution of the difficulty would seem to be that to which it has actually been brought—the decision of the battle-field.

To a careful student of German politics, it must long have been apparent that Prussia would, in the end, win the race. She alone is possessed of the true elements of success. Prussia is essentially a German power. The great bulk of her population is sprung from the same Teutonic stock, and speaks the same language; whereas, in the case of Austria, this is barely true of one-fifth part of her subjects. Such an obstacle must ever have been fatal to the hopes of Austria, and the same policy which may be characterized as far-sighted and astute, when pursued by Prussia, is merely blind fatuity on the part of her rival—the pursuit of an object that must ever elude her grasp while leading her into danger. German influence may be said to be the rock on which Austria has been shipwrecked. For this she has forfeited the affection of her millions of Hungarian and Slavonic subjects who were scarcely likely com-

placently to behold their own interests sacrificed in the pursuit of an object which, even if attained, would, to them, have been productive of injury rather than benefit. Again, in estimating the chances on the side of Prussia, we must not forget the question of religion; for, although there is no people more tolerant than the Germans, still the enlightened descendants of the fellow-countrymen of Luther would hardly be satisfied, in the nineteenth century, to pass under the yoke of a bigoted Roman Catholic power like Austria.

Hereditary jealousy of Prussian preponderance in Germany induced Austria to ally herself with her rival in the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and thus become the cat's-paw of that wily power. Austria had nothing to gain in such a cause, but then it was a German question—a national question—and Austria felt that she never could afford to stand aloof and allow Prussia to have the credit of settling it, single-handed. Better, a thousand times, she had consulted her true interests and dignity, and allowed Prussia to take the entire onus of such a war upon her own shoulders.

We will not now go into the abstract question of the right of Germany to the Duchies, but, admitting it to exist, there can be but one opinion of the means adopted to enforce her claim. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the war in Schleswig-Holstein has greatly tended to make Prussia unpopular in this country. Our insular sense of justice and love of fair play was outraged by the spectacle of the simultaneous attack of two powerful nations on a small state like

Denmark, and doubtless many have beheld, in the recent fratricidal war in Germany, the working of a just Nemesis—the fruits of the Dragon's teeth that were sown on the banks of the Eyder.

At the same time we must not allow a feeling of indignation to render us unreasonable in our condemnation of Prussia. We must remember the popular mind in Germany was in a very dangerous and excited state on the Schleswig-Holstein question, which had gradually come to assume proportions of national interest and importance. The hydra head of democracy again began to show itself, and Germany was fast drifting into a civil war, when Prussia took the initiative, and controlled the movement ere it had grown too powerful for her to do so. If, after being thus forced into action, she contrived so to shape events as best to serve her own interests, she only did what we apprehend most others would have done in her place. We have no wish to become the apologists of Prussia, and only desire to lay before our countrymen a plain statement of facts.

Had the Schleswig-Holstein affair been the means of precipitating this country into a war with Prussia, we should have been disposed to regard such an event as a very grave disaster—as a terrible blow to civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Without imputing to the Emperor of the French any special ill-will towards this country, we cannot but feel that he would have regarded such a struggle with peculiar satisfaction. The child of revolution himself, he is committed to a

policy of aggression by all the traditions of his name and race. His strength lies in the weakness of his neighbours, and England's mischance would have been France's opportunity. Again, every true Roman Catholic must ever rejoice over any event that might tend to diminish the power and influence of England, and such an irrepressible cry of exultation would have burst from the ranks of Ultramontanism, at the sight of the two great evangelical powers of the North, locked in deadly struggle, as would have tingled in the ears of Protestantism, for many a day to come.

The reactionary policy and despotic tendencies of M. Von Bismarck and his master, have naturally found but little favour in the eyes of a people so attached to constitutional freedom as the English. Before passing a sweeping condemnation on them and their acts, however, it would be well to take one or two important facts into consideration. We must bear in mind that the Prussian statesman had a task of no ordinary difficulty to perform, and that he is the first of his countrymen who has dared fairly to grapple with it. Once launched on the course he meant to pursue, he felt that he must be free from all restrictions. Taking into consideration the variety of interests involved in the issue of his daring project, and the diverse influences that would necessarily be brought to bear upon him, the moment its true scope and aim became apparent, it can hardly be a matter of surprise if he felt, that it was only by securing to himself a perfectly independent position, untrammelled by any obligations,

that he could hope to carry his work to a successful termination—in a word, that such a task could only be accomplished by one who, for the time being, wielded despotic power. Doubtless, in the eyes of such a man, the end, to some extent, justifies the means, and, however much we may dissent from such a proposition in the abstract, we must be blind to the whole teaching of history if we do not acknowledge that some of the most important revolutions, and those most conducive to the welfare of mankind, have been brought about by men of the mental calibre of M. Von Bismarck—men, whom no arts could cajole, no promises bribe, and no threats turn aside from the pursuit of the one fixed purpose of their lives. In such a work as the reconstruction of Germany, we must destroy in order to build up, and its accomplishment would be impossible to one who was swayed by any weak feelings of sentimentality, and who could not bring himself to disregard the injuries and losses of the few, when the welfare of the many was at stake.

If we are inclined to express satisfaction at the issue of the late war, it is assuredly not from any preference for the government or people of Prussia, but because we feel that such a result is the best guarantee for the future well-being and prosperity of Germany. The establishment of a powerful nation, in Central Europe, must be hailed as an auspicious event by all who conceive that the world has reason to dread the aggressive tendencies of France or Russia. This country, moreover, has a special interest in wishing Germany to

become united and powerful. Allied to us as they are in blood and religion, it would be strange, indeed, if we could not count upon the friendship and goodwill of a people whose interests are not likely ever to clash with our own. The eloquent appeal, the poet Freiligrath has put into the mouth of England seems, at length, to have met with a response on the part of Germany.

"Meer-über ruft Brittannia
Der Schwester Deutschland zu,
Wach auf O Allemania!
Brich deine Ketten—Du!"

However much we may sympathize with Austria, in her humiliation, we cannot regret that she is henceforth, for ever, excluded from exercising any influence in Germany. Indeed, it may be assumed, that the time is not far distant when she will come to see matters in the same light, and recognize her true position. Recent events must have forced the conviction upon her that her true sphere of influence lies in Eastern, rather than Central Europe. Once finally awakened from her dream of ruling Germany, she will, if she is wise, devote her whole energies to the development of the vast natural resources of the magnificent territory she still possesses; and to the social and political amelioration of the numerous races that acknowledge her sovereignty.

## CHAPTER II.

The Home of the Teutonic Races.—Germany in the olden Time.—Distinctions of Race and Language.—Soil and Climate.—Physical Aspect of the Country.—Hercynian Forest.—Mountains and Rivers of Germany.—Natural Productions.—Picturesque Scenery.—Towns and Cities.—Features of general Interest and Attraction.

WHAT is Germany? This is a question which it requires some little consideration to answer, inasmuch as we must be careful to draw a distinction between the political organization that bears the name of the Germanic Confederation, and that portion of Central Europe which has been, from time immemorial, the home of the Teutonic races, and which alone is entitled to the name of Germany. In a few words, Germany may be defined to be that region which extends from the shore of the North Sea and the Baltic to the foot of the Northern slopes of the Alps, and from the frontiers of the Low Countries and the Vosges Mountains in France, to the boundaries of the Slavonian States of Eastern Europe. The line of demarcation separating the Slave from the Teuton may, indeed, be drawn from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

This vast country, at one time covered with the interminable Hercynian forest, was the abode of those hardy and warlike tribes whom Rome, in the zenith of her

power, never succeeded in thoroughly subduing. Amid the shades of that wild region, the legions of Varus found unknown graves, and from these impenetrable fastnesses of forest, morass, and mountain, issued those swarms of armed barbarians, who not only trampled on the purple of imperial Rome, but swept in an irresistible wave of conquest over the fairest lands of the then civilized world. This was the original empire of the mighty Charlemagne. Here stood the Kaiserburg zu Nürnberg, and in every direction may yet be seen the crumbling strongholds of the great princes and barons of the middle ages, the Hohenstaufens, the Habsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and a hundred other families, whose names are famous in European history. This was the country that made the final and resolute stand against the overbearing tyranny of Papal Rome, that resulted in the establishment of Protestantism. Finally this was the principal theatre of that terrible struggle for empire on the part of the first Napoleon, which prolonged through more than half a generation with varying success, terminated in the decisive battles of Leipsic and Waterloo. The present crisis, perhaps the most important in the history of the Teutonic races, is destined, we trust, to issue in the establishment in Central Europe of an empire, worthy of the great and enlightened people that calls itself German.

Of course we must be prepared to find certain varieties of race and dialect among a people inhabiting so vast a territory, and numbering nearly fifty millions, if we include the Duchy of Austria, together with Lorraine

and Alsace, now subject to France, and Courland, on the Baltic, forming a part of the Russian dominions. The Swabian or Franconian differs, no doubt, in many essential characteristics from the Low-German of the North; while the peasant on the banks of the Rhine has, comparatively speaking, few traits in common with his brother of the Danube, but the whole having originally sprung from the same race, and being bound by the common tie of language and kindred, will easily blend into a united people, when the artificial political barriers that have so long kept them asunder shall be finally overthrown.

The great natural features of soil and climate are, of course, equally varied, and can only be properly treated of in detail. Of the whole of Germany, however, it may be affirmed, that the summers are warmer, and the winters more severe than in the British islands. The spring is shorter, but more genial, and the heat of the autumn sun, prolonged till late in the season, enables the grape and Indian corn to ripen in South Germany. The whole of Northern Germany, comprising the greater portions of Hanover, Prussia Proper, and the other petty States on the Baltic, is a level country, and in many parts, sandy and sterile, though by no means universally so. It is, in fact, a portion of that vast plain of Central Europe, through which we may travel from Calais to St. Petersburg without crossing any eminence worthy the name of a mountain. The greater part of this immense territory was, no doubt, at one time the bed of the ocean.

The other districts of this extensive country may be termed mountainous. Central and South Germany are traversed by various ranges of mountains, generally of moderate elevation, for the most part covered with wood, the remains of ancient forests, that at one time extended from the Black Forest in Swabia, to the Hartz in Westphalia, and along the Danube as far as Transylvania; an account of which is to be found in the sixth book of Cæsar's De Bello Gallico, and which he records it took him nine days to cross. These highland districts are still generally designated by the term forest (wâld) as the Oden wald, Schwartz wald, Thüringer wald, &c. The plains and valleys lying between these barriers of mountains are the most fertile portions of the fatherland. Among the great natural features of Germany none are more striking than her noble rivers. The two principal are, of course, the Rhine and the Danube, whose divergent courses traverse Continental Europe from sea to sea. Neither of these magnificent streams is, however, German throughout its entire length. The same may be said of the Vistula, rising in Austrian Silesia, and flowing through East Prussia, into the Baltic. On the other hand, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Weser, flow exclusively through German territory. These rivers, with their numerous tributaries, form a complete network of streams over the entire face of the country, and while they contribute in no small degree to fertilize the regions they traverse, tend greatly to facilitate internal communication; the main streams forming so many important outlets of com-

merce. The canal system of Germany, however, is not very extensive; this in the present day is a matter of no great importance, the railroad having, to a great extent, superseded that mode of transit. We must not omit to mention the celebrated Ludwig's Canal, which by connecting the Maine with the Danube, forms an unbroken line of water communication between the German Ocean and the Black Sea.

When speaking of Germany as a whole, we cannot do more than touch briefly on some of the most important of her natural productions, such as her mines of iron, copper, silver, lead, quicksilver, and salt, together with various kinds of building stone, granite, and marble, and finally coal—the latter generally inferior, however, to our own; nor must we forget to mention her numerous hot and cold mineral springs, the medicinal virtues of some of which were known even in the time of the Romans, and to which, in the present day, invalids resort from all parts of the world. The forests that clothe the mountains afford an abundant supply of fuel to the inhabitants or the surrounding country, which is still further supplemented in some districts by the use of peat. Charcoal is much used for the purposes of domestic cookery, and its preparation affords never-failing employment to numbers of the mountain peasantry.

The sandy plains of the North, with their so-called Geest and Moorländer, which seem to defy the utmost effort of the agriculturist—although alternating with fertile districts—are, taken altogether, not only the least

productive, but also the most unpicturesque portion of Germany. It must be confessed, however, that even the richer and better cultivated parts of the country, present a somewhat monotonous aspect to an English eye accustomed to the green slopes, blossoming hedgerows, and park-like aspect of his own fair land; and, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the crops, they fail to impart beauty to a champaign whose uniformity is relieved only by the rows of fruit trees bordering the high roads. On the sunny slopes of the hills, throughout the whole of South Germany, the vine is assiduously cultivated, yielding in some cases wines of such high excellence and repute as to render any further particularization unnecessary. Fruit and vegetables, including many species not in general use in this country, are remarkably cheap, plentiful, and of good quality. Her cereal productions differ in no respect from those of other lands equally favoured in soil and climate. Although, to a great extent, a wine-producing country, beer occupies a very conspicuous place as a national beverage; that brewed in Bavaria being in special repute.

Holstein, Hanover, and Mecklenburg have long been famed for their excellent breeds of cattle and horses; while the fine texture of the fleece of the sheep of Saxony has won for the cloth of that country a well-deserved reputation. Considerable quantities of horned cattle are exported from the ports of North Germany, but the quality of the meat is inferior to our own. The flesh of the pig is universally held in high estimation

throughout the fatherland, and under the various forms of Schinken, Wurst, and Kaiserfleisch, is extensively exported to foreign countries. The hams of Westphalia are famed throughout Europe. Game, of every species, is abundant in the mountains and wooded districts, while the streams that traverse them are frequently full of fine trout.

There is probably no portion of Europe that presents more attractive features than Germany to the general tourist, who, whether he be in search of amusement among the busy haunts of men, or intend, knapsack on back, to explore the picturesque solitudes of her mountain regions, will be equally surprised and gratified. Since the introduction of steam the facilities for internal communication are all that can be desired. If we do not travel so fast as in England, this drawback is compensated for by the comfort of the carriages and the general immunity from serious accidents enjoyed by German railways; commodious steamboats ply on all the navigable rivers.

The principal cities of Germany are among some of the handsomest in Europe, and abound with striking monuments of modern and mediæval art. They are, moreover, so many centres of intellectual and refined society, and are replete with all the comforts and luxuries the most fastidious taste could desire, while their well-appointed theatres, opera-houses, concerts, casinos, and public gardens afford a never-ending round of amusement to the votary of pleasure. The archæologist will discover an inexhaustible field of wonder and

delight in the antique monuments and quaint structures that are everywhere to be met with in her ancient cities, not less than in the crumbling remains of many a feudal stronghold, that may be seen surmounting the beetling crag or wooded height. It has been justly remarked that he who has never seen the old castle of Heidelberg, has yet to behold one of the three most characteristic ruins of Europe—the Acropolis and the Alhambra making up the triad.

## CHAPTER III.

Past History of Germany.—Fall of the Roman Empire.—Charlemagne.—Origin of the term Kaiser.—The Germanic Empire.—Influence of the Popes.—The Hanse Towers.—Rudolph of Habsburg.—Foundation of the Habsburg Dynasty.—The War of Succession.—Origin of the Kingdom of Prussia.—Teutonic Knights.—House of Hohenzollern.—Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg.—Frederick the Great.—Patriotism and Devotion of Prussia.—Battle of Leipsic.—Prussia in 1848.

BEFORE proceeding to lay before our readers a description of the political organization of Germany, we must cast a brief retrospective glance at her past history, and trace the causes that have led to the gradual decay of the German Empire, and to the growth, out of its ruins, of the various states into which she is now divided. From the year 406, when the Vandals, Suevi, and Alans led the vanguard of that mighty invasion of barbarians that ended in the destruction of the empire of the West, until the time of Charlemagne, the history of the Teutonic nations may be said to be the history of Europe. If they destroyed, they also built up, and on the ruins of Imperial Rome laid the foundation of the most important states of Western Europe; some have naturally passed into decay and almost oblivion, or been absorbed into more powerful monarchies; but it is remarkable in how many instances the name of the German tribe, to which it owed its origin, survives in

that of the modern states. In proof of this it is sufficient to mention the names of the two most powerful monarchies in the world, France and England, without citing the cases of Burgundy, Lombardy, and Andalusia (Vandalusia) in Spain. The Franks, a confederation of tribes united to protect their mutual interests against the Romans, took the name of Franks (freemen). They inhabited the country between the Rhine and the Weser, the Main and the Elbe. This was the original kingdom of France, then called Francia. The seat of government was afterwards transferred to Gaul, but it is probable that Pharamond held his court at Würzburg.

Under the mighty Charlemagne the monarchy of the Franks reached the zenith of its power. His empire extended from the Ebro to the Theiss, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. One of the most important of his conquests was that of the kingdom of the Lombards, after which he received the crown from the hands of Pope Leo III., with the title of Emperor of the West—a title which had been extinct for more than three hundred years—hence the origin of the term Cæsar (Kaiser) as borne by the emperors of Germany, and their successors in Austria in the present day.

The vast empire of Charlemagne, like that of Alexander, was destined to fall to pieces at his death, and fifty years after that event the great monarchies of France, Italy, Germany, and the lesser kingdoms of Navarre, Burgundy, and Lorraine had arisen out of its dismemberment. The German Empire became elective

from the time the Carlovingians were set aside. Otho added Italy to his dominions, and under the Franconian and Saxon dynasties Germany was unquestionably the ruling power of Europe. Christendom seemed to be regarded as a sort of federal republic, of which the Emperor was the temporal and the Pope the spiritual head. The abuses of the feudal system, however, gradually brought about the decay of the German Empire. The turbulent Dukes, Counts, and Barons of the Empire began to play the part of independent sovereigns, yielding to the Emperor a merely nominal obedience. Nor did the efforts made by the Hohenstaufens, when invested with the purple, avail to arrest the decay of the Empire. Meanwhile, in proportion as its power declined that of the Papacy increased. The Church found her chief support in the masses of the people, whom the kings and nobles had unwisely neglected and despised. In the midst of that gloomy period, justly termed the Dark Ages, when the world was filled with tumult and disorder—when might alone was recognized as right, and the castles of the feudal lords of Germany were so many robber strongholds—the Church became the sole sanctuary of arts and literature. She was the ark in which the germs of future learning and civilization were preserved, when a flood of lawless violence and rapine threatened for a second time to devastate Europe. The gradual extension of commerce also began to exercise a humanizing influence, and the principal trading cities of Germany were powerful enough in the thirteenth century to form the celebrated

Hanseatic League, for their mutual support and protection.

The constitution of the German Empire underwent a sensible change when Rudolph, of Habsburg, inherited the Grand Duchy of Austria, the insignificant State that has given its name to the Empire of Austria. The ancient dukes of Austria, of the house of Bamberg, having become extinct, Ottocar, son of Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, seized their possessions, but Count Rudolph, of Habsburg, treating him as a usurper, slew him at the battle of Marchfeld, 1266. This important conquest secured to Rudolph and his descendants the Duchies of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, and thus laid the foundation of the greatness of the house of Habsburg.

The bird of prey from which this family derives its name—Habicht (hawk)—seems typical of its destiny, for, in tracing its history, we find the domains of the house of Austria increasing through each successive reign until that of Charles V., who inherited in right of his mother, Joan of Castile, the kingdoms of Spain, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Navarre — the Low Countries had already been acquired by the marriage of Maximilian I. with Mary of Burgundy—and he thus found himself the most powerful monarch in Europe. His brother at the same time obtained possession of Hungary and Bohemia also by marriage. Well might it be said—

Bella gerant alia; tu felix Austria nube!

Charles V. divided his immense dominions between his son Philip and his brother Ferdinand, the Austrian dominions falling to the share of the latter.

The male line of the Habsburgs became extinct with Charles VI., and his daughter Maria Theresa soon found herself involved in the well-known war of succession.

Passing over for the present the important events of the Reformation and the subsequent thirty years' war, we are brought for the first time face to face with that power of Northern Germany which had now acquired sufficient strength and confidence in its resources to contest with the daughter of the Cæsars her right to her hereditary dominions.

The name of Prussia was unknown in Europe before the end of the tenth century. The conquest of the tribes originally inhabiting that country, a mixed race of Teutons and Slavonians, was effected by successive colonies of Crusaders from the various provinces of the Germanic Empire, who, in accordance with the spirit of the age, and with the full sanction of the Popes, proposed to convert its Pagan inhabitants to Christianity at the point of the sword. The Teutonic Knights, the principal among the religious orders, who were engaged in this war of proselytism, did not succeed in thoroughly subduing the country for upwards of half a century, during which period they had taken care to secure their possessions, not only by founding bishoprics, monasteries, and convents, but by constructing, wherever it was found necessary, strong castles, and other fortified places. Among the latter the city of Königs-

berg, the ancient capital of Prussia, and that of Marienburg, the capital of the order, still remain as memorials of the untiring energy and military skill these spiritual warriors displayed during their tenure of rule and power.

In process of time, however, the government of the Teutonic Knights, like every other in which the executive is vested in the hands of a priest, became so obnoxious to the great mass of the people, both noble and peasant, that, in a general insurrection, in which they were aided and supported by their neighbours the Poles, the Knights were obliged, after the sacrifice of more than one half of their territory, to transfer their seat of government to Königsberg, where they continued to maintain themselves with some little éclat, till their final overthrow by their new enemy, a younger branch of the Wittelsbach Bavarian family.

Under the rule of these tyrannical princes of the House of Wittelsbach, the entire country continued for more than half-a-century to be the scene of increasing troubles, consequent upon a disputed succession, and all the other evils that are ever attendant upon a constant change of rulers, until, happily for the people, it became by purchase a fief of the Germanic Empire, having been bought by the Emperor Charles IV. from Otho of Bavaria, for the trifling sum of two hundred thousand florins. So little was Prussia thought of, or appreciated, as a territorial possession in this early stage of its history.

We have now arrived at the most interesting period

in the early history of Prussia, or as it was called in those days Margravate of Brandenburg. The rise to power of the present Royal Family of Prussia, the Hohenzollern, dates from the comparatively recent period of the fifteenth century. The reader, however, must not imagine that they were parvenus—whom the world had never heard of previous to this time. The crumbling walls of the crag-built castle in Swabia, whence they take their name Hohen (lofty) Zollern, would seem to imply that they are sprung from a family as ancient as any in the fatherland. As a proof of this, at an early period of German history, we find them increasing in wealth and consequence until they received as the reward of their devotion and valour the fief of the High Seneschalship (Burg Grafschaft) of the ancient city of Nuremberg. While at a later period, Conrad of Hohenzollern was honoured with the hand of a no less personage than the daughter of the Emperor of Germany—Rudolph of Habsburg. It will thus be seen that the rival Houses of Habsburg and Hohenzollern are intimately connected, and that in point of fact, the present King of Prussia is scarcely less a Habsburg than the Emperor of Austria himself.

The true foundation, however, of the greatness and power of the reigning dynasty of Prussia, was laid by Frederick, usually called the Sixth Count of Hohenzollern and Burggraf of Nuremberg, who purchased of the Emperor Sigismund, for the sum of four hundred thousand florins, the Margravate of Brandenburg with

the rank and title of Elector, for which he received homage on the 18th of April, 1417.

The same administrative talent and capacity for governing, which distinguished them as Burggrafs of Nuremberg, were exhibited in a more striking degree when the princes of this illustrious house were called upon to occupy the more important position of Margraves of Brandenburg. So great, indeed, was the influence of this new sovereign, Frederick, in Germany, and so highly were his truth and sincerity as a private individual appreciated, that in the year 1437, the Electors offered him the imperial crown, which, however, he judged it expedient from political motives to refuse. His successors in the Electorate of Brandenburg, with scarcely an exception, seem to have inherited his virtues and talent, and there are, perhaps, few Royal Houses in which the great qualities of the ancestors are more visible in their descendants. This was never more strikingly exemplified than in the person of Frederick William, the last Elector of Brandenburg, contemptuously styled by the Austrian Habsburgs, who were jealous of his rising importance, the 'King of the Vandals.'

This great prince was, in fact, the first of his race who encouraged agriculture and commerce, introduced among his people the arts of civilization, and invited the oppressed of every nation to take shelter in his dominions. An enlightened Protestant himself, he offered an asylum to all who suffered persecution from the Church of Rome. Not less to the Huguenots of

France, than to the Waldenses of Savoy, or to those adherents of the Reformed faith, who in Bohemia, the Valley of the Enns, and the mountains of Styria, groaned under the intolerant sway of the princes of the House of Habsburg. There is no doubt that Prussia is largely indebted for her present prosperity to the industry and intelligence of these poor exiles, as well as to the deep root the principles of the Reformed faith appear to have taken in this country. Finally, not less distinguished as a warrior, than as a legislator, he added to his territories Magdeburg, Pomerania, Minden, &c.

The title of King of Prussia was first assumed by Frederick, the son of this illustrious Elector. His grandson was Frederick II., better known as Frederick the Great, a man who has been condemned for his restless ambition, not less than he has been extolled for his military talents—whatever his failings, however, it is impossible to deny that he possessed indefatigable industry, energy, and perseverance; and an indomitable spirit that refused to bow to the most crushing strokes of adversity. He it was that alone raised Prussia to the position of a first-class military power, and by rigid discipline and careful training of her armies, not only elevated the character of the Prussian soldier, but inspired him with that confidence in his own skill and resources, which has since been so often and conspicuously displayed. Finally, he it was that bequeathed to Prussia that heritage of heroic deeds, which, however worthless if judged of by the test of practical expediency,

unquestionably tends to raise the moral character of a people.

Albeit somewhat of a dilettante, in his hours of leisure, Frederick the Great was a consistent patron of men of genius, of literature and the fine arts. Potsdam, Sans Souci, and, to a great extent, Berlin, bear witness to his passion for building, if not, in every case, to his taste as an architect. Whatever verdict on the virtues and vices of this extraordinary man posterity may finally endorse, his name is indissolubly connected with the glory and power of Prussia, and the bare mention of Der Alte Fritz is sufficient to arouse the deepest feelings of patriotism in the bosom of a Prussian.

The reign of Frederick the Great marks that era in the history of Europe from which we may date the commencement of those jealousies that have since existed between the now rival powers of Austria and Prussia, and the origin of that struggle for supremacy that has at length been confirmed to Prussia by the triumph of her arms on the field of Sadowa.

The final blow to the integrity of the Germanic Empire was given by the first Napoleon, when he succeeded in detaching from the Germanic Confederation the minor States of South Germany and uniting them, under his protection, by the well-known name of the Confederation of the Rhine. The Emperor of Austria, Francis II., on the 6th of August, 1806, declared the Germanic Empire dissolved (aufgelöst), after it had existed for more than a thousand years. In the present

instance, it is impossible for us to do more than allude briefly to the subsequent wars of Napoleon and the almost unvarying success that attended his arms. But we must not forget to do justice to the self-devotion and heroism displayed by all classes in Prussia at this never-to-be-forgotten crisis of their fate. From the queen, the noble, but unfortunate Louisa, to the meanest labourer in the fields, all classes in Prussia seemed animated by a like spirit of patriotism, and a resolute determination to rid the land of the desecrating foot of an invader, and that at a time when the other States of Germany were either unable or unwilling to assist her. Europe also should never forget that it was Prussia that bore the brunt of the tremendous battle of the people (Völkerschlacht) at Leipsic, and we are sure no Englishman will require to be reminded that her sons shared with us the dangers and glory of that brief campaign in the Low Countries that ended in the decisive battle of Waterloo.

The events of 1830 were not without their influence in Germany, but it was not until the year 1848 that the republican party in that country, whose ranks had gradually been increasing, during the intervening period, felt themselves strong enough to follow the dangerous example set them by their neighbours the French, and to attempt to carry out their principles by an appeal to arms. Attempts were made, almost simultaneously, to subvert the government of nearly every State in Germany, showing the existence of a wide-spread and well-directed plan of operations. Even Prussia, with

her thorough bureaucratic system, and admirable military organization, did not pass unscathed through the ordeal.

Having at length restored tranquillity in her own dominions, not without considerable bloodshed, however, a compromise was effected between the Government and the people, the terms of which, we regret to say, have not been very rigidly adhered to by the former. Prussia was now free to direct her attention to quelling the very dangerous insurrectionary movement of the Republican party in South Germany. The valuable assistance she rendered on this occasion was probably instrumental in arresting the progress of civil war.

One remarkable incident, specially characteristic of this unsettled period, was the offer to the King of Prussia of the crown of united Germany, made by the well-known German Parliament, assembled at Frankfort. The King of Prussia, however, feeling that his acceptance of the tempting bauble would be attended with no little risk, declined the dangerous honour.

The greatest sufferer of any continental power by the events of 1848, was perhaps Austria. Her empire, reduced to the brink of dissolution, would unquestionably have been overthrown by the victorious Hungarians, but for the timely armed intervention of Russia. Such a lesson, one would imagine, could never be forgotten. Yet what has been the actual result? Wedded to the reactionary policy, that has always characterized her rule, she has obstinately refused, from that day to this, to grant her Hungarian subjects that separate

constitution, the heir-loom of their thousand year monarchy, of which Austria—unable to acromplish her purposes single-handed—eventually deprived them, by calling to her aid her powerful neighbour—the Czar of all the Russias. With a fatuity incredible in the nineteenth century, we behold this power making concordats with the Pope, and thus introducing the element of religious discord into an empire, already divided by antipathies of race, instead of putting her house in order and preparing for the contingencies of the future. Can we then wonder that disaster should again have overtaken her at home and abroad?

## CHAPTER IV.

Hamburg.—Altona. — Schleswig-Holstein. — Lübeck. — Bremen.— Hanseatic League.—Hanover.—Brunswick.—Göttingen.—Mecklenburg. — Schwerin. — Ludwigslust. — Natural Productions of North Germany.—Ancient Dynasty of the House of Mecklenburg.—Oldenburg and its reigning Princes.—Petty States of Central Germany.—Their social and political Disadvantages.— Hegemony of Prussia.

On first entering the noble stream of the Elbe, its shores continue somewhat flat and uninteresting until we arrive at Blankeness. From this point, however, the approach to the Queen of the Hanseatic towns is most imposing. Numerous islands, wooded banks, and cultivated fields here diversify the scene until a bold curve in the river suddenly reveals the towers of Hamburg and Altona, apparently rising from the bosom of the waters, and relieved against a background of verdant hills. On the opposite shore of the Elbe the eye ranges over the level plains of Hanover, until the prospect is bounded by a blue range of distant heights. The moment of landing, however, is also one of disenchantment, and the narrow streets, stagnant canals, and crowded quays present the usual uninviting features of every large commercial port. On ascending to the upper town we are agreeably surprised to find ourselves in a handsome well-built city, with clean and wide streets, attractive shops, imposing public buildings, and

all the other evidences of wealth, luxury, and civilization. The Exchange is perhaps the most striking of its modern edifices, while the beautiful spire of the ancient church of St. Michel, fifty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, irresistibly attracts the notice of a stranger.

The fashionable promenade of the Hamburgers is on the shores of the Alster basin, an artificial lake fed by the waters of the Alster, a small tributary of the Elbe, and so extensive, as to require a full half-hour to complete the circuit of the area it occupies. On a fine summer's evening when the clear waters of the lake are covered with a miniature fleet of gaily-painted boats, and its shores are crowded with a throng of pedestrians enjoying the cool breezes of the evening, it presents a very animated spectacle. Nor is the scene less striking when the shades of night have fallen, and the lights in the coffee-houses, and other places of entertainment that surround it, are reflected on its bosom.

The market of Hamburg is well supplied with delicacies that might tempt the palate of the most fastidious epicures: Elbe salmon, oysters, and lobsters from the German Ocean, beef and mutton from the fat prairies of Schleswig-Holstein, game from the neighbouring forests, together with the farm and dairy produce of her own fertile territory. The Vierländers are here to be met with in perfection. The inhabitants of these highly-favoured islands daily frequent the Hamburg market in their picturesque national costume.

The trade of Hamburg was never greater than in the

present day, and the forests of masts through which we approach the great emporium of North Germany, waving with the flags of every nation under the sun, tells of the extent and variety of her commerce. Hamburg having always been on good terms with her powerful neighbour Prussia, recent political events may be regarded as likely to conduce to her future prosperity.

The celebrated Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein commences at the gates of Hamburg, Altona, the capital, being connected with the former city by an avenue of lindens; like that of its great rival, its commerce is extensive and flourishing, for which it is said to be indebted in no small degree to the industry of a colony of Protestants, who were encouraged by the known tolerance of the Danish government to settle here. The town is prettily situated on a slope of the Elbe; the public buildings are deserving of notice, and the general aspect of the town neat and clean.

There is certainly no part of Germany more interesting to an Englishman, than this same Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein; it is, in fact, the very cradle of his race, being the original home of that tribe of the Germans, the Angles, whose name he still bears. Even in the present day we meet in this district with a population that bears a striking resemblance to our own. The handsome robust well-to-do farmer of these provinces, might almost invariably be taken for a British Yeoman; even the very language, the Platt-Deutsch of all the dialects of the Teutonic, is the one

which bears the closest resemblance to our modern English.

Holstein may, with truth, be said to be a land flowing with milk and honey. Her wastes of flowering heath afford abundant pasture for the busy tenants of her numerous hives, whilst the produce of her dairy is famed throughout the whole of North Germany. The Port of Kiel, the possession of which has been so long coveted by Germany as an emporium for her fleet, now that the fortunes of Holstein are linked to the rising power of Prussia, is likely to become an important naval arsenal, and the principal depôt of the Prussian fleet in the Baltic, for which it is eminently qualified by its great natural advantages.

Lübeck, with its numerous towers and surrounding avenues of linden and chestnut trees, produces a very favourable impression on the stranger. The streets are broad and straight, and the public squares spacious, while the charm of Dutch cleanliness is diffused over the whole, but everything tells of a glory that has passed away. Once the chief of the Hanse League, and the great mart of the commerce of the East, at a period prior even to the discovery of the mighty continent of the West—the conqueror of Denmark, and the rival of Kings—this Carthage of the North is but the shadow of her former self. Lübeck is a far more attractive town to the antiquarian than Hamburg: the Rathhaus is a very striking monument of mediæval art, and no traveller should leave this interesting city without paying a visit to the church of Saint Mary: it contains some

fine old paintings by Holbein and other early German painters, its clock is a most elaborate specimen of ancient horologerie.

Bremen, situated on both sides of the Weser, is still a flourishing town, having extensive manufactures and commerce. Like that of Lübeck its Rathhaus is also a fine old Gothic pile, whose extensive cellars are said still to contain Rhenish wines of the celebrated vintage of 1624. Among its other public buildings the Cathedral is the most striking monument of the great wealth, industry, and piety of the inhabitants of the Hanseatic towns, in the Middle Ages. The bodies of the dead, interred in its ancient vault, the Blickeller, are preserved in a singular manner from decay. By means of a fleet of powerful steamers and passenger ships, Bremen is, in the present day, enabled to keep up a constant communication with America.

The celebrated Hanse League—the term Hanse being a corruption of Handelsgesellschaft (Trades' Union)—originated in a proposition made by Lübeck to Hamburg to enter into an alliance for their mutual protection, in 1247. Its rapid extension to the other great commercial centres of Germany may be ascribed to the dangers by which they saw themselves surrounded during the stormy period of the Middle Ages; and so influential did the Hanse towns eventually become, that they were not only enabled to protect their commerce by sea and land, and to monopolize nearly the whole of the trade of the North, but were powerful enough to maintain fleets and armies and to make foreign conquests.

With the exception of Rügen and its picturesque group of rocky islands, the entire coast of Prussia on the Baltic is a low sandy flat. Notwithstanding that she possesses a seaboard of at least seventy German miles, she is so unfortunate as not to have a single port of sufficient depth for the reception of vessels of any great burden. Stralsund, Memel, and Dantzic, owing to the accumulation of sand banks deposited by rivers flowing through a country whose soil is principally sand, are daily becoming more useless for the purposes of commerce—the decline of several of the Hanse towns in North Germany may be ascribed to a similar cause. Hence the special value of Kiel, with its fine deep harbour, capable of admitting ships of any tonnage.

Hanover, on the other side of the Elbe, is, after Holstein, the nearest state to Hamburg, and must ever be interesting to an Englishman from its connexion with the history of his own country—the present dynasty of Great Britain having sprung from its reigning family. Its career, as an independent state, may now be said to have closed for ever, and there can be little doubt of its being incorporated in the kingdom of Prussia. Too unimportant ever to have exercised any sensible influence on European politics, its disappearance will not create a void in the great commonwealth of nations. Long after Hanover has passed away and been forgotten, however, the illustrious deeds of the princes of the House of Brunswick, sprung from one of the most ancient families in Europe—the Guelphs—the patriotism

and bravery they displayed in defence of their country in every great crisis of her fate, will be held in grateful remembrance while Germany exists. Many a romantic tale is told of their martial prowess, from the time of the Crusades to that of the first Napoleon. They figured in the celebrated wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and, in truth, seemed to be imbued with a spirit of knight-errantry that was ready to take service under any standard—at the same time they were true patriots, and none of her children were ever more zealous in defence of Germania's right. The tragic fate, moreover, that has in so many cases overtaken the princes of this House, invests their memory with a mournful interest. A strange fatality seems to have pursued each successive member of the family down to him—

'Brunswick's fated chief,'—

who fell at Waterloo.

The last of a race of heroes, none surpassed him in valour and loyalty. Scorning to make terms with the enslaver of his country, he cut his way, sword in hand, through the ranks of the enemy, with a small body of followers, and escaped a freeman to the shores of England. He shared in the great triumph of Leipsic, and finally sealed with his blood his devotion to the land of his birth.

The kingdom of Hanover presents few attractions likely to arrest the steps of a traveller until he arrives at the foot of the romantic Hartzwold, nor does the town of

Hanover differ sufficiently from the other small capitals of Germany to call for any special notice. Göttingen, the seat of a flourishing university, a well-built and agreeable town, is a convenient starting-point for those who are desirous of exploring the wild scenery of the Hartz. The celebrated Giant of the Brocken, a vastly magnified image of the spectator himself in the clouds, can only be seen under very peculiar atmospheric conditions, but should the weather prove clear, he will be compensated for its absence by a most extensive panorama of mountain and plain—as the Brocken is far higher than any of the other surrounding peaks. This, moreover, is the very land of enchantment and diablerie. Every valley, hill, and waterfall is the scene of some wild story—fairies dance on its moonlit turf, gnomes and cobolds labour in the heart of its rugged mountains, witches with dishevelled tresses career at midnight over its thunder-riven peaks, dragons lie coiled in its unfathomed caves. One of the romantic legends of this interesting region inspired Weber with the glorious music of his Der Freischütz.

The remarks we made concerning the town of Hanover are equally applicable to that of Brunswick; we will therefore direct the attention of the reader to the Duchy of Mecklenburg on the Baltic, and its ancient and picturesque capital Schwerin. This town, with its venerable cathedral and imposing Gothic castle, is situated on the shores of a magnificent lake, six leagues in length. The surrounding country is charmingly diver-

sified with cultivated fields, villages, and forest scenery, to which the presence of this fine sheet of water lends a peculiar grace.

We are well aware that it is impossible to account for the whims of princes, otherwise we should be tempted to inquire into the motives that induced the Dukes of Mecklenburg to transfer their seat of residence from the fine old town of Schwerin to the heart of a dismal morass, unredeemed by a single feature of fertility or beauty; sufficient to say, it was the *lust* (pleasure) of Louis Duke of Mecklenburg to create an oasis in the midst of a desert, and to bequeath his name to posterity as the founder of the town of Ludwigslust!

The breed of horses and horned cattle is fully equal to that of Holstein, while herds of swine and immense flocks of geese everywhere abound.

Mecklenburg was originally peopled by a tribe of the Vandals, who, after sanguinary wars with their neighbours the Saxons, were finally conquered and united to the Germanic Empire by Charlemagne. It is remarkable that from the remotest antiquity to the present day, this people have been governed by the same dynasty, the only reigning house in Germany of Vandal origin. Their very armorial bearings carry us back to prehistoric times, as the buffalo's head, so conspicuously displayed on all the public buildings of the Duchy, was the emblem of Radagast, the Vandal deity of war.

In enumerating the petty states of North Germany,

we must not forget to allude to Oldenburg, whose Duke is a near relative of the imperial family of Russia, and Lauenburg, the name of which is no doubt familiar to our readers from its connexion with Schleswig-Holstein —the King of Denmark having been the reigning Duke of Lauenburg up to the Schleswig-Holstein Danish war.

As we advance into Central Germany we find ourselves in the midst of a complete mosaic-work of petty states; so thickly are they congregated, that a traveller is fairly bewildered by their number, and is often at a loss to know the name and title of this Royal Duke or that Serene Highness under whose protection he may be sojourning. This is the country of the Reusses and the Greisses, of the Lippe Detmolds, and the Lippe Biesterfelds, of the Schaumbourgs and the Rudolstadts, the Schwarzbourgs, Sonderhausens, Waldecks, Pyrmonts, and a host of other petty dukedoms and principalities that are known by the name of Anhalt—such as Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Bernburg, Anhalt-Köthen, &c. Many of these diminutive sovereignties are very much smaller than an average English county, yet each has its petty sovereign, with his court, his palace, his army, and all the 'pomp and circumstance' of state ceremonial on a small scale. Surely this was the Lilliput the Dean of St. Patrick had in his eye when he penned his celebrated satire. Every individual princeling, moreover, in his Arcadia, may be said to be—

'Patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.'

if the latter word be taken to mean the Stammbaum (genealogical tree), which attains the most luxuriant and gigantic proportions throughout the whole of Germany —their blood is 'sangre azul' of the most cærulean tint, drawn from the veins of ancestors whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity!

But this is not all—if we turn to the right or the left on our way to the Rhine, or Bohemia, we shall find another cluster of these reigning princes. On one side there is the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Landgraf of Hesse-Homburg, and the Duke of Nassau; and on the other, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and Hilburghausen, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

We can readily conceive the annoyances to which the traveller in this part of Germany must have been exposed before the introduction of the Prussian Zollverein. At the same time it is not difficult to realize the vexatious restrictions that still impede industry and commerce. Our readers perhaps are ignorant of the fact, that not only in the dominions of the petty princes but throughout the whole of Germany, no professional man or tradesman, whatever may be his calling, can remove from one state to another, with a view of following his avocation, without having to undergo the ordeal of a tedious official ceremony, and incurring some slight expense. Nay, if a youth in Saxe Weimar, let us say,

is captivated by the bright eyes of a fair damsel of Hesse-Cassel, he cannot make her an offer of his hand and heart without the permission—the reader will say, of the papa and mamma—not at all—of their respective sovereigns. He cannot lead her to the hymeneal altar without more red-tape, more fees to a contemptible bureaucracy, which would seem to have been created for no other purpose than to maintain in comparative idleness the crowd of hangers-on, that may everywhere be seen fluttering about the German courts, both great and small. Is it surprising that these poor Germans, in order to escape from such restrictions and annoyances, should emigrate in thousands to America or any other free country? Surely the most inveterate partisan of divine right must be prepared to welcome the hegemony of Prussia or any other German power, were it for nothing else than to relieve these poor people from a state of comparative bondage, such as none but a patient German would have so long submitted to.

Can we wonder that a country so divided and so incapable of united action should have been unable to defend herself in the hour of danger, and that she should have fallen so easy a prey to the first Napoleon? Times are changed since then, however. Should a demand be made by any of her neighbours for an extension of frontier at her expense—should the Rhine once again become the rallying cry of her people, the Germany of the present day is likely to prove a very different antagonist from that which the French found

her at the commencement of the century. Happy for her it is that the blow which has finally shattered the elaborate fabric of her political organization has been dealt by the hand of a German—disastrous would be her fate had she fallen a prey to a foreign power.

There cannot be a doubt from all that has since transpired respecting the intrigues of Austria, and the petty princes of Germany, that had it not been for the crushing victories of the Prussians, we should again have seen the French as in the olden time the masters of Germany. M. von Bismarck was fully aware of this, and also how far he could count upon their patriotism as Germans, when he told them in one of his manifestoes, previous to their attempted invasion of Schleswig-Holstein, 'That on purely national questions they must not presume to have a will of their own.'

## CHAPTER V.

Prussia.—First Impressions.—Aspect of the Country.—Industry of the People.—Berlin.—Character of the Prussians.—Sympathy between the King and the People.—Der Alte Fritz.—The present King of Prussia.—His Personal Appearance.—The Executive.—Education of the People.—Protestantism.—The Prussian Army.—Zündnadelgewehr.—Causes that have contributed to the Success of the Prussian Arms.—Origin of the Landwehr.

THE moment we cross the Prussian frontier, from the territory of any of her neighbours, we become sensible of a marked change in the aspect of the country and its inhabitants. The grave and earnest demeanour of the people one meets, each of whom seems to be engaged in some definite occupation; the military precision and order with which all public business is carried on; the cleanly aspect of the towns and villages; the absence of idle crowds lounging about the taverns and coffee-houses; the cheerful co-operation of the military in the labours of the field—all are characteristic of Prussia, and cannot fail to impress the stranger with a sense of the industry and moral worth of the people.

In point of fact the Prussians may be said, in a great measure, to have created the country they occupy; by untiring perseverance they have converted the most barren districts into cultivated fields, and, undeterred by difficulties, have everywhere wrung from the

ungrateful soil, a hard-earned subsistence. A Prussian most assuredly lives by the sweat of his brow; and herein, perhaps, lies the secret of that moral and physical ascendency, which she has lately acquired. Indeed, if we study the history of mankind, we shall find that it is not those races who have been nursed in the lap of prosperity that have exhibited the most valuable and enduring qualities.

Bearing in mind that Prussia is still, comparatively speaking, a young nation, when we look around and see what she has done; when we come to realize the poor, barren strip of territory that was originally purchased by the princes of the house of Hohenzollern, and compare it with the Prussia of to-day, we know not whether we ought most to admire the patient industry of its people, or the tact and wisdom of its rulers.

The favourable impression created on first entering Prussia is not diminished when we come to visit its cities and towns—most of which are noted for some local branch of industry, while many are busy, thriving centres of manufactures and commerce.

The capital, Berlin, is certainly one of the handsomest cities in Europe. The moment we have passed the portals of the historic Brandenburger Thor, we are fairly astonished by the *coup-d'œil* of magnificence suddenly revealed. Paris itself can scarcely show anything more striking than the famous 'Unter der Linden.' It must be admitted, however, that all that is best worth seeing in the town, lies in the vicinity of this celebrated promenade, at the same time it is equally

impossible to deny that the whole has been arranged with consummate skill and a careful view to effect.

The long, wide thoroughfare, with its double avenue of trees, the imposing array of palaces and other public buildings that line it throughout its entire length; the various statues and monuments adorning it, combine to form a superb architectural vista. Berlin abounds with tasteful memorials of the most distinguished men in Prussia, from the earliest period to the present time. Here, Der Alte Fritz, in the well-known cocked hat and costume of his day, looks down with a keen, yet kindly-quizzical glance on his well-beloved Berliners. In another direction we behold the gallant Blücher, his foot on a dismantled cannon, and his right hand pointing to the Rhine; and there the fiery Zeithan is about to charge the foe with his well-known impetuosity.

Standing beneath the portico of the museum, built by Frederic Wilhelm III., we take in at a glance the finest portion of Berlin, and it is impossible not to be impressed in so doing, with a sense of the greatness and power of Prussia. We feel that we are surrounded by the works of an active, ambitious, and progressive people, who, while aiming at a still more brilliant future, do not forget the glory of the past.

We have already drawn the attention of the reader to the consistent patronage bestowed by the sovereigns of Prussia upon learning and literature. The example of the court is naturally followed by the better classes, in whose salons men of genius are ever to be found among the most welcome and honoured guests. We must not,

therefore, be surprised if the general tone of society, while sufficiently vivacious and agreeable, is decidedly somewhat learned. Even the fair sex have not altogether escaped the contagion, and in certain coteries one is occasionally startled by hearing topics discussed, of so recondite and philosophical a nature as would seem to have nothing in common with bright eyes, rosy lips, and the fragrant emanations of the tea-table. To a stranger, this may appear at first sight, likely to exercise somewhat of a restraint upon social intercourse, but the feeling gradually wears off, and it must be admitted, that this widely-diffused reverence for art and literature contrasts favourably with the empty glitter, love of display, and worship of mere material prosperity, which is so characteristic of society in the present day. Let it not, however, be supposed, from anything we have said, that this people are indifferent to the more superficial enjoyments of life. Prussian character has its lights as well as its shadows; to the sound sense and solidity of a Northern race, they unite much of the vivacity and enthusiasm of the French; fortunately for themselves, however, they are possessed of more stability, and do not so rapidly pass from one extreme to another. Like them, it must, nevertheless, be confessed, they are apt to be somewhat boastful and vain-glorious, especially in the company of their brethren of the other states, and being sharp, quick-witted, and sarcastic, we cannot feel surprised if they are not very popular with the quiet, good-natured, but less demonstrative Swabians of South Germany

GENL MOLTKE
PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA
CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

and Austria. The Prussians are decidedly the most go-ahead, wide-awake race of the fatherland; they have been not inaptly termed the Yankees of Germany.

In no country does a more friendly and familiar relationship exist between the ruler and his subjects than in Prussia. The king is literally the father of his people, and is regarded as such by the great mass of the people. This sentiment of filial respect for the person of the sovereign seems hereditary, and has been carefully fostered by each successive prince of the House of Hohenzollern. Even the great Fritz himself was as much beloved by the good burghers of Berlin, as by the grey-haired veterans who had shared with him the hardships and dangers of a dozen campaigns. The very children in the streets delighted to follow him whenever he went abroad, and plucked his coat-tails to attract his notice and share his smile. If he sometimes chased them with his gold-headed cane, for a parcel of young rogues, the chastisement was received in the spirit in which it was administered, and ended in an outburst of merriment on both sides; for what had they to fear from the hands of Altvater Fritz!

Perhaps there is no sovereign in Europe who has of late years been so much talked of and abused, and at the same time so little understood, as the present King of Prussia. We have no wish to become the advocates of his policy, or the apologists of his faults; but we must bear in mind that his position in relation to the other German States, and to Austria in particular, has for a long time past been a very difficult one. He had

to choose between two alternatives, either to acquiesce in the supremacy of Austria and the subsidence of Prussia into a third-rate power, with the weakness, disunion, and the final ruin of Germany in the event of her falling a prey to foreign aggression, or boldly to take the initiative, and with a strong hand to secure for his country that position which she alone, of every State in Germany, is capable of occupying. Can we blame him if he chose the latter course? In M. Von Bismark he has had the good fortune to meet with a man made for his purpose, willing and able to second his schemes. If his policy has been absolute and reactionary, it is because he felt no other would have left him free to carry out his designs. We must remember, moreover, that Germany is indebted to him for having twice saved her from the horrors of anarchy and civil war—first in 1849, and again in 1864. Not that we believe that republicanism is ever likely to prevail in Germany; it is essentially foreign to the spirit of her people, and to their social and political institutions. Still, it is not the less true that she has twice passed through a dangerous crisis, from the imminent consequences of which the firmness and energy of the present King of Prussia alone rescued her.

Wilhelm is a worthy descendant of the Hohenzollerns, of commanding figure and kingly aspect. He possesses all the attributes of majesty, nor has he less the appearance of a warrior than a king. At the same time, his hearty smile and bright blue eye proclaim an honest,

genial nature, such as in every rank of life is a man's best passport to the affection and goodwill of his fellows. Can we wonder, when to these personal characteristics comes to be added the lustre he has shed on the arms of Prussia, that he should everywhere be the object of the most enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of his people.

The entire machinery of the executive in Prussia works with the precision and regularity of clockwork. From the commander-in-chief down to the meanest employé, every man has his specific duty assigned him, which he is bound to perform—each individual is, in fact, but a component part of a vast organized system, such as it would be impossible to establish in free England, but it suits Prussia and her people, among whom it has certainly been found to work exceedingly well, and however ready we may be to condemn everything in the shape of absolutism, we must remember that those very enactments which we might be disposed to resist as arbitrary and vexatious, are framed with a design of promoting the well-being, and protecting the rights, of every class of society. I know of no other country where the person and property are more carefully guarded than in Prussia, or where a stricter supervision is exercised to enforce all sanitary regulations, and to put a stop to the adulteration of any article of food. Nor is there any country in which the stranger enjoys greater immunity from the impositions of the hotel-keeper, who is here compelled to exhibit in a conspicuous place a tariff of charges regulated by

authority; in the same way the current price of every article of food is made known to the public in every market throughout the kingdom. The laws regulating the internal traffic, whether by rail or any other kind of public conveyance, are equally deserving of admiration, securing as they do to the traveller the greatest possible amount of personal safety and comfort, civility on the part of the servants, and perfect freedom from every kind of extortion, so that the most timid female or child can travel in Prussia without the slightest fear of insult or imposition. Again, should any article be left behind on the journey, it can be recovered by applying to an officer, who is appointed by the Crown for the purpose, and who is to be found in every town throughout the kingdom. Liberty is all very well in the abstract, but there is a freedom that degenerates into licence, and if the general well-being and contentment of the great mass of the people be a criterion, there must be many worse governments under the sun than the paternal despotism of the King of Prussia.

Perhaps there is no part of the Prussian administration more commendable than that which places public education under the control of a minister of public instruction. The schoolmasters are all trained in government seminaries, and have to undergo such an examination as demonstrates their fitness for the post, before they can be appointed to any commune. All children, male and female, are compelled by law to attend school between the age of six and fourteen. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar,

geography, elementary drawing, and natural history, together with choir singing and religious instruction. When they are twelve years of age, the clergyman of the parish undertakes to prepare them for their confirmation in their fourteenth year.

Indeed the education of the Prussian people has been carried on without intermission for the last fifty years, ever since the peace of 1815. At that time, according to the government statistics, there were only two in a hundred out of the entire youth of the country that could read and write. At present, notwithstanding the increase of the population (which has nearly doubled), so universal has been the spread of education, you will not find a single person at the age of fifteen who cannot read and write. Still, so perverse is human nature—so difficult is it to reconcile the hostility of adverse sects, that this invaluable blessing has been conferred upon the people only by compulsion. As might be expected, great opposition was manifested towards so arbitrary a law by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church; they dreaded the effect of any system of education but their own on the minds of their flocks, in the same manner as we now see in Ireland, and let it be remembered that nearly one-third of the population of Protestant Prussia are Roman Catholics. Happily for the enlightenment and intelligence of the people, the refractory priests were obliged to submit and lend their aid to further the system of mixed education, as every parish commune throughout the entire land, whatever might be the creed of the inhabitants, was compelled

to obey the law, and in cases where the parents could not afford to pay for the education of their children to supply funds for that purpose.

We cannot therefore be surprised, with such an education as this, that the Prussian army has become not only a well-organized military force, but a body of men at once intelligent and patriotic, without an item of that sectarian prejudice which may now be termed, more than anywhere else, the curse of the British isles, and which can only be removed by the introduction of some such system of mixed education as this, to which all must submit without respect of creed. Of course this important result could not have been accomplished without the aid of a staff of teachers competent to the task; but, as going into details would not suit the character of the present work, we will only add that no man in Prussia is eligible as an instructor unless he has passed through an examination sufficiently strict to prove his fitness for the position. Thus trained in youth, it is not surprising that the great bulk of the Prussian people grow up God-fearing men and women, not only able to read their Bible, but to read it with profit and improvement, and to practise the great moral precepts it inculcates.

Among the other causes that have contributed to raise Prussia to her present high position among European powers, the fact of her having embraced the Reformed faith at an early period of her history has contributed in no slight degree. Without wishing to discuss the merits of either creed, it is an undeniable

fact that the Protestant countries of Europe occupy a higher social and political status than those professing the tenets of the Church of Rome. This is far too universally the case to be the result of mere accident. It is true we may, in the first instance, assume the inherent manliness of the character of any people who have dared to enfranchise themselves from the thraldom of the Papacy; but, in addition to this, there can be no doubt that the Reformed religion tends to develop all that is best and noblest in the character of a nation.

Prussia may be justly termed the Sparta of Germany. The king and his sons, the noble and peasant, all are soldiers; and the highest subjects in the realm must commence their military career by serving in the ranks. This indiscriminate amalgamation has the good effect of diffusing intelligence among the people, who, by constant collision with their superiors, acquire habits of good breeding and refinement which no system of education, however perfect, could impart. The period of compulsory military service is fixed at three years, after which each soldier is at liberty to return to his home, and to pursue his ordinary avocation, which is only interrupted by a short annual period of military training. At the same time, in the event of war, he is liable to be called upon at any time to serve in the ranks. This military reserve is the well-known Landwehr. Having fulfilled their period of Landwehr duty; they form a second reserve only to be called out in cases of extreme need. The result of this military organization is, that the Prussian army can be mobilized in an incre-

dibly short space of time. Each corps d'armée being stationed in the province to which it respectively belongs, no time is lost in recruiting its ranks from the Landwehr. One of the causes which has contributed to the late rapid successes of Prussia, was the fact that her armies were able to take the field much sooner than those of Austria.

As might be expected in a great military power like Prussia, every branch of the service has received an equal amount of careful attention. The excellent qualities of the Prussian infantry have long been acknowledged, but, previous to the outbreak of the late war, it was surmised that her cavalry and artillery would prove inferior to those of Austria, the result, however, would seem to show that we had been labouring under a false impression with regard even to these arms of the service likewise. The Prussian field-pieces have, to an English eye, a somewhat clumsy and untidy appearance, but they are well horsed, and the gunners are smart, active fellows, who look as if they thoroughly understood their business. Any how, they contrive to get over very rough and awkward country with skill and celerity, and have a commendable knack of bringing up their guns when wanted. The Prussians commenced the late campaign with a certain number of smooth-bore twelve-pounders; they soon found it advisable, however, to substitute Krupp's rifled steel cannon. The fine qualities of the Prussian infantry, their coolness in the hour of danger, were never more conspicuously exhibited than in the recent war, when the

flower of the Austrian army went down, rank after rank, before the steady advance of those living walls.

The Prussian Government had the good sense to adopt a weapon of the new breech-loading principle as early as the year 1848; the same weapon, with some slight modifications and improvements, is the celebrated needle-gun (zündnadelgewehr) of which we have heard so much. The name is taken from the fact of the charge being ignited by the percussion of a needle fixed in a spiral coil or spring of steel wire. Doubtless those of our readers, who are interested in such matters, are by this time fully acquainted with its mechanism; we shall therefore content ourselves with giving a slight sketch of the chief peculiarities of its construction. Among these we may distinguish the fact of the bullet not touching the barrel, that which alone does so is the *sabot*, or shoe containing the bullet, and which communicates the rotary motion of the rifling. Perfect cleanliness is thus secured, together with the absence of loading, the barrel being wiped clean by each successive discharge of the pasteboard case. These advantages, however, are necessarily obtained at the sacrifice of a certain amount of accuracy. Another peculiarity is, that the powder is fired in front instead of at the back of the charge, the needle striking completely through that portion of the cartridge containing the powder before igniting the fulminate.

It does not, of course, fall within our province to compare the relative merits of the needle-gun with those of more recently patented forms of breech-loading

arms. There can be no doubt, however, that, at the time of its adoption, it was the best weapon of the kind that had been invented, and the Prussian Government may well congratulate itself on the wisdom and foresight it displayed in securing it, for the use of its army. Granting that it may eventually be superseded by some more perfect form of breech-loading gun, it cannot be denied that it has rendered good service to the Prussians, and has incontestably demonstrated the immeasurable superiority of all breech-loaders over the old weapons of the muzzle-loading type. At the same time we are not so sure that this gun would be found equally efficacious in the hands of any other soldiery. The Prussians have long been trained in its use, are dexterous in its manipulation, and have perfect confidence in their weapon. Much of the success of the needle-gun depends upon coolness and self-possession during action, qualities which the Prussians possess in an eminent degree—firing as calmly during the hottest engagement as if on parade, and never throwing a single cartridge away.

In estimating the causes that have contributed to the late success of the Prussians, too much stress, we think, has been laid on this same needle-gun: it helped considerably, no doubt, but it required something else. Energy, tact, manly daring, will always triumph in the end over the mere mechanical appliances of art. While giving to Prussia every credit for the excellent organization, discipline, and equipment of her force, we must recollect the advantages she derived from homogeneity

of race, and the sentiment of patriotism that animates men of the same blood and creed. 'Für Gott und Vaterland' is a very different rallying cry from the 'Es Lebe der Kaiser' of the mixed populations of Austria. Again she has had the good sense not to rely upon brute force alone, however well drilled. The Prussian soldier is something more than a mere fighting machine: he is a being that can think and reason for himself, and, in an emergency, is capable of falling back on his individual resources and acting independently of superior guidance. There is not a man in the Prussian ranks who cannot write his name. Can the same be said of any other European army? The secret of Prussia's success may be read in the countenances of the men themselves, in their upright form and manly bearing, so different from the unintellectual and often degraded type of so many of the nationalities of the Austrian empire.

How often does it happen, in this contradictory world, that our greatest misfortunes are sent to us as so many incentives to renewed action, and when manfully encountered, often lead to extraordinary and unexpected good fortune. We have a striking instance of this in the position now occupied by Prussia as one of the great military powers of the world, which is entirely owing to the inventive genius of one of her own children—a man of singular talent, at a time when she lay helpless beneath the heel of her Gallic conqueror.

The first Napoleon, knowing the warlike spirit of the Prussian people, and that they would be certain to give

him no little trouble if they were allowed sufficient time to recruit their forces after the disastrous battle of Jena, had the sagacity, among other peace regulations, to limit their military establishment to forty-two thousand men. In these days poor Prussia was too weak to offer any resistance to the Imperial mandate of her conqueror, but she had the good fortune to possess as minister of war a man of singular energy and sagacity, in the well-known Schornhorst. Without violating the treaty, he contrived that the prescribed number of men should form the nucleus of an army which subsequently proved more than a match for her arrogant conqueror. This he effected by making his forty-two thousand men a training-school for the whole Prussian population. As soon as a recruit was perfected in his military exercises he was dismissed to his home and another received in his place, and this system was continued from year to year till the entire people had received a military education, and became imbued with a martial spirit. It is scarcely necessary to say that the system thus originated was permanently adopted by the Prussian Government. It can, therefore, always command a reserve force, which, for all practical purposes, is quite equal to the army in the field.

By this simple method of training a people to the use of arms, it is very evident that a soldier can be made in a much shorter space of time, and by a much easier process than that now practised in all the other European States, and at a far less expense. For instance, if Prussia with a population of something

more than eighteen millions, and a revenue under twenty millions sterling, can at a few weeks' notice bring into the field an army of seven hundred thousand men, able to fight its way from the frontier of its own country to the gates of Vienna, during the short space of eight or ten days, what might not Great Britain accomplish with a population of more than thirty millions? The system, at least, is worth trying. At all events, it is now well known that these Landwehr soldiers, who astonished the world by their valour and endurance, were men who, at a moment's notice, abandoned their various trades and profession, and though the greater number were under twenty-five years of age, they beat, in every engagement, the Austrian veterans who had adopted arms as their profession, and were acknowledged by competent judges to be equal to any soldiers in the world.

## CHAPTER VI.

Irregular Frontier of Prussia.—Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Brunswick.—Their Union with Prussia.—Future of the Petty Princes of Germany.—Kingdom of Westphalia.—Franconia.—The Country of Herman.—General Gulse.—The Hessians.—Their soldierly Qualities.—Anecdote of Jérome Bonaparte.—Wilhelms-Höhe.—German Palaces.

PRUSSIA, for a great power, is singularly unfortunate in the distribution of her frontier. Her Rhenish provinces lie open to an attack from France, her possessions in the Baltic and in Poland to Russia, while Silesia is vulnerable on the side of Austria. In addition to this, she has not even the advantage of an integral territory, for Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau, so divide her provinces from each other, that her troops cannot march from one part of the empire to another without the permission of the sovereign of some intervening petty State. Now that Prussia has won for herself the mastery in Germany, these and similar incongruities will soon disappear.

Whatever may be the fate of the other minor States, therefore, one thing is perfectly clear, that the destinies of Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau may be regarded as sealed, interfering as they do with the unity of the Prussian Empire. A mere question of sentiment can, of course, have no weight in the councils

of a nation bent on self-aggrandizement; at the same time we cannot allow Hanover, Brunswick, and Hesse-Cassel to pass away from the number of independent States without recording the fact, that their fall has not been hastened by any fault of their own. Nay, more that it is undeserved, inasmuch as they were almost the only minor States of Germany that remained faithful to their allegiance in the hour of trial, and their princes preferred voluntary exile to owning the sway of the enslaver of their country. On the other hand, had this fate overtaken Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and the other States of South Germany that formed among themselves the celebrated Confederation of the Rhine, with the first Napoleon for its Protector—they might have been considered to have merited their fate on account of their desertion of the empire in its hour of need. The future of these States is indeed, at the present moment, a very interesting and perplexing problem. Will they consent to subside into mere dependencies of a higher power, or will the new Parliament about to assemble at Frankfort, following the example set by Italy, offer the sceptre of a United Germany to the King of Prussia, and thus elevate their country to her proper place among the great empires of the world?

Like every other institution that has stood the test of ages, the peculiar political organization of Germany no doubt has its value, but whatever may have been the case in former times, in the present day we must regard

its mission as accomplished—since in order to be great and powerful a State must not be divided, and it is vain for the enemies of centralization to argue that military strength and political ascendency can only be acquired at the expense of individual development. A serious question arises, however, as to what is to become of the host of princes that are likely to be thrown on their own resources. Having so long held the post of rulers of men, it may well be asked what are we to do with them; or rather what are they to do with themselves? for, be it remembered, they cannot devote themselves to any other calling, and indeed, there is no career open to them. Any lot, however, we should conceive to be preferable in the eyes of men who have once wielded sovereign authority to that of becoming the mere vassals of a superior power—rulers in nought but the name.

Leaving the solution of this question to the course of events, we will glance for a moment at the other provinces that form a portion of the Kingdom of Prussia, commencing with Westphalia, one of the most interesting and important districts in Germany, situated as it is in the very heart of that country, and from its position, mountain defiles, and strong places the very keystone of the Teutonic arch. The far-seeing genius of the first Napoleon comprehended at a glance the strategic importance of this portion of the fatherland, and one of his first acts, after its conquest, was to erect Westphalia into a kingdom, under the rule of his

brother Jérome, in the idea that a territory so important would eventually sway the destinies of the whole of Germany.

The kingdom of Jérome Bonaparte comprised a more extensive territory than that which now bears the name of Westphalia. In order to secure the possession of a military frontier, it embraced a portion of the Duchy of Franconia, which, like Bohemia, is enclosed in a belt of picturesque hills, the most important being the Fichtelgebirge, Rhöngebirge, the Vögelgebirge, and the Spessart, with their intervening valleys and glens, their noble forests and picturesque ruins. Among the latter is Salek, once the residence of Amalia, the sister of Charlemagne. In another direction near Gelnhausen, we behold the ruin of the castellated Palace of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, beautiful even in decay, and which history assures us once equalled the Alhambra of Spain in magnificence.

There is no doubt that Charlemagne was a native of this part of Germany, and that Pharamond and his predecessors, centuries before, ruled over Franconia. From these valleys and defiles also issued the hordes that, under the leadership of the great Herman, annihilated Varus and his legions. The inhabitants of this region even in the present day are strong, powerful men, with yellow hair and blue eyes; they fully realize the description given by Tacitus; many of their customs are still exceedingly primitive, among others, we may mention, that the women on their wedding-day not unfrequently deprive themselves of their luxuriant

tresses in order, we presume, to guard against becoming an object of admiration to any other than their liege lord.

Our readers may rest fully assured that these descendants of the Teutons have, in no respect, degenerated from the daring valour and obstinate endurance displayed by their ancestors. A bronze monument at the gate of Frankfort-on-the-Maine marks the spot where a mere handful of them, under their brave commander the Prince of Hessen-Philipsthal, fell, almost to a man, in defending that town against the French. It was also among the population of this part of Germany that the great Frederick was accustomed to recruit his legions during the Seven Years' War, and we can imagine the warmth with which he embraced General Gulse on the field of battle, when, on bringing up his reserves, in hot haste, fearing he should be too late to save the day, he found that this doughty warrior, at the head of six thousand of his Hessians, had not only killed sixteen thousand Frenchmen, but taken a number of prisoners.

Of all the great European races none possesses more vitality than the Teuton, and certainly this characteristic pre-eminently distinguishes the inhabitant of Westphalia, especially in the agricultural districts, for there can be no doubt that man everywhere degenerates in the great centres of trade and commerce. The dweller in the close, pent-up city, can never physically be a match for the man that has been accustomed to rise with the lark, and from morn till eve to pursue his

avocation beneath the wide canopy of heaven. Certainly nowhere in Germany will you find a stouter-built or more martial set of fellows than in Westphalia. men who look as if they would take a deal of killing, and who carry about with them an air which seems to imply that they are not lightly to be trifled with. It is impossible to resist the conviction that, if properly disciplined and armed with the needle-gun, they would make some of the finest troops in the world. Indeed, the French have found them, on more than one occasion, to be formidable antagonists. They were sadly cut up by bands of armed peasants when passing through the Gelnhausen defile, on their retreat from Leipsic. According to the accounts of the day, not a man would have escaped had it not been for the treachery or cowardice of the Bavarian Prince Von Wrede, who, although he had forty thousand men under his command, chose to hang back, and did not make his appearance at the head of the pass till the last Frenchman was out of sight.

Cassel, which gives its name to the Electorate of Hesse, was the capital of the former kingdom of Jérome Bonaparte, and is certainly one of the prettiest towns in Germany, situated, as it is, on the shelving side of a hill, overlooking the rapid Fulda, and crowned with the ruins of its once magnificent palace. Of all the brothers of the first Napoleon, surely none was less fitted to wear a crown than poor Jérome; never was there such a spendthrift, racketty court as that of his. He was one of those men whose whole thoughts are given up to the

pursuit of amusement, and he was quite disposed to permit his subjects to do pretty much as they liked, so long as his exchequer was not allowed to run too low. If his arbitrary self-willed brother inspired fear and hatred, Jérome was not less the object of the contempt of his Westphalian subjects. Good-natured, light-hearted, and thoughtless to a degree, certainly no monarch was ever more deserving of the sobriquet of 'merry.' Let one trait suffice: when disaster had overtaken the arms of his brother, and the allied troops had actually entered his kingdom of Westphalia, a messenger was despatched in haste announcing the fearful losses the Emperor had sustained, and calling upon him to place himself forthwith at the head of his troops, and to hasten to his assistance without a moment's delay. The crisis was sufficiently imminent for the bearer of the despatch to enter unannounced into the presence of the king, whom he found, not holding a council of war on the best means of averting the impending catastrophe, but, like a great schoolboy to whom the shock of armies and downfall of empires were matters of perfect indifference, indulging in an uproarious game of blindman's-buff, with a number of his courtiers and generals. Surely Nero, fiddling over the ruins of Rome, was nothing to this!

Jovial and laughter-loving himself, his anger might always be turned aside by a jest. Towards the close of his reign, when his subjects were becoming more bold, and insolent, a common bill-sticker, doubtless employed

by the patriotic German party, was detected in the act of posting on the gates of the palace a parody on the Royal insignia H. N. R. (Hieronimus Napoleon, Rex,) for which the words, Hier nisten Räuber (Here robbers have made their nest). Having been arrested by the sentinel on duty, the uproar attracted the notice of the king, who on learning the cause, was so pleased with the ready wit displayed in the satire that he not only pardoned the culprit, but gave him a crown to drink his health.

The dominions of the Elector of Hesse Cassel, with the exception of the principality of Hanau, are more picturesque than fertile, the country consisting chiefly of a succession of elevated ridges, covered with beech wood, the intervening valleys alone being capable of cultivation. Taking into account the poverty of the peasantry, who eke out a precarious subsistence on the scanty produce of the soil, we are puzzled to discover whence a sufficient revenue can be derived, in a small State, with a population of about half-a-million, to support the regal magnificence in which the petty sovereign has been accustomed to live. Our own Queen has not a finer palace in her dominions than the celebrated Wilhelmshöhe, which, with its cascades and jets d'eaux, may be termed the Versailles of Germany. At all events, the King of Prussia, now that he has become the *bonâ fide* ruler of Germany, will have no want of palaces for the junior branches of his family. In truth, he may possibly find them more numerous than he desires, if he is to be

at the expense of keeping them, together with their surrounding parks and pleasure grounds, in a state of constant repair. We must bear in mind however, that, without any disrespect for their former tenants, they are susceptible of ready conversion into barracks, manufactories, or hospitals.

## CHAPTER VII.

Franconia.—Its ancient History.—Inhabitants.—Elements of material Prosperity.—Beauty of the Country.—Peasantry.—Nuremberg.—Wurzburg.—Saint Kilian.—Taunus Mountains.—Roman Remains.—The Pfahlgraben.—Duchy of Nassau.—Princes of the House of Orange.—Their History.—Mineral Springs.—Wiesbaden.—Its historical Recollections.—Mayence.—Its Antiquity.—Its great Strength.—Guttenberg.—Ancient City of Worms.—Luther before the Diet.—Frankfort—Wealth and Beauty of the City.—Its Annexation to Prussia.—A Peep into Futurity.

On leaving the dominions of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, we enter what may be considered the most interesting portion of Germany, known by the name of Franconia, which extends from the river Maine, at Frankfort, to the foot of the Bohemian mountains, and the confines of Saxony, being bounded on the north by Prussia, and on the south by Swabia. Though one of the smallest divisions of the German Empire, it was, at one time, by far the most important; for when the greatest part of Europe was sunk in barbarism, the inhabitants of this Duchy were distinguished, not alone for their high civilization and intelligence, but for the extensive commerce they carried on with the Byzantine Greeks, and the other nations of the East, before they fell under the barbarous rule of the Turks. A curious reminiscence of these times is preserved in the fact of

the name Frank being still the universal designation of a European throughout the East. Among the most interesting and characteristic of its ancient cities, now so much shorn of their former splendour, we may mention Wurzburg, Nuremberg, Bamberg, Aschaffenburg, Anspach, Baireuth, &c.

This beautiful and prosperous country was for many ages governed by its own Dukes, but owing to wars, and a variety of causes it would be impossible to trace in our present brief sketch, portions of its territory were gradually absorbed by different surrounding States, while others were erected into independent bishoprics, such as Wurzburg and Bamberg. Under the sway of the spiritual rulers, as might naturally be expected, monasteries and nunneries greatly increased, together with their apparently inevitable concomitants—idleness and mendicity.

Now that nearly the whole of this territory is about to be added to the dominions of the King of Prussia, there can be little doubt that a country possessed of so many advantages of soil, climate, and situation, lying as it does in the very heart of Germany, will, under its new rulers, regain much of its ancient prosperity. In spite of the political disadvantages to which it has of late been subject, it is impossible, even in the present day, not to be struck by the thriving air of the burghers of its various towns and cities, while the agricultural population are certainly as well off as any in Germany. The peasantry still adhere to the quaint but picturesque garb of their ancestors, and the stranger who for the

first time beholds them, on some Sunday or holiday, proceeding to public worship, or to a village festival, the men in cocked hats, braided jackets, and knee boots, with their cosy partners in their gold ornamented head-dresses, trimmed bodices, and petticoats of many folds, cannot fail to be much interested.

In enumerating the attractions of Franconia, we must not forget to speak of the picturesque beauty of the country, consisting for the most part of fertile valleys and wooded heights, partially clad with the luxuriant vine, and frequently crowned by the ruin of some feudal stronghold.

The most interesting of the old cities in Franconia is unquestionably Nuremberg, in the valley of the Pegnitz. Perhaps there is no other town in Europe so thoroughly mediæval in its character. The quaint old houses, with their lofty gables and elaborate carvings, not less than the ancient Kaiserburg or the magnificent cathedral, carry us back to a former age. The latter edifice, one of the noblest Gothic piles in Europe, contains some exquisite carvings in wood and stone; for, be it remembered, this was once the home of the cunning craftsman, and Nuremberg was not less celebrated for her proficiency in the arts than for her commercial prosperity and political influence. The poet, who came to visit it from a region undreamed of, at the time of which he sings may well exclaim:—

'Not thy councils, not thy kaisers,
Win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer,
And Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.'

Few towns in Franconia owe more to the picturesque beauty of their situation than the capital, Würzburg. The chain of encircling hills that protect it from the cold blasts of the north, produces the celebrated wine called the Saint-Esprit. The river Main, which here becomes navigable, connects this town with Frankfort and the great commercial centres on the Rhine.

A Scotchman will be interested to know that the inhabitants of this ancient city are said to have been converted to Christianity by the preaching of Saint Kilian, his countryman, together with his two companions, Colonat and Tottenham, all of whom eventually suffered martyrdom, owing to the wiles of the fair but frail consort of the Duke Marcomirus. She having ventured to fix her affections on a no less personage than the Saint himself, took this means of avenging herself for the coldness with which he repulsed her advances.

The route from here to Nassau, on the banks of the Rhine, runs through a very interesting country, which will well repay the traveller for the trouble of exploring, should he be willing to abandon the rail and betake himself to the mountain road that traverses the Taunus mountains. In addition to the picturesque scenery of this district, he will find abundant traces of the dominions of the Romans in the remains of paved roads, forts and camps, and, above all, that great work, the Pfahlgraben, as it is still called—an earthen

rampart, strengthened with palisades, and extending throughout the entire range of the Taunus to the banks of the Ohm, in Westphalia. The more modern remains of feudal castles also abound, and in these mountains the traveller may visit the source of more than twenty mineral springs. The inhabitants are not less interesting than their country. They are genuine Teutons, sprung from the same unmixed stock as their brethren in Westphalia.

The name of Nassau recalls a host of recollections connected with many important periods of European history. The princes of this house not only played a conspicuous part in the annals of this country, but in those of Great Britain and Holland. They trace their descent from Otto, of Laurenburg, who reigned over this romantic region many centuries ago, the remains of whose mountain strongholds are still everywhere to be seen.

The most valuable natural productions of the country consist in its wines and mineral waters, from the exportation of which a very considerable revenue is derived, while its various bathing establishments attract a host of visitors during the season from every part of Europe. Traces of former volcanic action are everywhere visible throughout the Duchy, and we have an evidence that subterranean forces of some kind are still at work, in the fact that the flow of the mineral springs is always affected, and in some cases entirely arrested, by vol-

canic disturbances or earthquakes in other parts of the world.

The whole country, with its wooded hills, fertile valleys, and mountain streams, is full of picturesque beauty. The town of Limburg on the Lahn, has a venerable cathedral and a monument of Conrad I., Emperor of Germany, and is in other respects a place of considerable historic and antiquarian interest. Nassau, the ancient capital of the Duchy, with its ruined castle of Oranienstein, crowning the brow of a bold, rocky hill, recalls the history of the Princes of Orange, one of whom was so intimately connected with the most important and eventful period of our own history. This illustrious house is probably destined to share the fate that seems likely, sooner or later, to overtake all the minor sovereign princes of Germany—a consummation which, however much we may regret it, on account of the individual virtues of certain families, must in the end be conducive to the future prosperity and power of Germany. Among the numerous bathing establishments of Nassau, where nature—if we are to put any faith in the cures that are said to be effected—has provided medicaments for almost every malady under the sun—Wiesbaden holds the first rank. Its waters, both hot and cold, have been in constant use, from time immemorial. The luxurious sons of Imperial Rome were the first among its visitors of whom history makes mention. To these succeeded the Carlovingian kings. Charlemagne built a palace here, and Otho the Great was so charmed with

the spot that he made it his principal residence, while it was scarcely less a favourite with several of his successors. Wiesbaden (Bath of the Meadows) possesses alone fourteen springs, one or two of which attain a temperature of a hundred and fifty of Fahrenheit. They are particularly efficacious in the cure of gout and rheumatism.

At Bieberich-on-the-Rhine, the Dukes of Nassau have a pleasant summer-palace from which the towers of Mayence on the opposite banks of the Rhine may be discerned. The important position occupied by this great federal fortress, seems from the earliest ages to have been the site of a town, and according to some historians, it owes its origin to a Trojan prince named Moguntius. There can be no doubt, however, that it was a very important place in the time of the Romans. It is now principally remarkable for the great strength and extent of its fortifications, requiring for its garrison, in time of war, an army of twenty thousand men. This is one of the three cities that lay claim to have given birth to Guttemberg, the inventor of printing. Its right to this distinction being disputed by Frankfort and Strasburg.

Somewhat higher up the stream, on the same bank of the river as Mayence, stands the ancient city of Worms, which must always possess a special interest in the eyes of every Protestant. There the great reformer, Martin Luther, made a public declaration of the articles of his faith, in the presence of the Emperor, Charles V.,

the princes and nobles of the Germanic Empire, and the high dignitaries of the Romish Church. History can show no more sublime spectacle than the figure of that solitary monk, face to face with the most brilliant, learned, and powerful assemblage in the universe. Never for a single moment did he falter; sustained by the conviction of the justice of his cause, he stood prepared to do battle for the truth, be the odds what they might. The words with which he closed his memorable declaration still find an echo in every heart that has learned to cherish the inestimable blessings of religious liberty,—'Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders. Gott hilfe mir!'

The ancient city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the federal capital of Germany, is, as might be expected, a most interesting town. Its very name is a guarantee for its antiquity, Frankfurth (Frank-ford). Here the Franks doubtless crossed the river, when they went forth to conquest, at a period when bridges were unknown in Germany. Frankfort would seem always to have been a centre of trade and commerce. Here the Rothschilds and other families, whose names are well known among the great capitalists of Europe, laid the foundations of their fortunes. Portions of the old town here and there exist, with their lofty houses and narrow, gloomy streets. The well-known Judengasse is still one of the sights of the place, but these are rapidly giving way before modern improvements, which are carried out on a scale of

grandeur and solidity, such as bids fair to make Frankfort one of the handsomest towns in Germany, while the palatial residences of its principal merchants are unsurpassed by anything London or Paris can show.

Of the future fortunes of Frankfort, now that her fate is linked to that of Prussia, it might, perhaps, be deemed vain to speculate at present. If the conqueror has dealt after a somewhat summary fashion with the ancient city of the Maine, we cannot profess to say that we feel greatly surprised. Had she possessed the tact and good sense to have remained strictly neutral, she might have preserved her independence as a free Hanse town some few years longer, but as she made no secret of her Austrian tendencies, and chose to cast her lot with the petty princes of Germany, she clearly had no right to expect any particular leniency at the hands of the victorious Prussians. Still, under whatever dominion, the future of Frankfort can scarcely be other than brilliant. The elastic spirit of commerce soon recovers from any temporary mischance, and rises superior to all obstacles. The position of Frankfort, in the very heart of Germany, close to the confines of the Maine and the Rhine, is greatly in her favour, while the opening of Ludwig's Canal will enable her to hold commercial relations, by an unbroken line of communication, with the East and the West. That she will long continue the great emporium of Central Germany may, we think, therefore safely be predicted. But,

some of our readers—nay, perhaps, some of her own honest burghers, would open their eyes if we were to whisper in their ear the possibility of their ancient city one day becoming the capital of a Germanic Empire. Stranger things have come to pass, even in our time; *nous verrons!*

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.—Influential Alliances of the reigning Family.—Heidelberg.—The Palatinate.—Why claimed by France.—The Fortress of Landau.—Spires.—Grand Duchy of Baden. — Carlsruhe — House of Zähringer. — Strasburg. — Schwartzwald.—Constance.—Political Divisions of Germany.—Her weakest Frontier.—Wurtemberg.—History of that Country and its reigning Princes of the House of Teck.—Bavaria.—The Danube.—Munich.—The Ex-King Louis and the Walhalla.—National Character of the Bavarians.—Sketch of the History of the Princes of the House of Wittelsbach.

On leaving Frankfort for the south, we enter an immense plain, which extends from the banks of the Maine to the frontiers of Switzerland, and which is traversed throughout its entire length by the Rhine, whose course lies almost equally distant from the range of the Hartwald and the Vosges on the one hand, and that of the Odenwald and the Schwartzwald on the other. In addition to a very well-managed railway system, connecting this part of Germany with France and Switzerland, the public thoroughfares are everywhere kept, by government, in a state of admirable repair. The well-known Bergstrasse which runs along the foot of the hills of the Odenwald and the Schwartzwald, as far as Basle in Switzerland, is at once one of the most picturesque and best-kept roads in Europe; it is overshadowed, throughout its entire length, by rows of fruit-trees.

The Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, to which the petty Landgravate of Hesse-Homburg has recently been annexed, is the first territory we traverse after crossing the Maine. This insignificant State has recently acquired a special interest in the eyes of every Englishman, from the fact of our well-beloved Princess Alice having married into the reigning Ducal family. Nor must we forget to mention that the present Empress of Russia is herself a daughter of the same princely house. We may, therefore, feel perfectly sure that powerful interest will be brought to bear in order to preserve for this unimportant State the semblance, if not the reality, of an independent existence.

Darmstadt itself, like many other of the capitals of the minor States of Germany, is dull and uninteresting. Shortly after leaving this town we enter the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden, one of the most fertile districts in Germany. Manheim, at the confluence of the Maine and the Neckar, contains but few objects of interest to a traveller. Heidelberg, on the Bergstrasse at the entrance of the Neckarthal, may, on the other hand, boast of one of the most picturesque situations to be found in any country. Indeed, the whole of the Neckarthal, as far as Heilbronn, in Wurtemberg, is replete with beauty, but lying out of the ordinary beaten track, is but little known. The ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, situated on the sides of a wood-covered slope, are unsurpassed for their extent and magnificence. The views that may be enjoyed from the terrace in front of the castle, over the valley of the Neckar and

the plain of Baden, is well worth climbing the hill to behold. The Rhine here divides the territory of the Grand Duchy of Baden from that of the Palatinate now belonging to the kingdom of Bavaria, and especially remarkable for its exceeding fertility. This territory has acquired a temporary interest, in the present day, from the fact that the Emperor of the French is supposed to have contemplated its annexation to his own dominions as the not impossible result of the recent political dislocation that has taken place in Germany. A portion of this territory, like the adjoining one of Sarre-Louis and Sarre-brück, although essentially German in its character, did really at one time belong to France, and the frontier fortress of Landau was built after a plan of Vauban, in the reign of Louis XIV. France was permitted by the Congress of Vienna in 1814, to retain this territory, but at the rectification of the frontier, in 1815, it was restored to Germany. We are curious to know, under these circumstances, what claim France can possibly have to a district which, if originally won by right of conquest, is as certainly forfeited by the application of the same right on the part of Germany.

The ancient city of Spire, with its cathedral, whose interior has been recently decorated by paintings in fresco, is well worth a visit. On the other hand, Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, situated in a sandy, uninteresting plain, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, although a cleanly, well-built town, cannot be said to possess any particular features of

interest, except those which attach to the seat of government and the residence of the reigning Prince. The family of the latter, like that of most of the other petty potentates of Germany, lays claim to a very ancient lineage, having sprung from the Baden-Durlach branch of the House of Zähringer, whose rise to power dates from the eleventh century.

At Carlsruhe we are within a few miles of the French frontier, which extends from this point, along the entire left bank of the Rhine, as far as Switzerland. This is decidedly the most vulnerable portion of Germany, and it is much to be regretted that so important a position should not be occupied by a more powerful State than the Grand Duchy of Baden. This circumstance ought not to be lost sight of by the statesmen of Germany, when engaged in the task of the political reconstruction of this portion of her territory, exposed as it is to the invasion of such a dangerous neighbour as France.

Baden-Baden, in the Murgthal, has too often been described for us to do more than say that we fully endorse the unanimous opinion of all who have visited it, that it is one of the most charming spots in the fatherland. The exquisite spire of Strasburg Cathedral, the loftiest in Europe, may from this point be discerned towering above the roofs of what was once one of the most important cities in Germany.

The charming little town of Freiburg in the Brisgau, for ages the flourishing patrimony of the Austrian Habsburgers of the House of Lorraine, may well detain the footsteps of a lover of the picturesque, not only on

account of the beauty of the situation, but for the elaborate tracery of the Gothic spire of its cathedral. The neighbouring region of the Schwartzwald, with its Feldberg, Höllenthal and Mummel See, and all its varied scenery of crag, mountain, and waterfall, is one of the most beautiful highland districts in this part of Germany. The wild cherry, that everywhere grows in its woods, is made use of to flavour the well-known Kirschenwasser.

Constance, on the lake to which it gives its name, at one time among the most important cities of Europe, although sadly shorn of its ancient splendour, is still highly interesting, from its archæological and historic associations, to a traveller. The very room in which the reformers Huss and Jerome of Prague were confined, is still pointed out, as well as the spot on which they afterwards suffered martyrdom by burning.

At no great distance from Constance are the celebrated falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, and within a day's ride a traveller may cross the frontiers of five different States — Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria, all of which meet on the shores of this beautiful lake,—a striking illustration of the political divisions of Germany and of the necessity of such a fusion of the different interests of its various independent rulers as shall enable her to take her proper place among the great powers of Europe. Prussia, it is true, may establish her frontier on the banks of the Maine, but such a consolidation of her power in North Germany would be no guarantee for

the safety of the South. On the contrary, its various states would be more than ever exposed to an attack from France, who, with a strong fortress like Strasburg in the rear, could, at any moment, pour her legions across the Rhine, without encountering any obstacle capable of arresting her victorious progress, from the banks of that river to the walls of Vienna, if we except the fortress of Radstadt, which might easily be invested. Better that the States of South Germany had been placed under the ægis of Austria, than that they should be left thus unprotected, for we need hardly insist upon the fact of their inability to defend themselves against a power like France. Indeed the utter inefficiency of the confederated troops, their want of spontaneous action, and *esprit de corps*, have been abundantly demonstrated during the late war in Germany.

Wurtemberg, erected into a kingdom by Bonaparte in the year 1805, is a compact territory, lying between Baden and Bavaria, which formerly constituted a portion of the Duchy of Swabia. In the present day perhaps there is no portion of Germany that enjoys a larger measure of prosperity, which may probably be ascribed to the parental rule of its sovereigns, and to the fact that nearly the whole of their subjects, at an early period, embraced the Reformed religion. However much we may attribute their present well-being to the latter cause, there can be no doubt that it entailed dreadful sufferings upon their forefathers. In the entire history of Europe, we can point to no more appalling evidence of the horrors fanaticism is capable of inflict-

ing than is afforded by the Thirty Years' War. This was especially exemplified in Wurtemberg, which had the misfortune to lie between the States of two of the most bigoted of the reigning families then in Germany, the Austrian Habsburgs in Alsace, and the Brisgau, and the Wittelbachs in Bavaria. Our readers will hardly credit it when we say that the population of Wurtemberg was reduced by famine, pestilence, and the sword, from upwards of half-a-million to less than fifty thousand. Numberless families who had taken refuge in Switzerland and the neighbouring Protestant States, returned only to find their fields devastated and their homesteads in ruins.

The capital, Stutgard, is a pleasant town, surrounded by vine-clad hills, and has long been a favourite resort of our countrymen; in addition to its other advantages it possesses an admirable school of music. The reigning family of Wurtemberg are descended from the Counts of Teck, one of the most ancient among the noble houses of Germany. The father of the late King of Wurtemberg was one of the sovereigns of Germany that joined the Confederation of the Rhine. After the downfall of their Protector, the first Napoleon, this family and their neighbours, the Wittelbachs, transferred their allegiance to the house of Austria. They have never, on any occasion, concealed their dislike and even contempt for the great power of the North. The reigning monarch of Wurtemberg, in his speech to his chambers, previous to the outbreak of the present war, gave utterance to the threat—*Væ victis!* in full con-

fidence that the Prussians would be discomfited. The result has shown that kings are no better prophets than ordinary mortals. When the crown of a Germanic Empire was offered by the Parliament of Frankfort to Frederick William of Prussia, in 1849, the late king of Wurtemberg made no secret of his disapproval of the plan. 'Bow the knee, indeed, to a Hohenzollern—a man whose ancestors were Burggrafs of Nuremberg when the counts of Teck were fighting in the Holy Land—I would rather abdicate to-morrow!' On leaving Wurtemberg, which is throughout a beautifully undulating if not a hilly country, we gradually descend into the vast plain of central Bavaria, a fertile portion of Germany, which is traversed throughout its whole extent by the Danube. This noble stream, which takes its rise at Donoueschingen, in the Black Forest, flows in an easterly direction, and, being fed by numerous tributaries, rapidly increases in volume until it becomes navigable at Ulm.

The capital, Munich, is undoubtedly a very handsome city. The ex-king Louis of Bavaria, whatever may have been his faults in other respects, was a liberal patron of the arts, and his Glyptothek and Pinakothek, with their severely classical names, bear witness to his reverence for the antique, not less than to his love for sculpture and painting. The most interesting monument of the taste and patriotism of King Louis is undoubtedly the Walhalla, in which we may behold emblazoned a record of the great deeds of the most illustrious children of Germany, together with their effigies in marble. The

Englishman will be interested in finding a place assigned to our own Alfred the Great.

Munich, with its public parks and pleasure-gardens, theatres, and opera-house, and refined, agreeable society, forms a very delightful residence, but owing to sudden changes in temperature, occasioned by the proximity of the snowy Alps, its climate is trying to delicate constitutions. The lower classes here, as is the case throughout Swabia, are a stolid, good-natured, contented-looking people. The stranger, who beholds them enjoying themselves after their own quiet fashion, with a pipe in one hand and a foaming tankard of Bavarian beer in the other, listening to the music of a brass band, in company with their placid-looking spouses and flaxen-headed children, would be inclined to consider them the most easily-governed people in the world. They certainly look as if it were a matter of perfect indifference to them whether they are ruled by a Hohenzollern or a Wittelsbach. Nevertheless, still waters run deep, and although unmoved by changes of dynasty, and the downfall of empires, their phlegmatic temperament is thoroughly roused by any attempt to levy a tax on their favourite beverage. This is quite another matter, and one that appeals to their strongest sympathies. Within the last few months the imposition of a kreutzer or so duty on the tankard of beer provoked a dangerous insurrection. The house of Wittelsbach, although it has more than once worthily occupied the throne of the Germanic Empire is not held in high favour either by the Liberal or the Lutheran party.

The Wittelsbachers have ever been stanch adherents of the Papacy, and, blinded by fanaticism, have never hesitated to engage in the most cruel and destructive wars that have ever been waged in the name of religion. In the eleventh century these princes took part in the celebrated wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. This was succeeded by their wars with the Hohenstaufens which led to the devastation of the greatest part of Bavaria and the total destruction of several flourishing towns. Among others, the fine old city of Ulm was totally consumed by fire. Never was the persecuting zeal of the princes of the house more conspicuously exhibited than during the Thirty Years' War. We afterwards find them taking part in the war of the Spanish succession, which, if not so disastrous as the preceding one, was not the less fought on German territory, and was only concluded by the great battle of Blenheim, in which our own Marlborough annihilated the Bavarians and their allies, the French, and gained one of the most signal victories on record.

Finally, it never will be forgotten in Germany that it was a Wittelsbach that first joined Napoleon, in forming the Confederation of the Rhine, and even, in the present day, if report speaks true, it is through no fault of theirs that we have not to record, in 1866, the recurrence of an historical parallel to the events of 1806. That Prussia has never forgotten the part played by Bavaria in the Rhein-bund is evident from the constant allusion to it in the Berlin newspapers, and the oft-repeated assertion, when the Frankfort Bund de-

clared war against Prussia,—'This is Bavaria's doing, and she, with her priest-ridden ally, Austria, shall be made to bear the burden of the war.'

But a day of reckoning may even now be at hand, the star of the house of Wittelsbach would seem to be no longer in the ascendent. An ex-king of Greece and ex-queen of Naples are already to be found among its members; who shall say how soon their ancient patrimony may likewise pass away from them for ever?

## CHAPTER IX.

The Rhine.—Its Importance as a Frontier.—The Moselle.—Antiquity of Treves.—The Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.—Historical Associations of the Rhine.—Cologne.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—Rhenish Prussia.—Krupp's Iron and Steel Works.—Sketch of the former History of the Towns on the Rhine.—The left Bank of the Rhine.—The Emperor of the French.—The Gaul and the Teuton.

THE Rhine is inseparably connected with the greatness and power of Germany. Her very existence as a nation seems dependent on her retaining possession of this river. Germany without the Rhine would be a body without a soul. It is the tutelary genius of the land. A German speaks of the Rhine with something of the passion of a lover for his mistress. Its name is inscribed on his banner when he goes forth to battle. *An den Rhein!* was the watchword of the day when Germany arose, as one man, to drive the invader from her soil in 1813–14. *An den Rhein* will again be the rallying cry of her sons—when danger threatens, and when foes assail.

It has long been a favourite theory with her ambitious neighbours the French, that the Rhine is the natural frontier of their country on the north. It is essential to the well-being of France that she should have room to expand in this direction, and, to use a conventional expression, *d'arrondir ses frontières,* by following the bold,

natural curve of this noble river. This might have been possible when Germany was divided, but let her once be united, and if she be not able to defend the Rhine, all that we can say is, she deserves to lose it.

This mighty stream rises in the mountains of Switzerland, from whose everlasting snows and glaciers it draws the inexhaustible current of its waters. After flowing through the lake of Constance and hurling its waters with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent over its rocky bed at Schaffhausen, it enters the German territory at Basle, where its course is altered from a westernly to a northernly direction; it waters the fertile fields of Alsace, and the Breisgau, and after traversing the plains of Baden and the Palatinate, receives one of its principal tributaries, the Maine, opposite the walls of the fortress of Mayence.

On the sunny side of the stream we here behold the vine-clad slopes that produce some of the finest wines in Germany, the Johanisberger, the Hochheimer, the Rüdesheimer. After passing the pretty little town of Bingen, we enter the celebrated Bingerloch, where some tremendous convulsion of nature seems to have opened an outlet for the waters of the vast lake, that doubtless at one time covered the fertile plains we are leaving behind us. Here the waters swirl and boil in many a curling eddy over the smooth black rocks that seek in vain to bar their passage.

The scenery here is grand in the extreme—there is, perhaps, nothing finer throughout the whole length of its course. From this point to the foot of the Seven

Mountains, the Rhine flows through the picturesque region of mountain and valley, which has won for it such a world-wide reputation for beauty. Vine-clad hills and smiling villages alternate with frowning crags, and tower-capped hills. Here we behold Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of Germany; there, the legend-haunted rock of the Lurlei, overhangs the stream; yonder, the lordly Stotzenfels clings like an eagle's eyrie to the side of the mountain. Anon, the 'castled-crag of Drachenfels' looks down on the smiling island of Nonnenwerth.

We do not propose, however, to give any account either of the scenic beauties of the Rhine, or of the innumerable legends of which it is the theatre. The praises of the former have already been said or sung by a host of writers of every country—while a record of the latter may be purchased for a trifle by all who are curious to learn the myths and märchen of the father-land.

The historical associations of the Rhine are not its least interesting feature, connected as they are with some of the most important events of European history, from the earliest period to the present day. The names of Cologne (Colonia), Coblenz (Confluentes), Bacharach (Bacchi Ara), and many others, carry us back to the period of Roman dominion.

Nowhere in Europe are the crumbling remains of the castles of the Middle Ages more thickly clustered than on the banks of the Rhine. Several of its ancient cities were among the most powerful of the Hanse towns,

while the Bishops of Treves, Cologne, and Mayence played a most conspicuous part as spiritual princes of the Germanic Empire, on many memorable occasions.

The blue Moselle, after a most sinuous course, as though reluctant to leave the fair lands it traverses, eventually mingles its waters with those of the mightier stream, under the walls of Coblenz. This river flows through that debatable land in which Sarre-Louis and Sarre-brück are situated; it likewise washes the part of the hill on which that ancient city, the Augusta of the Romans, and capital of the Treveri, is situated, the name of which people is preserved in its present designation of Treves. We are scarcely prepared to endorse the authenticity of the inscription on the Rathhaus, which declares the town to have been founded in the time of Abraham; but that the Romans discovered here a flourishing city, inhabited by a people familiar with the arts of civilized life, may be true. It abounds with the remains of Roman architecture, and other striking monuments of decayed magnificence.

Immediately opposite Coblentz, which is situated at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine, the rock-built fortress of Ehrenbreitstein rears its colossal bulk. Here the genius of man has, to the fullest extent, availed itself of the admirable means of defence nature has placed at his disposal. The huge mass of stone is honey-combed in all directions by the art of the military engineer, and is mounted with guns commanding every approach.

Descending the Rhine, from this point, we pass the pretty town of Bonn, the seat of a university, and which

commands a fine view of the Seven Mountains, on the opposite side of the river. We are now, however, approaching the termination of the picturesque scenery of the Rhine. After passing the foot of the Drachenfels, we gradually emerge into that vast plain which extends from here to the German ocean.

The ancient city of Cologne, with its coronal of towers, may next be descried on the left bank of the stream. The Queen of the Rhine, as it is termed by Scaliger, may probably vie in antiquity with any town of Western Europe. Here Agrippina the wife of the Emperor Claudius, was born, in honour of which event it was called after her Colonia-Agrippina. In the Middle Ages Cologne was one of the most prosperous and influential of the Hanse towns. She numbered a hundred-and-fifty thousand inhabitants—maintained an army of thirty thousand men, and was so wealthy that *Reich wie ein Köllner* became proverbial in Germany. She likewise appears to have enjoyed a high odour of sanctity—the shrine of her three kings, and the bones of her forty thousand virgins, not less than the virtues of her archbishop and Saint Engelbert, having won for her the surname of 'Holy.' Although greatly fallen from her former high estate, Cologne is still the most important city in Rhenish Prussia. Its population, as might be expected, in a trading community, lying contiguous to the frontiers of France and Belgium, is somewhat mixed and cosmopolitan; its very language partakes of this character, and is one of the most disagreeable dialects in Germany. Having, moreover,

been actually under the dominion of France from the year 1794 to 1814, it was at one time supposed to view the possible contingency of its re-annexation to that power, if not with favour, at all events without apprehension. Recent events, however, have developed a different spirit, and at present the King of Prussia has no more loyal subjects than the citizens of Cologne. As might be anticipated, Cologne is rich both in historic reminiscences and works of art. Pre-eminent among the latter is, of course, its magnificent cathedral, built of stone quarried in the Seven Mountains. This edifice, which has been already five hundred years in building, if ever completed, will probably be the finest Gothic pile in the universe. The Jesuits' College is filled with treasures of art of every description. Paintings by Albrecht Dürer may be seen in the church of St. Martin, and that of St. Peter contains the celebrated crucifixion of St. Peter by Rubens.

Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), not less ancient than her sister of the Rhine, is principally interesting from her associations with the past, and would probably attract but few visitors in the present day, were it not for her mineral waters. Beneath the massive dôme of her time-honoured cathedral repose the ashes of the mighty Charlemagne.

The entire province of Rhenish Prussia is the most valuable and important possession of the Prussian crown, and this not merely for strategic and political reasons, but from the fertility of its soil, its mineral wealth, and the extent of its commerce and manufac-

tures. It contains mines of both iron and coal—the latter principally at Eschweiler, near Sarre-Louis. Its agricultural produce is excellent and abundant, while its manufactures of cloth, linen, cotton, silks, and velvets, have created thriving centres of industry in the towns of Crefeld, Elberfeld, Barmen, and others. Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, is a place of increasing commercial activity. Finally, the extensive iron and steel works of Krupp, at Essen, had already acquired a world-wide reputation before the events of the late war, invested them with a special interest. This establishment, last year, turned out upwards of fifty thousand tons of manufactured steel, one-third of which was in the form of guns. Krupp's steel cannon were first manufactured in the year 1849; for some time, however, they found but little favour in the eyes of the principal German powers. In the present day, however, Prussia is gradually substituting the steel guns, cast at Essen and rifled at Spandau, for her remaining cast-iron and bronze guns. The works at Essen cover an area of upwards of four hundred acres, consume between seven and eight hundred tons of coal daily, and give employment to above eight thousand men and boys, whose wages amount to nearly four hundred thousand pounds a year.

Among the causes which have principally contributed to sap the foundation of the wealth and commerce of the towns on the Rhine we may enumerate, firstly, the terrible Thirty Years' War, so disastrous in its influence throughout every part of Germany. Secondly, the

frequent spoliation they suffered at the hands of the French, more especially during the wars that followed the French Revolution. Now that there is some prospect of a united Germany, and that her sons, elated by victory, are prepared to make good their title to the possession of the Rhine, at the point of the sword if need be, everything connected with that river becomes invested with a double interest. We do not wish to accuse the Emperor of the French of any desire to plunge Europe into the horrors of war for the sake of a few miles of territory; but the force of public opinion, and the wishes of the army, always so influential in France, may be too powerful for him; he may be forced into war against his will. Moreover, we can quite conceive that, individually, he is not altogether satisfied with his present position. The point-blank refusal of Prussia to entertain the proposition for any rectification of the frontier must be galling to his pride. Events have recently marched too fast for him, and even he, far-seeing politician as he is, has been altogether taken by surprise by the recent unprecedented success of the Prussians. This may not be the moment for decisive action, but we fully believe that he is merely biding his time, assured that the looked-for opportunity will present itself sooner or later. Judging from the experience of the past—unless the character of the Teuton be greatly changed—we fear that this anticipation will be realized, and that the unscrupulous and quick-witted Gaul will once again get the better of his simple-minded and unsuspicious neighbour. On

the other hand, any such attempt, on the part of France, might be the very means of breaking down the last existing barriers to her final union, and of consolidating the power of Germany as a nation. A war in defence of the Rhine, which would evoke all the latent patriotism of a deep-thinking, earnest people, might, in the end, effect what neither the Liberal party, nor the Frankfort Parliament, nor even M. von Bismarck, have been able to achieve.

## CHAPTER X.

Louis Napoleon and M. von Bismarck. — Claims of the French to the left; Bank of the Rhine.—Sarre-Louis.—Landau and Luxembourg. — Their political and strategical Importance.— Lorraine and Alsace.—France and Russia.—Their Policy with Regard to Germany.—Sketch of Belgium and Holland.—Influence of Language.—The ancient Flemish superseded by the French.— Schiller and the German Language.—The Teutonic Race.

THE recent demand of Louis Napoleon for a rectification of the French frontier cannot be said to have taken the world by surprise. In the celebrated speech at Auxerre, previous to the outbreak of hostilities in Germany, he, in the most unequivocal manner, declared the treaties of 1815 to be a dead letter. Such words in the mouth of a Bonaparte, and of one who claims, withal, to be the arbiter of the destinies of Europe, might well fall with an ominous sound, and mankind already beheld in imagination the advance of a French army to the Rhine, and the repetition of the events that marked the commencement of the present century. The recent triumph of the Prussians, and the acknowledged efficiency of the needle-gun, have, however, put somewhat of a new complexion on matters—the fact is, the Emperor of the French has been checkmated by M. von Bismarck, and for the present must feel it would be impolitic, if not dangerous, to assume the offensive.

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We will now endeavour briefly to lay before our readers a sketch of the present political situation. Louis Napoleon, 'le nommé du peuple,' in order to establish his dynasty considers himself bound to leave the French Empire greater and more powerful than when he received it—the logic of the matter being that all Europe must suffer in order that he may reign—the honour of France must be satisfied let who will be humiliated! This policy of aggrandizement was inaugurated by the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and everyone felt that the next move would be in the direction of the Rhine, and, long before the speech at Auxerre was prepared, to hear a demand made, on some trivial pretext, for the restoration of the frontier as it existed in 1814.

The Congress of Vienna, in that year, allowed France to retain the territory of Sarre-Louis and that portion of the Palatinate containing the fortress of Landau, together with the Pays de Gex and Savoy. The events of the celebrated *Cent jours*, however, induced them to reconsider their decision, and whether it might not be prudent to circumscribe the limits assigned to so restless and dangerous a people as the French. These concessions were, therefore, again withdrawn, and the two very important strategic positions on the Rhine retained as *débouchés militaires*, affording a free access into the heart of French territory. Herein lies the real grievance, France says,—'Now that there is every prospect of Germany becoming a powerful and united Empire, what guarantee have I for my security if she

continue to keep these positions?' Germany, on the other hand, retorts,—'We hold them by the right of conquest, and in virtue of that right we mean to keep them!' Such are the points at issue, and to our mind they carry the conviction that the Congress of Vienna did its work but by halves. When engaged in remodelling the map of Europe, why not make the Vosges the frontier at once? Had this been done, France would have understood finally that the boundary was one of race and language, and that she never could possibly have the slightest claim to any portion of the German territory.

Our readers will thus perceive that whatever power holds these positions is able to march an invading army into the dominions of the other. As regards the abstract justice of the case, we must confess that we think it unquestionably lies on the side of Germany, and cannot but fee lthat while the retention of these strategic '*coigns of vantage*' by Germany would be the best guarantee for the peace of the world, their possession by the French would be a standing menace to the whole of Europe.

Happy should we be to think that all parties could be brought to acquiesce in this view of the matter; but irrespective of Louis Napoleon's dynastic schemes and traditional policy, the *amour-propre* of that most sensitive nation under the sun, feels itself aggrieved. France seems to consider it a *point d'honneur* to obtain the restoration of this territory, and, reluctantly as we may come to the conclusion, we feel bound to acknowledge that

the question is one that is fraught with danger to the future peace of the world.

History, which records the experience of nations, is our warranty for saying that if the Germans are credulous enough to make over to their powerful and unscrupulous neighbours the territory they covet on the left bank of the Rhine, in addition to that which they already possess, they virtually convey to them the suzerainty of the whole of South Germany. Once in possession of such a fulcrum as Landau, we may be sure that France would not be slow to apply the lever.

Equally important, in a strategic point of view, and impregnable in the natural strength of its position, is the fortress of Luxemburg, which, although belonging to the King of Holland, as Prince of Luxemburg, has always formed a part of the Germanic Empire, and been garrisoned by German troops as a federal fortress. It fell into the hands of the French in 1797, but was adjudged by the Congress of Vienna to the King of Holland, with the rank of Duke of the Germanic Empire, since which time it has continued to be garrisoned by German troops. It is impossible to overrate the strength of the fortress of Luxemburg, a mass of rock rising in the midst of an elevated plateau: it is as fully entitled as Ehrenbreitstein to be termed the Gibraltar of Germany.

We leave our readers to draw their own inferences as to what will be the result of its again falling into the hands of a practical military power like France. This is surely a question of European interest. Now that the

Germanic Confederation is dissolved, the question arises as to whether Prussia has any right to garrison it. She may at any time be called upon to withdraw her troops, whose place would be occupied by those of the King of Holland. We await with anxious curiosity to learn what is to be the ultimate destiny of this very important fortress; and cannot but feel that its possession by a small power like Holland, would be but a slender guarantee for its independence.

It is true Germany is far more powerful and better able to defend herself than she was during the last European war; still, she is far from being united; and we have beheld too many examples of the way in which she has been cajoled by her diplomatic and wily antagonist, for us to regard the future without apprehension. We have only to refer to the page of history to learn how the French have gradually encroached upon their neighbours; bit by bit they possessed themselves of German territory, until they made themselves masters of the whole of Burgundy, Artois, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Süntgau. Such has been the policy of France, whether republican, regal, or imperial, from the time she tore herself away from the Carlovingian Empire and first became a nation. Even Prussia, notwithstanding the tact of her princes and the natural talent of her people, has likewise suffered whenever she came into immediate contact with the crafty Gaul. We have a striking confirmation of this in the alliance which existed between these powers from 1795 to 1806. This was nothing more than a deep-laid scheme on the part

of the French for keeping one half of Germany disarmed while they were employed in crushing Austria and the minor states. Prussia meanwhile was reserved for destruction at a more convenient opportunity, when this occurred. Rarely does it fall to the lot of any country to sustain a more thorough and humiliating defeat. Under these circumstances it appears the more incredible that the German people should not have availed themselves of this right as conquerors in 1815, to insist upon the restitution of two such thoroughly German States as Lorraine and Alsace.

Nor is France the only antagonist Germany has had to contend with. Equally unscrupulous, and actuated by the same desire to profit by the weakness and dissensions of Germany, Russia has pursued a similar policy of —*Divide et impera.* Both have sought to cripple the strength and influence of Prussia, well knowing that a young, vigorous, and essentially German power would be likely in the end to thwart their own selfish and ambitious views. We have but to glance at the history of Germany to see how completely Prussia was cajoled into fighting the battles of her powerful neighbour, Russia, by means of which the latter acquired the German provinces of Livonia and Courland in their joint war against Sweden. At a later date we learn how near she was being dismembered through the intrigues of Russia with Austria — a consummation which would actually have been realized had it not been for the extraordinary tact and ability of Frederick the Great.

With two such powers lying on her frontiers, equally

interested in the spoliation of a country they had already marked out as their prey, it is very evident that the only hope the Germans have of escaping the fate of becoming the slaves of a Gaul or a Russian is to rally round Prussia and form a strong and united people, under the rule of a German sovereign. Strictly speaking, even in her best days Germany could never have been regarded as a strong power; which, indeed, no elective monarchy ever can be. As to the Hapsburgs, who had such a long tenure of rule, owing to their vast possessions in Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and Eastern Europe, they could scarcely be termed Germans. Add to which the influence of that *imperium in imperio*, the petty princes of the Confederation, and the barefaced intrigues they occasionally carried on with France and the other neighbouring powers, were in the highest degree prejudicial to the true interests of Germany. Now that Prussia, favoured by circumstances, has carved for herself a path to fortune by the sword, instead of gaining it by election, we may fairly assume that the destinies of Germany were never entrusted to such good keeping before, and that for the first time in her history she has the prospect of becoming united and powerful.

The recent mention of the fortress of Luxemburg, recalls to our recollection those two small States of Eastern Europe, whose fortunes must always be in a greater or less degree linked to those of Germany, even while enjoying an independent existence. Without sharing the belief that they must eventually fall under

the dominion of either France or Germany, their fate is too closely connected with those of their powerful neighbours to be passed over in silence.

The erection of Belgium into an independent kingdom was the work of the late King of France, Louis-Philippe, and was doubtless undertaken with the view of creating a throne for his favourite son, the Duke de Nemours. Like most of his other schemes, it was not productive of lasting or substantial benefit, either to him or his dynasty. It must be confessed that he seems to have been singularly unfortunate in his policy. What advantages have his descendants ever reaped from the celebrated Spanish marriages? and surely to transport the ashes of the first Napoleon, from St. Helena to Paris, with so much pomp and ceremony, was an act of blind infatuation. It revived the old enthusiasm for the *Grand Capitaine*, and the glories of the Empire, in the breasts of a generation who knew nothing of the sufferings their fathers had endured under his rule; and it is by no means impossible that the citizen king may, by this means, have paved the way for his own downfall. At any rate, by disturbing the ashes of Napoleon, he raised a spirit which it was the interest of every Bourbon to have laid for ever with bell, book, and candle!

Taking advantage of the difference in language and creed between Holland and Belgium, it was no difficult matter to excite a revolution in the latter, but it may be questioned whether our Government acted wisely in abetting this notable scheme of erecting Belgium into an independent kingdom. United, the Low Countries, with

the assistance of Great Britain, might have been able to make head even against the power of France; divided, they are helpless, and in this age of expansion they can hardly fail, in the event of a war between France and Germany, to fall under the dominion of whichever power gains the ascendant. Of the two alternatives, a union with Germany would seem to be the most natural, allied as they are, in race and language, to the inhabitants of the fatherland, for, with the exception of the Walloons—a people of Gallic origin, speaking French, —the great majority of the Belgians speak a dialect of the Teutonic resembling Platt Deutsch; indeed, it is not so long since the Flemish contributions to German literature were far from unimportant; but it is not surprising that after having for some years formed part of the French Empire, the language and literature of that country should have been universally adopted.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Belgians of the present day have any desire to be annexed to France. They are contented with their form of government, and are in other respects happy and prosperous; all they ask is to be let alone. They have suffered too long from the rule of the stranger not to appreciate their present good fortune. Once the richest and most commercial portion of Europe, the gradual decay of the wealth and influence of the Low Countries may be traced to the bigoted and oppressive rule of Spain. These countries must ever be interesting to an Englishman, as having been the cradle of constitutional liberty. At a period when feudalism still existed in England,

the Burgher guilds of its towns and cities fought the very earliest battles in the cause of popular rights and municipal privileges.

As to their sturdy neigbours, the Dutch, to whom liberty is as the breath of their nostrils, and who are, moreover, stanch Protestants, we verily believe that however hopeless the struggle, they would fall to a man rather than come under the rule of the French. We do not desire to anticipate evils, but in stormy and unsettled times like the present, we ought at least to be prepared for all contingencies, and this country could hardly remain a passive spectator did events, similar to those we have ventured to hint at as possible, really take place.

As everything connected with these countries is full of interest at the present moment, we will ask permission briefly to draw the reader's attention to one more fact in connexion with them, which may not be without its weight in deciding their future destinies. It has often been remarked that language is one of the last traits of nationality that a people loses, yet the Belgians, although they have been independent of France for upwards of half a century, have continued to preserve the language and literature of their rulers. Had Belgium never possessed any written language or literature of her own, this would not be surprising; but when we consider that the Flemish language is associated with all that is best and brightest in their history, we are half disposed to be indignant that they should appear ashamed of acknowledging the dialect that marks their

Teutonic origin. This may even be a matter of regret, if we take into consideration the social, not less than the political influence of language, as the stream of German thought, if less bright and sparkling, is certainly purer than that of France.

Belgium, however, is only following the example of Germany, in the time of Frederick the Great. Under his auspices, and those of the other petty princes of the day, the French language was gradually usurping the place of the German, which had come to be looked upon as a barbarous dialect, and ran the risk of degenerating, like the Flemish, into a mere *patois*, spoken by the lower classes only. The very burghers and shopkeepers refused to communicate their thoughts in anything but French. How feelingly does Schiller exclaim,—

'Kein Augustisch Alter blühte,
Keines Medizäers Güte
Lächelte der deutschen Kunst.'

It is he also who informs us that it was only when the Gallic interloper was banished, and the native German restored, that the country recovered its manly tone and independent spirit.

The Swiss, together with the low countries on the Baltic, and the Dutch, all of whom likewise speak a *patois* of the German, showed, we think, more wisdom than the Belgians in retaining their native tongue, together with the language and literature of one of the most profound and intellectual people in Europe. We know not what measure of influence for good should be

ascribed to the language, but certain it is that the various offshoots of the great Teutonic family, whether English, Dutch, Flemish, or Swiss, in whatever part of the world we meet with them, are more industrious, more self-reliant, and more liberal-minded than those races that claim a descent from the Roman, the Celt, or the Slave.

## CHAPTER XI.

Industry of the Prussians.—Silesia and Posen.—Characteristics of the Inhabitants.—Salutary Effects of Prussian Rule.—Ancient Kingdom of Poland.—Evils of an Elective Monarchy.—Sufferings of Prussia during the French Occupation of that Country.—Prussia and Prussian-Poland contrasted.—Possible Future of the Poles.—Causes that led to the Division of Poland.—Its Effect on Europe.

THE contrast between the blooming and beautiful provinces of Prussia on the Rhine, and those that form the eastern portion of her territories, is exceedingly striking. The traveller arriving here for the first time feels as if he had left behind him everything that gives a charm to existence; this only serves to bring into stronger relief the sterling qualities of the people, who undeterred by the disadvantages of soil and climate, are gradually reclaiming the wilderness by dint of persevering labour. It is impossible for any one who, remembers what Prussia was thirty or forty years ago, and who compares the bleak barren waste that then met the eye with the cultivated fields and gardens now to be seen between Berlin and Posen, not to do justice to the industry of the Prussians. By dint of carrying loam and sand upon their backs to mingle with the heavy wet soil of the bog and moorland, together with judicious drainage, these hard-working peasantry have succeeded in triumphing over every difficulty, and we

are reminded of the beautiful Eastern proverb, 'By patience and perseverance the mulberry-leaf becomes satin.'

As we continue to advance in the direction of Posen and Silesia, the country gradually becomes more sterile and unpicturesque, being diversified only by gloomy forests of pines and black morasses, with the occasional white walls of a farm-house or village, standing in the midst of a little oasis of cultivation. Such is the character of the country until we reach the fortress of Cüstrin, one of the strongest in Prussia, and at the same time one of the most insalubrious as a residence, owing to its being surrounded by marshes, and built at the conflux of the Oder and the Warthe, whose waters frequently inundate the town and surrounding country.

Zorndorf, a few leagues distant, is interesting as having been the scene of one of the most sanguinary and important battles fought by Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War. The inscription on the monument that marks the field of battle, sufficiently attests the obstinate nature of the struggle, since it informs us that while the loss of the Prussians did not amount to less than eleven thousand men, that of their adversaries, the Russians, was upwards of fifteen thousand, together with the whole of their baggage and artillery.

Even in the Grand Duchy of Posen, with all the difference of race, religion, and language to contend against, the reclaiming hand of Prussia is everywhere

visible. The people are compelled to keep their houses whitewashed, inside and out, to guard against infection, nor are they allowed to indulge in their inherent taste for dirt and slovenliness, or in any way to contravene the wise sanitary regulations enforced by the executive. The children, of whatever creed, are everywhere obliged to conform to the rules of the educational system, established by the government, and to attend school for the prescribed period. There can be no doubt that this has tended to wean them from the superstitions of the Church of Rome, and to weaken the influence of its ministers, in Prussian Poland. Can we, therefore, wonder that they prefer darkness to light, and view every scheme for the improvement of the people with a jealous eye?

However much we may be inclined to condemn the division of Poland as a flagrant violation of the rights of nations—there can be no doubt that the crimes and follies of the men who governed this unhappy country, paved the way for its downfall. An elective monarchy always favours the abuse of power and influence, and in the case of Poland, we seem to have had an example of this form of government under its worst possible aspect.

The entire system of the executive was venal, corrupt, and rotten to the core. Its rulers thought only of making what they could during their tenure of power, while a host of rapacious nobles wrung the last farthing that could be extorted by threats or violence from the unhappy sons of the soil. It is an undeniable fact, that

the Grand Duchy of Posen, that portion of the ancient kingdom of Poland which has fallen to the lot of Prussia, has benefited enormously by the change of masters. Never before were they so well and so equitably governed, and now, after the lapse of less than a century, the country has almost lost every trace of an alien aspect. German manners and customs have been gradually adopted, and owing to the numbers of wealthy Germans who have settled in the country, there is little to remind you that it had once formed a part of the ancient Sarmatia. It is true that the crucifixes and Madonnas to be met with in many of the towns and villages, show that a portion of the inhabitants still adhere to the faith of their fathers; for although the government of Prussia is Lutheran, it has had the good sense not to interfere with the religion or the language of the inhabitants—all that is required being allegiance to the sovereign, and obedience to the laws.

The Grand Duchy of Posen has proved for more reasons than one a valuable acquisition to the Prussian crown. It has given her a well-defined frontier towards Austria and Russia, besides securing to her the possession of a fine tract of country whose material fertility greatly exceeds that of her neighbouring provinces, Brandenburg and Preussen. The country, for the most part, is gently undulating, and the gloomy forests of pine are here and there replaced by trees of a more varied and cheerful foliage. Posen, the ancient capital, is an interesting old town whose general aspect would be somewhat dull, however, were it not for the varied

costumes of the military and of the Jew pedlars, in their long Eastern dresses and flowing beards, who may at all times be seen in the streets.

The absence of strong fortresses, in this part of her dominions, would seem to argue that Prussia has perfect, confidence in the goodwill of her neighbour, Russia, for, with the exception of the citadel at Posen, there is no fortified position, deserving the name, throughout the entire Duchy. This is very far from being the case in the neighbouring province of Preussen, where we meet with them in every direction, and in many instances, of great strength and strategic importance.

Preussen has given its name to the entire kingdom of Prussia, and its capital, Königsberg, was the original seat of government before it was transferred to Berlin. It is a fine old town of mediæval aspect, strongly fortified, and containing between seventy and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a Royal Palace, a University, and public Library. This town opened its gates to Napoleon after the Battle of Friedland, in 1807. Here also was signed the celebrated convention of Königsberg, scarcely less prejudicial to the interests of Prussia than the peace of Tilsit. Dantzick is the next town in size and importance, after Königsberg; it is likewise strongly fortified, and is the principal port of Prussia. It is situated at a short distance from the mouth of the Vistula, the entrance to which is defended by the fortress of Weichselmünde. After the campaign of 1807, Dantzick remained under the command of a governor-general appointed by Bonaparte, until the year 1814.

Elbing and Memel are both places of considerable trade, Graudenz and Thorn are two strongly-fortified towns on the Vistula, the latter being celebrated as the birthplace of Copernicus. The whole province of Preussen is replete with historic interest, as having been the scene of many important events connected with the most disastrous period of Prussian history. Here were fought the bloody battles of Eylau and Friedland, and here was signed the humiliating peace of Tilsit.

'If I had been transported a thousand miles from civilized Europe,' says a traveller, in 1836, 'the change could not have been greater than that which I experienced on crossing the frontier of Russian Poland. The order, neatness, and cleanliness of the German was succeeded by rags, squalor, and dirt, while the din of '*Kleba*' (bread) resounded in our ears whenever we passed through a town or village, which generally consisted of little more than a row of miserable hovels, each with its heap of filth in front of the door.'

The picture that was then drawn might stand for the present year, periodical revolution, bad government, and the misfortune of professing a creed differing from that of their rulers, have paralyzed the energy and industry of this unhappy country; and this, notwithstanding the advantages of a fertile soil, a strong, active, intelligent peasantry, and a brave, high-spirited, and intellectual aristocracy.

Among the causes which have contributed to the present degradation of Russian Poland, may be enu-

merated the long continuance of that relic of barbarism, feudal vassalage, the neglect of education, and the gross superstition which always accompanies ignorance. These are evils, however, with which the legislature is somewhat competent to deal, but unhappily the vice of drunkenness prevails, to a large extent, among the lower classes. In proof of this, we have but to remind our readers that there are not less than two hundred and eighty-eight thousand distilleries at work throughout the Russian Empire. As they bring in a large revenue to a very needy government, no effort is made to check this demoralizing branch of industry. The Jews, moreover, who in Poland alone number upwards of two millions, are said to encourage immorality among the people by becoming the receivers of stolen goods, and pandering to every species of vice and profligacy.

The recent attempt on the part of the Poles to recover their independence would seem at length to have opened their eyes to their true position, and if we may trust the recent accounts that reach us from that country—a party is gradually springing up whose aim it is to effect such a union with Russia as shall be mutually satisfactory, and prove a guarantee for future peace and quietness. If the Russian Government will consent to acknowledge their nationality, and permit them to worship God according to the creed of their fathers, they are willing to abandon all future attempts to regain their independence. Should this compromise be realized, there is no doubt that Russia would be

immensely the gainer. She would be relieved from the expense of maintaining a large standing army in Poland, and would, moreover, have at her disposal the services of a clever, energetic people to assist her in carrying out her gigantic scheme of empire in Central Asia.

Up to the present time she has been obliged to employ Germans, who, with all their talent, want the adventurous spirit and enterprise of the Pole. Being, moreover, a cognate race of the great Sclavonian family, and speaking a dialect of the same tongue, such a fusion, in spite of the prejudices and heart-burnings of ages, ought not to be impossible. As a sign of the times this policy is now openly advocated by that great organ of Polish nationality, the Dzieneck Posnauski.

What a field does there not lie open to the energy and industry of such a people as the Poles in an empire that extends from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Pacific, without a single sea or foreign territory intervening to break her continuity! There cannot be a doubt that in less than a century they would have so learnt to control the Muscovite as to make themselves the real lords of the empire, and thus, by an intellectual victory, avenge the humiliation and sufferings of their fathers.

Before we take leave of Poland, a brief sketch of the causes that led to the dismemberment of that ancient kingdom will probably not be unacceptable to our readers. This event was brought about by the mediation

of the courts of Vienna and Berlin, undertaken with the object of restoring peace between Turkey and Russia. The conditions of the treaty dictated by the Empress Catherine II., being highly displeasing to Maria Theresa, as failing to realize her abstract idea of a balance of power, she resolved to indemnify herself for the acquisitions Russia had acquired at the expense of Turkey, by seizing a portion of the territory of Poland, and forthwith despatched a body of troops into that part of the country lying on the confines of Hungary, under the plea that it had at one time belonged to the kingdom of Hungary.

Catherine was so enraged at this act of audacity on the part of Austria, that she instantly came to the resolution of taking possession of a portion of the same kingdom, whose only fault was its inability to defend itself. Having chanced to drop a hint of her intentions to Prince Henry of Prussia, who was then sojourning at her court, he lost no time in imparting the information he had acquired to the king his brother, who was suddenly struck with the happy idea that he had as good a right to a slice of Poland as his more powerful neighbour. The scheme was particularly acceptable in the eyes of the Prussian monarch, inasmuch as it would enable him to incorporate in his own dominions those provinces which were isolated by intervening portions of Polish territory. These considerations induced him to enter into negotiations with the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, which ended in the dismemberment of

a kingdom by three great powers who had no title to an inch of her territory beyond that which is based upon the possession of brute force.

To Austria was assigned the whole of Galicia and Lodomeria, together with the valuable mines of rock salt at Wieliczka, Bochnia, and Sambor. Russia obtained for her share the whole of Livonia, the greater part of Witepsk and Polotsk, the whole palatinate of Mscislaw, and the two palatinates of Minsk and Mochilew. The portion that fell to the share of the King of Prussia was the most important, in a political point of view, as it not only consolidated his dominions, but by giving him the command of the Vistula, made him master of the commerce of Poland, especially of the corn trade, so valuable to Europe.

Finding that no notice was taken of their nefarious proceedings by the Great Powers of the West, France and England, the three potentates interested in the dismemberment of Poland were emboldened to continue their work of spoliation; bit by bit, the remaining portion was appropriated, until the whole had disappeared, Russia, as usual, securing to herself the lion's share. Such a flagrant violation of the rights of nations, and open defiance of public opinion, was a sorry earnest for the future peace and prosperity of Europe. What confidence could be felt in the sense of justice and forbearance of princes who had so ruthlessly trampled on the sacred barrier that defends legitimate right against arbitrary power? What guarantee for their

preservation did the lesser States now possess? Many of the troubles which have since afflicted Europe, and much of the bloodshed that has been spilt, may doubtless be traced to this act of lawless and unjustifiable aggression.

## CHAPTER XII.

Silesia.—Its Conquest by Frederick the Great.—General Aspect of the Country.—Characteristics of the Inhabitants.—Battle of Lissa.—Breslau the Capital.—Tomb of Blücher.—His Character and early Career.—Productions of Silesia.—Its Past History.—Traces of the Seven Years' War, and of its Occupation by the French.—Upper Silesia and its beautiful Scenery.—Frederick the Great and the Monasteries.—The Castle of Fürstenstein.—Riesengeberg.—Splendid View from the Schneekoppe.—Character of the Scenery.

THE claim of Prussia to the province of Silesia and the Margravate of Glatz originated in an Erbverbrüderung —a species of family compact, which the early princes of the house of Hohenzollern had entered into with the Slavonian Dukes of Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau, Oppeln, and Ratibor, in virtue of which their possessions reverted to the crown of Prussia, in the event of the failure of male heirs. Austria, who meanwhile had made herself mistress of these countries, treated the demands of Prussia with contempt. Frederick, who at this time had only recently succeeded to the throne of his fathers, was not one who could quietly take a denial so long as there remained a chance of gaining his point. Although so unsuccessful in his first campaign as to have earned for himself the title of the Don Quixote of Prussia, yet this very province of Silesia afterwards became the theatre of his most brilliant exploits; not only did he

wrest this fairest jewel in the crown of Prussia, by dint of hard fighting, from Austria, but annexed it permanently to his dominions. History, perhaps, scarcely affords an example of a more daring and successful conquest, especially when we take into consideration that Austria was then the first military power of the day, while the entire population of Prussia did not amount to more than two millions; but what was wanting in numbers was made up in bravery. The Pomeranians, the Preussen, and the Brandenburgers, who constituted the army of Frederick, were the descendants of those Goths and Vandals who at one time had overrun the whole of Europe.

A very perceptible undulation in the surface of the country becomes apparent soon after entering Silesia, and affords a great relief after the monotonous steppes of Posen, whose general appearance certainly warrants the hypothesis that they were, at one time, covered with the Baltic. The fertility of the land continues to improve as we advance, and towns and villages multiply, and vast palatial structures may occasionally be seen occupying conspicuous sites on the sides of the hills and mountains. There are convents and monasteries, many of which have been converted to secular uses by the Prussian government, and their lazy inmates turned adrift to seek other quarters. A large proportion of the inhabitants of Silesia still profess the Roman Catholic faith, particularly where the Slavonian element predominates over the Teuton. This is not surprising, when we remember that Silesia, for a consi-

derable time, owned the sway of Austria, and at a still earlier period formed a portion of the great kingdom of Poland. This has left a stamp upon the character, language, and religion of the people which their union with Germany has not yet been able to eradicate.

The Silesians are a far more animated, pleasure-loving people than their neighbours in Pommern and Preussen, who are rigid followers of Luther and Calvin. They are passionately fond of music and dancing, which tastes are encouraged by the religion they profess; but, as if there was some connexion between superstition and sloth, they are by no means so cleanly in their habits, nor so industrious, as the Germans, in whose hands nearly the whole commerce of the country now is.

At Lissa, on the route between Glogau and Breslau, we come upon the celebrated battle-field, which was the scene of one of Frederick's greatest victories. Even Napoleon himself, egotist as he was, did own to Marshal Davoust, as he rode over the field, that it was one of the most daring exploits ever performed by any general so beset with difficulties as the Prussian monarch. The result is mainly due to the superior strategy he displayed in that branch of warfare too often neglected by the leaders of armies in the present day.

Frederick arrived with his little army on the field of battle, after a fatiguing march from Rosbach, fully expecting to effect a junction with General Bevern, and a numerous division of the Prussian army, instead of which he received the dispiriting intelligence that

his general was completely routed, and that, consequently, his last hope of saving Silesia was lost, as Breslau and Schweidnitz had capitulated to the victorious troops of Austria. Such a combination of misfortunes would have crushed the spirit of any ordinary mortal, but that of Frederick rose with the danger. To the astonishment of the enemy, whose forces were not only flushed with victory, but three times as numerous as his own, he at once gave battle, and gained one of the most signal victories on record. His laconic message to the British minister, written on the head of a drum, after the battle, is too characteristic to be omitted,—*J'ai joué le tout! J'ai gagné le tout!*

Breslau, the capital of Silesia, is the second town in the Prussian dominions in size and importance, and there is certainly none more bustling and animated. It occupies an advantageous position, on the banks of the Oder, and its trade and manufactures are alike considerable. Its great wool fair at Easter is the most important of the kind in Germany, and attracts purchasers from every part of Europe, and even from the East. During its continuance Breslau is seen to the best advantage, owing to the motley and picturesque crowd of strangers that then throng its streets and public promenades. The old town, with its lofty houses and narrow streets, is rather picturesque than desirable as a residence. The Rathhauss—and many of its churches are very ancient—the latter often contain fine works of art. Breslau has done honour to the memory of Blücher, by a colossal statue of cast-iron—

a very successful work. The capital of Silesia is likewise the seat of a university, and has a fine public library. Its environs are exceedingly picturesque, and abound in agreeable promenades and drives.

At no great distance from Breslau, the traveller may visit the spot on which Marshal Blücher, in the year 1813, gained the celebrated battle of the Katzbach. Here, at the advanced age of seventy-one, at the head of the Prussian Landwehr, he completely routed the French, under Macdonald, taking seventeen thousand prisoners and one hundred pieces of cannon. It is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of this battle—it restored the lost prestige of the Prussian army, raised the drooping spirits of the German people, and paved the way for the glorious victory of Leipsic.

In the immediate vicinity of the scene of his most brilliant achievement, repose the ashes of the hero himself, beneath a simple stone monument, overshadowed by three linden trees.

This great general, Marshal Vorwärts, as his troops delighted to call him, possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities of energy and decision so indispensable in a great military commander. On the other hand, he was somewhat rash, and wanting in coolness and judgment, and would, in all probability, have been less uniformly successful had he not had the wisdom to follow the counsels of his friend and *adlatus* the prudent and experienced Scharnhorst. Blücher commenced his military career under Frederick the Great, as lieutenant of hussars, and at an early age he distinguished himself as a brave

dashing soldier. Like all great men, who are conscious of their own merits, he was keenly sensible of neglect. The promotion over his head of a young officer in the same regiment as himself, whose only recommendation was the fact of his being the natural son of a petty German Prince, so roused his indignation that he took the unheard-of step of writing to the King himself, telling him that his service was not worth accepting, and that it might go to the deuce for him. It could hardly have been a matter of surprise if so free an expression of opinion had cost him somewhat dear, so far from this being the case, however, the King only laughed, and returned him an answer couched in these terms,—'*Kann sich zum Teufel sheeren*'! 'Let it go to the deuce!' This was shortly followed by another missive, conveying to him the coveted promotion.

The death of Blücher, which occurred in his seventy-seventh year, was worthy of his life. His last words to his friend Nostitz, as he stood by his bedside, were,—'*Nostitz, Sie haben vieles von mir gelernt, lernen sie auch von mir ruhig sterben*'! 'Nostitz, you have learnt many things from me, learn also from me how to die in peace!'

Silesia is valuable, not merely for the fertility of its soil, but for the extent and variety of its manufactures, and for its mineral wealth. Lying on the confines of Austria, midway between Central Germany and the Russian Empire, it is well situated for commerce. Connected with the adjoining States by a system of railway, it possesses in the Oder and its tributaries an

additional outlet for its produce. That which doubtless gave it a special value, however, in the eyes of a military power like Prussia, is the admirable strategical position it secures to her in this part of her dominions.

As might be expected, all the natural approaches to so important a province are well defended by fortresses of varying size and strength, the most formidable among which are the Schweidnitz, Brieg on the Oder, Glatz, and Neisse on rivers of the same name. We have already drawn the attention of our readers to one or two of the more remarkable battle-fields of Silesia, but the real fact is, she has been so frequently the arena of strife from the time of the wars of the Teutonic Knights with the Poles, to the campaigns of Napoleon, that there is scarcely a square mile of her territory that has not witnessed deeds of martial prowess. Silesia, like the rest of the fatherland, suffered terribly during the Thirty Years' War, and it is impossible to travel for any distance through the Duchy without coming upon some memorial of the celebrated struggle between Frederick the Great and Austria, known as the Seven Years' War. Although upwards of half-a-century has now elapsed since its occupation by the French, there is scarcely a town or fortress that does not bear marks of the devastation and ruin they effected—no doubt with the view of destroying the military power of a people whom, of every other in Germany, they felt they had most cause to fear. Herein it must be confessed Napoleon displayed his usual tact and judgment. Had he really succeeded in annihilating Prussia, it is difficult to say what other power could

have rallied around her standard the children of the fatherland, and led them into the fatal field that witnessed the overthrow of his power.

On leaving Lower Silesia for the highland district, we skirt the base of the lofty Zobtenberg, a mountain to which the inhabitants have given the name of the Mont Blanc of Silesia. It certainly is a very conspicuous object in the landscape for many miles round. As might be expected, so commanding a position was in olden times the eyrie of a robber knight, who descended from his fastness to levy black-mail upon friend and foe.

After the destruction of the feudal stronghold, the entire mountain, with its valuable domains of forest and arable land, became the property of a colony of monks, who for centuries lived here in ease and luxury. When this territory passed from the rule of the Catholic Habsburgs to that of the arch-heretic Frederick the Great, either from prudential motives lest they should carry on intrigues with his enemies, or simply because the entire system of monasticism had nothing in it that commended itself to his practical matter-of-fact genius, certain it is he sent the cowls about their business with but scant ceremony.

The whole of the mountain districts of Upper Silesia from Zobtenberg to the Schneekopp abound in scenery of the most romantic description, presenting every alternation from the soft and beautiful to the wild and gloomy. The castle of Fürstenstein reposes in solitary grandeur on the summit of a lofty cliff; it is a princely

structure, surrounded by terraced gardens, a fine park, and extensive hunting-grounds. Since it has come into the possession of the royal family of Prussia by purchase, it has been entirely renovated, and may now be regarded as one of the finest royal residences in Germany.

The valley of Prelsnitz is a perfect Tempè, through whose flower-enamelled meads a crystal river takes its sinuous course, the sides of the mountains that enclose the valley being enclosed with luxuriant woods.

The route from Landshut, at the foot of the Riesenbirge to Schmiedeberg and Hirschberg, lies through some of the most picturesque scenery in Silesia; the most lofty of this chain of mountains is the Schneekoppe, crowned with a little chapel. The view from its summit is exceedingly grand, embracing almost the whole chain of the Riesengebirge, with its vast array of peaks of varying elevation, intermingled with towering masses of naked granite.

The only drawback to the scenery of this romantic district is the absence of those lakes whose glossy surface adds such a peculiar charm to the British highlands. Streams and cascades it possesses in abundance, together with dark and gloomy pools, whose fathomless depths frequently engulf the waters of an entire river, again to vomit them forth in an impetuous torrent. In other respects, the Silesian Switzerland contains all that the most fastidious taste can desire in mountain scenery, even under its most sublime and awe-inspiring aspects.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Strategical and military Importance of Bohemia.—Its early History.—How it came under the Rule of the Princes of the House of Habsburg.—Disaffection of the Inhabitants.—Sketch of Prague.—Its Resemblance to the Eternal City.—Religious Persecutions.—John Huss and Jerome of Prague.—Extraordinary Valour of the Hussites.—Their long Wars with the Emperors of Germany and the Catholic League.—Moravia and the Herrenhuters.—Their History.—Concluding Remarks.

On leaving Silesia for Bohemia, we see rising up before us the vast chain of mountains that, under the name of Riesengebirge, Erzgebirge, and Fichtelgebirge, here form the boundary between Austria and Prussia. This frontier, strongly marked and easily defended, is of the highest strategical importance to the former power. As the eye rests on the almost unbroken rampart of mountains, it is almost impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that its passes, few in number and narrow and tortuous in character, could be defended by a few resolute men, against almost any force that could be brought against them.

From the earliest times Bohemia has been noted for the effectual defence made by its inhabitants against the repeated invasions of their warlike neighbours the Teutons, while in the early part of the fifteenth century this country acquired an historic interest, as having been the theatre of the exploits of the Hussite chief-

tain, the famous Ziska, who, intrenched with his devoted followers in the fastnesses of his native mountains, continued for more than a quarter of a century to inflict such fearful losses on the armies of his enemies of the Roman Catholic League. In point of fact, the very existence in the present day of a Czech population (one of the offshoots of the great Slavonian family), in a district almost entirely surrounded by Germany, is the strongest proof of the impregnable character of the country they inhabit, which consists of a vast area of champaign land, of unsurpassed fertility, surrounded by an encircling chain of mountains. Bohemia may, in truth, be regarded as a natural fortress of unrivalled strength, bountifully provisioned by the hand of nature.

If we glance at the past history of this interesting country, we shall find that there are few European States with so small a population—never outnumbering about five millions, that have played such a distinguished part in all the great political and religious movements that agitated the Middle Ages. Several of the emperors of Germany were chosen from its native dynasty, while on account of the bravery of the people and the military talent of their leaders, its alliance was at all times eagerly sought by France, Poland, and the leading powers of the day. The name of Bohemia will ever be associated in the mind of an Englishman with one of the most glorious episodes in the era of our own illustrious Plantagenets. The victor of Cressy, the well-known Black Prince, on the field of battle adopted

the crest and motto of his fallen foeman, the aged king of Bohemia, which his successors have borne ever since.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, this country had the misfortune to come, through the failure of direct male heirs, under the leaden rule of the bigoted princes of the House of Habsburg, from which time it has gradually lost its municipal rights and ancient privileges and liberties, and has become what we now behold, a striking example of the baleful effects of misrule and intolerance. Greatly as the Czech population has fallen in the present day, from the high destiny to which they seemed at one time entitled to aspire, they have not ceased to cherish the recollection of their former greatness, or to assert their right to a distinct national existence. Like the Hungarians, they are wearied of the rule of Austria, and their disaffection to the House of Habsburg was plainly manifested during the late war, when, in spite of the energetic appeal of the government, and the fervid exhortations of the priests, not a hand was raised against the invaders of their country, except by a few Austrian officials at Trautenau—an unmistakable symptom of the increasing disloyalty of her Slavonian subjects, of which Austria would do well to beware.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, greatly resembles those fine old cities of the past that one occasionally meets with in Spain and Italy, with their palatial residences, their numerous monasteries, churches, and other monuments of former grandeur. It is impossible to

enter this ancient city—not less rich in historical recollections than in its magnificent public buildings, without realizing the fact that it must at one time have formed the capital of a flourishing kingdom. Prague, like Rome, is built upon seven small hills, and it is, doubtless, owing to this circumstance, that its founders adopted every means of assimilating the Czechian capital to the Eternal City. It has the same profusion of domes and towers, of churches, monasteries, nunneries, and other ecclesiastical buildings. The Moldau, like the Tiber, divides it into two parts, which are connected by a bridge lined with statues like that of Saint Angelo. In the picturesque beauty of its situation, however, Prague has the advantage of its prototype. There are, in truth, few of our great European towns that occupy a site of such unrivalled natural beauty. To be convinced of this it is sufficient to stand on the centre of the bridge and behold the stately city rising like a vision of former days from the banks of the Moldau, crowned with the weather-beaten walls of the Hradschin Palace, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of vine-clad hills and terraced-gardens.

How conflicting are the emotions evoked in the mind of the traveller by the recollection of the fact, that this city, now so Romanish in its character, was at one time the scene of the labours of two of the earliest and greatest reformers that the world has produced. Johann Huss, the disciple of our own Wickliffe, and the well-known Jerome of Prague. What a striking proof is here afforded us of the high degree of civilization to

which the Czech population must have attained at a very remote period. Their ready adoption of a more enlightened creed, and their noble vindication of the claims of humanity to freedom of conscience, show them to have been greatly in advance of their contemporaries. The study of history cannot fail to be gratified by a visit to Hradschin Palace, the time-honoured residence of the kings of Bohemia. Here the famous Queen Libussa is said to have held her court with her peasant consort Primislaus; hither the Emperor Rudolph retired from the dissipations of a court to study the mystic influence of the planets with his friend Tycho-Brahe, and from its gloomy portals issued the warrior chieftain John of Trocznova, better known as Ziska, who with his legions carried death and destruction into the ranks of his enemies the crusaders of the Church of Rome.

Not less interesting, although more modern, is the palace erected by the celebrated Wallenstein, which still remains in the unfinished condition in which he left it when he met his untimely fate—the only monument of a man who, with all his faults, stands prominently forth as one of the grandest and most imposing figures in history. Self-possessed, undemonstrative, and taciturn, his calm exterior concealed a heart that throbbed with the strongest passions, and was fired with the wildest dreams of ambition that were ever conceived by mortal. That he aspired to the throne of Bohemia there can be little doubt; but we are greatly mistaken if, in his visions of the future, he did not behold himself the sole

occupant of the throne of the Cæsars. High-souled, chivalrous, and liberal to profusion, without a particle of intolerance, had he attained his object, we see no reason to doubt but that his rule would have been more conducive to the welfare of the people of Germany than that of the Habsburgs.

It will be apparent from our description that we consider Prague one of the most interesting and picturesque towns in the Austrian Empire, and well deserving its appellation of Die Schöne Stadt. Not only is it more imposing at first sight than Vienna itself, but it is, in our opinion, far preferable as a residence. The climate is milder, the air more salubrious, and provisions cheaper and of a better quality.

The Bohemians being, as we before remarked, of pure Slavonic origin, have but few features in common with their German rulers. Their temperament is far more mercurial—and if they are less cleanly and industrious, they, to some extent, atone for this defect by the warmth, cheerfulness, and geniality of their manners. The men are generally conspicuous for their robust, well-proportioned forms, and constitute some of the finest grenadiers and heavy cavalry in the Austrian service, and the fact that nearly the whole of the officers of the artillery and the engineers are chosen from pupils who have received their education in the military schools at Prague, speaks highly for their intelligence. Nowhere, in the Austrian Empire, is music both vocal and instrumental, cultivated with greater success. In the former branch of this delightful art, the Czechians are aided by a language

which is far more euphonious and fluent than German.

The towns of Brünn and Olmütz, formerly included in the kingdom of Bohemia, must not be passed over without notice, especially after the conspicuous part they played in the late war. The former place is the capital of Moravia, a large and flourishing town, and contains the celebrated fortress prison, the Spielberg, while Olmütz is not likely soon to be forgotten on account of the gallant stand made there by Benedek after the battle of Königgrätz. The name of Olmütz, coupled as it is already with the crushing defeat of Austerlitz, which laid the Austrian Empire at the feet of its Gallic conquerors on the 2nd of December, 1806, must ever grate harshly on the ear of a patriotic Austrian.

Moravia, like Bohemia, is surrounded by a barrier of mountains, viewed from the summit of which this country presents the aspect of the bed of a vast lake that has been drained of its water — a supposition which the extraordinary fertility of the soil in some degree warrants. To complete its resemblance to the sister country, Moravia passed through the most disastrous period of her history during the reign of the fanatical Ferdinand of Austria. Thousands of the inhabitants were massacred, and tens of thousands driven from their homes, until there was not a single Protestant left in the country. Multitudes took refuge in Saxony, Holland, and England, where they are still known under the names of Herrenhüter, or Moravians. There are certain crises in the history of nations and

their rulers, so strongly marked and decisive, as irresistibly to direct the mind of every thinking man to conclusions that can neither be overlooked nor disregarded. What a striking evidence is afforded in the fate that has so long, and so relentlessly, pursued the princes of the House of Habsburg, that the eternal principles of truth and justice cannot be violated with impunity. Can we regard the series of misfortunes that has befallen them, and the persistent ill-success that has attended their most carefully-devised schemes, as aught but the decrees of an over-ruling Providence, that visits the sins of the fathers upon the children. They have been tried and found wanting, and it may be that the power they have so unworthily wielded for many ages, is about to pass away from them for ever, as it has already done from that other great European dynasty, the House of Bourbon, whose acts furnish a striking parallel. The story of each is a similar record of selfishness, duplicity, and cruelty, too frequently practised under the sacred name of religion. The solemn obligations of the monarch to his subjects, not less than those imposed by honour, were ever cast aside and disregarded, when they interfered with their ambitious projects.

As a proof how little either of these two rival houses cared for the real interests of the creed they supported, we find them, while ruthlessly putting their Protestant subjects to the sword, at the same time mutually aiding and abetting the professor of the Reformed faith on each other's territory, whenever it suited the purposes

of their cold-blooded, calculating policy. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was fairly equalled in fiendish atrocity by the hunting down with bloodhounds, the helpless men, women, and children, in the mountains of Bohemia and Moravia. Nor was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes a more flagrant violation of popular rights on the part of a Bourbon than the setting at nought the laws enacted by Charles V. for the protection of his Protestant subjects by his successors. If the son of St. Louis expiated the crimes of his forefathers on the scaffold—the humiliation that has overtaken the haughty descendant of the Habsburgs may be regarded as a moral death scarcely less terrible.

What is left of the former power and greatness of Austria? Her name has become a by-word and reproach among nations—nay, may we not fairly ask the question, Does she really exist at all? Well might it be said of Benedek, *In dinem Lager ist Oesterreich!* Now that is gone, where are we to look for her—in Bohemia—in Hungary—in Galicia—Slavonia—Croatia—Servia—where? Let wide-spread disaffection, undisguised hatred, and even contempt for the rule of the Kaiser, furnish the fitting reply. But, it will be said, his German subjects will, at least, continue faithful; not so, however. The recent successes of Prussia, and the prospect of a united Germany, under her rule, have wrought a mighty change. It has placed them in a false position. They feel that their destinies are inseparably bound up with those of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen, and eagerly watch every event that marks the course of the

mighty revolution now in progress, uncertain what line of action to pursue, yet half-disposed to assert their claim to a share in that national existence, which has now, for the first time, become possible for Germany.

As a proof that our picture has not been overdrawn, we have but to direct the attention of the reader to the following extract, from the 'Narodni Listy,' the leading paper of Prague. After alluding to the total discomfiture of the Imperial forces, it thus continues:—'But what time so appropriate as the present for confessing the truth! We have always said what we meant, refraining only from speaking our mind since the beginning of the war. The patriotic motives which lately restrained us now force us the more irresistibly to break silence. The rout of the Imperial army has not been wrought by the Prussian firearms; but by the tyrannical, idiotic, and sinful system of government hitherto pursued in Austria. The present is an unprecedented collapse, not only of the Austrian armies, but of Austrian bureaucracy, diplomacy, and that abominable system of nepotism which, although long ago impotent to effect good, has still been strong enough to prevent Austria from becoming a happy and contented country. That system which a few days ago was exposed by the scandalous flight of the Imperial authorities from Prague, has now suffered a most miserable shipwreck in the eyes of all Europe. If there were ever anybody who offered steady resistance to this system, and predicted coming events, it was our paper. When the Minister of Foreign Affairs

first displayed before us the complicated state of his German policy, we bade him take warning, prophesying we should meet him one day at Philippi. And now Philippi has become a terrible reality, forestalling our worst apprehensions. Things have been developed with a fabulous rapidity. Exactly ten days have elapsed since that Monday when the governor of this province would have fain contradicted the first unfavourable news of the war, and already Prague and all Czechia have been handed over to the enemy. These, then, are the results of a war undertaken in contempt of the most manifest teachings of nature and history, to secure what is officially called "the position of Austria in Germany." To oblige a few South German allies, who are quietly looking on, while Austria is bleeding from a thousand wounds, her own subjects are plunged into misery. To oblige a few court favourites, long bearing the stigma of public distrust, and whose military career is absolutely devoid of merit, all Czechia is devastated, and thousands of the gallant sons of our unfortunate country sacrificed. The Czechian Regiment Reischach is utterly destroyed; the Czechian 18th Battalion of Rifles is utterly destroyed; the Polish Regiment Martini is utterly destroyed—and yet there is a passage in the Imperial manifesto that this is a war of "Germans against Germans." With the exception of the Vienna bureaucracy, all the world has long succeeded in discovering the mathematical truth, that a State comprehending 7,000,000 of Germans by the side of 19,000,000 of Slaves cannot be destined

to aspire to supremacy in Germany. But, gentlemen of the Vienna government, the world turns round, and will not be stayed in its revolving course by any amount of powder and shot you may employ in the experiment. This globe is set in motion and governed by ideas and intellect, not by bayonets nor parti-coloured uniforms. What a powerful State might have been formed out of the good, loyal, and strong peoples subject to the Imperial sceptre, and how entirely has everything been blasted by this pestilential system. This is hard and bitter language, but there is no one in Europe who has a better right to use it than we. Three centuries ago the Bohemian crown, in accordance with the voluntary choice of our people, was united with the Austrian; and how much unhappiness has been our lot ever since! And, especially, what misfortunes have we undergone since 1848! Everyone who ventured to avow himself a genuine Czech was persecuted and oppressed. Everywhere in our country the foreigner was paramount. The very thought of national self-government was stifled in its birth by the strenuous application of the five punishments of the military code. And what were the results? Our rich country has been desolated, our schools and public societies,—nay, all public institutions—have been reduced to a beggarly condition, every *sou* that could be got out of us being spent on the army. And now, when we have been obliged to make all these sacrifices, —when we, moreover, have been prevented from forming volunteer corps, and sharing in the defence

of our country, now the army, with all its undeniable valour, is unable to protect us for ten days together. In vain have we pointed out the necessity of occupying our frontiers in force; in vain have we directed the attention of the authorities to the passes, especially to the pass of Nachod. The military bureaucracy, for they are all mere bureaucrats, whether they carry swords or staffs of office, did not listen to our representations. Having their maps before them, they did not think it necessary personally to inspect the country. Excellent! And so it happens that Bohemia, bound hand and foot, has, after a ten days' campaign, been handed over to the enemy, that the remnant of our property is consumed in contributions, thousands of our devoted sons killed or beggared, and the northern and eastern districts of the country converted into a desert. This is the truth we have to divulge. There is no one has a more indisputable right to say it than we, who have cautioned the Government against this catastrophe in a friendly and confiding spirit, who have not in the least contributed to bring it about, and whose loyalty and faithfulness merited a better fate. Cruel as the truth may appear, there are certain things that require to be announced in such a time as the present. In our opinion, the causes which have occasioned the last bulletins of General Benedek belong to the category of such things as dare not be left unsaid just now. Heavy as is the blow which has been inflicted upon the empire, and more especially upon our country, we trust that it may not succumb

under its weight. The trial we are now undergoing will be the most conclusive proof to the Austrian statesmen that they ought to abandon the military and bureaucratic system of government they have so long pursued, and relinquish the delusion that the exercise of arbitrary power betokens national strength. In her people alone rests the future of Austria. Let us hope that the only method for securing her existence and safety will be adopted.'

## CHAPTER XIV.

Bohemia, its Mountains and Defiles.—Its physical Obstacles to Invasion.—Battles of the Frontier.—Effects of the Needle-gun.—Dash and Energy of the Prussians.—Their Military Organization.—The Railway and the Telegraph.—Strategy of the Austrian Commander-in-Chief.—His Line of Battle.—First Brush with the Prussians.—Trautenau and its Consequences.—Langensalza and the Hanoverians.—Battle of Königgrätz.—Capture of Chlum.—Defeat of the Austrians.—Advantages of Fortresses.—Retreat to Olmutz.—Results of the Battle.

In the preceding chapter we have been somewhat profuse in our description of the geographical features of Bohemia, in order that our readers may have a clear idea of the true nature of the country, and of the difficulties that must necessarily beset the path of any army invading a territory so admirably defended by nature. In addition to the physical obstacles she had to contend with, and the certainty of having to encounter an army of veteran soldiers, amounting, according to the Austrian accounts, to upwards of three hundred thousand men, possessed of all the advantages of position, protecting fortresses, and railway and telegraphic communication with their capital, Prussia was bound to take into consideration the possible rising in arms of the entire population of the country. We are enabled thus to appreciate the boldness and enterprise, as well as the perfect confi-

dence in their own resources, and the fighting qualities of their troops, exhibited by the rulers of Prussia, in attacking a great power like Austria, supported as it was by the confederated princes of the Bund.

Possessed of the formidable and easily-defended frontier which we have already described, we may be at a loss to conceive why Austria did not avail herself more fully of the natural advantages of her position, and the moment war was declared, pour her legions into the plains of Silesia and Saxony, when, even in the event of defeat she would always have possessed this *point d'appui* to fall back upon. The level country, moreover, which extends from the Austrian frontier to the city of Berlin, would have afforded every scope for the employment of that arm of her force in which she was said to be especially strong—her cavalry and artillery. We are well aware that it is a very easy matter to theorize after the event, and there is all the difference in the world between fighting battles in the field and on paper. Still it is impossible to overestimate the effect of a bold and determined line of action in keeping up the *morale* of an army.

On the other hand, we must remember, that with an army which the result has shown to be every way inferior to that of Prussia, not only in its numbers, but in the fighting material of its men, such a bold step as the invasion of the territory of her rival, unless crowned with immediate and signal success, must have ended in the entire destruction of the Austrians, exposed as they would have been in the open plains to the dire effects

of the needle-gun and the attack of the Landsturm, which would have been called out to the support of the regular army and the Landwehr. Benedek, well aware that Prussia is a country where in time of need armed men may almost be said to spring out of the soil, prudently judged that his safest course would be to render his position as impregnable as possible in the interior of Bohemia, and to leave the issue to the God of battles.

The strategy actually pursued by the Austrian general consisted, first, in compelling the Prussians to divide their forces, and then in leading them on step by step, as he fondly hoped, to their destruction; by gradually falling back, and only fighting when it suited his purpose, he doubtless anticipated to be able to draw them so far from their base of operations as to afford him an opportunity of cutting them off from their supplies, and eventually destroying them in detail.

From the commencement of the war, it was confidently predicted by every officer in the Austrian army, that Bohemia, with its dangerous defiles, difficult passes, inaccessible mountains, and well-placed fortresses, would prove the grave of the Prussians. Having once inaugurated this line of strategy, Benedek has been blamed for not having carried it out to its fullest extent. 'Why,' it has been asked, 'did he not continue to fall back until he reached the walls of Olmütz, or even Vienna, and only finally give battle when absolutely compelled to do so, when the enemy had been drawn as far as possible into the interior of the country,

and when his force, as a natural consequence, must be at the minimum of strength and efficiency?'

There can be no doubt that Prussia, as the aggressor, followed the wisest course in taking the initiative, and occupying the Saxon territory as soon as war was declared. Indeed, every act of that power, from the commencement of hostilities, proves that she was not only fully prepared for the struggle, but that she knew exactly what she wanted, and how to set about attaining it, which in this world may be considered as success already half achieved. Prussia flung herself into the war with an energy and determination which might be characterized as rash, were it not for the consummate skill and judgment that guided all her movements, and extorted the admiration of her very enemies.

We live in matter-of-fact, prosaic times, and are not easily aroused to enthusiasm by deeds of martial prowess, but we are greatly mistaken if the campaign of Prussia, in 1866, be not accounted by future generations one of the most daring in execution, and successful in its results, of any recorded in the pages of history. Irresistible as fate, she never swerved from her purpose, or halted in her victorious course, until she had annihilated the forces of her enemy in a series of brilliant engagements, and all within the space of ten days!

It would be altogether out of place, in a work like the present, to attempt to give a full and detailed account of the strategical operations of an army in the field; all that we propose, therefore, to do, is to furnish a brief

sketch of the most striking features of the campaign which led to the crowning victory of Königgrätz.

In reviewing the dispositions made by the Prussians, it is impossible not to be struck by the practical good sense and foresight that distinguished them, as well as the orderly and business-like manner in which they were carried out. The fact is, their whole military system may be regarded as a vast machine, every portion of which, by constant practice, has come to work with an ease and regularity which may well challenge the admiration of any other European power.

Nothing that human foresight could suggest would seem to have been overlooked. The railway and the electric telegraph have long since taken their place among the recognized aids of modern warfare, and the Prussians undoubtedly availed themselves of their services to the utmost—the latter being employed to keep up a constant communication with head-quarters, and the former in bringing men and material to the scene of action. Sufficient reserves were held in readiness for the army to fall back upon, in case of a reverse; garrisons were placed in all the fortresses along the frontiers of Silesia and Posen, while those of the enemy were likewise occupied as soon as captured—the Prussians thus making the country their own as they continued to advance. The commissariat department was well provided for; every division of the army had its ambulance and feld-trägers, and staff of surgeons and nurses, ready to administer assistance the moment it was needed, by this means saving many valuable lives and mitigating

to the best of human ability, the unavoidable horrors of war.

It must not, however, be assumed that the Prussian army is a mere machine, and nothing more. Such an organization, however perfect, is a body without a soul, if destitute of the animus which can only be imparted by an all-pervading spirit of mutual understanding and goodwill. The men must have perfect confidence in their officers, and the officers know that they can depend upon the men—the entire army, from the commander-in-chief down to the private in the ranks, is bound together by the unseen but all-potent influence of a common country—a common faith, and a common cause.

Prussia had no sooner seized Hanover with one hand and Saxony with the other, and got them well within her grasp, than she prepared for the death-grapple with her more powerful antagonist. If we follow the march of the two great divisions of the Prussian army, that of Prince Frederick Charles, from Saxony by way of Zittau, Gorlitz, and Lipa, and that of the Crown Prince through Glatz and Upper Silesia, we cannot fail to be struck with the skill and celerity that distinguished all their manœvres. No time was lost in capturing the enemy's fortresses—they merely masked them, thus leaving the great body of the army free to pass on to the scene of action—at the same time they availed themselves of the natural strength of the country, whenever it suited their purpose to do so. In vain were the railroads torn up, bridges broken down, and high roads destroyed by

the joint efforts of the Austrian soldiers and the peasants; the damage was so promptly repaired as scarcely to check the advance of the Prussians—nor were the trained legions of Austria, though posted in the most advantageous positions, much more effectual in resisting their course.

The first brush with the enemy occurred on the 26th of June, at Turnau and Podol; this was followed on the 27th, by the encounter at Nachod, one of the strongest mountain-passes in North-eastern Bohemia. Here General von Löwenfeld, who was sent forward to reconnoitre by his commander-in-chief, the Crown Prince, had with him only six battalions to sustain the attack of twenty-five thousand Austrians, until his reserves came up. This led, on the same day, to a regular engagement at Trautenau, where the Prussians, owing to a neglect of the usual precaution of throwing out advanced posts, to guard against a counter-attack, sustained a serious repulse, which might have been far more disastrous, had it not been for the firmness and bravery displayed by the men.

As might be expected, the battle of Trautenau was magnified by the Austrians and their sympathizers in Germany into a crushing defeat, and the report having got abroad that it was all over with Prussia, no doubt led to the unfortunate battle of Langensalsa, in which the Hanoverians were so terribly cut up.

Trautenau was amply avenged on the ensuing day by the total defeat of the Austrians under the command of the Grand Duke Leopold at Skalitz. Here the

Crown Prince of Prussia is said to have distinguished himself, not merely for that bravery which is inherent in his race, but for the qualities which go to make up a competent leader of armies. Simultaneously, his cousin Prince Frederick Charles, on a spot some fifty miles distant, having formed a junction with the forces of General Harwarth von Bittenfeld, won the hard-fought battle of München-gratz; this was followed by the junction of the two great divisions of the Prussian army, and the disastrous defeat of the Austrians at Gitschen.

Up to this time all the plans of General Benedek, however skilfully devised, had entirely failed in accomplishing their purpose. With an army already half beaten, and, as a natural consequence, greatly demoralized, he was compelled to fall back on his strong position between the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz. On this spot he finally concentrated the whole of his available forces—a great portion of which had hitherto been distributed over a considerable area, with the view of checking the advance of the Prussians at every possible point.

Nothing can be imagined more advantageous than the post he now occupied, having the railway from Pardubitz to Vienna at his command, and the important fortresses of Königgrätz and Josephstadt as his supports. Had fortune favoured him in such a position, the entire Prussian army would have been caught as in a trap, and must have been captured or annihilated. Unfortunately, Benedek, in his dispirited army, com-

posed of disaffected nationalities, did not possess the material necessary to carry out his designs.

Meanwhile, all that skill could suggest, or strategy effect, was done to make the position as strong as possible. Earthworks were thrown up, stockades erected, and trees cut down to arrest the advance of the enemy. Every eminence was planted with cannon, sharpshooters were stationed in all the woods—in a word, every necessary precaution was taken—but all in vain; the result has proved, that they were entirely outmanœuvred by an army whose movements were directed by those masters in the art of war, Generals Von Roon and Moltka, who were apprised of every movement of the enemy by electric telegraph.

We have no desire to try the patience of our non-military readers by attempting to give a critical analysis of the strategy exhibited by the contending forces on this eventful day. Suffice it to say, that both sides fought well and manfully, and Austria has no cause to blush for her defeat at Königgrätz, however much she may deplore it. Her troops sustained their traditional reputation—the gaps in their ranks were quickly filled up, and they everywhere presented a bold front to the enemy, as long as there remained a chance of saving the day—they only gave way when they were fairly outflanked and beaten. For many hours the scale of fortune seemed equally balanced, if not inclined in favour of Austria. The King, Prince Frederick Charles, and his staff, posted on a rising ground, felt that matters were becoming critical, and strained their eyes eagerly

in the direction in which the division of the Crown Prince was expected to make its appearance. Suddenly a cry was heard,—'Chlum is on fire!' and a column of smoke was seen ascending above the spire of its rustic church.

This marked the moment of its capture by the Crown Prince, the advance of whose troops had been hitherto concealed by a rising ground. The fate of the day was now practically decided, and the defeat of the Austrians, who had no reserves to fall back upon, became from that moment inevitable.

It is still a matter of dispute whether General Benedek did not undervalue the strategical importance of Chlum, all we have to say is, that, unless he found himself utterly unable to spare a sufficient reserve for its defence, the defeat of Königgrätz must, in a military sense, be ascribed to his neglect of that which was the very key of his position. On the other hand, to the clever flank movement he executed on Olmütz we may attribute the preservation of the remnant of his army.

Among the lessons taught us by the late war, we have learnt that fortresses are by no means so worthless as a certain class of modern tacticians would lead us to believe, for although neither Josephstadt, nor Königgrätz, could arrest the march of the Prussians for a single day, or prevent their success on the field of Sadowa, they nevertheless served to block up against the Prussians a most important line of railway—detained a large portion of their army during the engagement, and served as a *point d'appui* after the battle to the

scattered remains of the Austrian army. Again, there can be little doubt that had it not been for those of Brünn, Olmütz, Prague, and others, the capital of the empire would have lain entirely at the mercy of the conqueror after the overwhelming defeat at Königgrätz.

We have already pointed out the different causes that in our opinion contributed to the success of the Prussians, we have shown how there was dicipline, organization, and energy on the one side, irresolution, divided counsels, and even gross neglect on the other, leaving our readers to draw their own inferences. In addition, however, to their other mistakes, the Austrians committed the very serious blunder of underrating the efficiency of the enemy. They were disposed to regard with contempt the fighting qualities of an army recruited from the Landwehr—a mere National Guard—fresh from the ploughtail or the counter. How should such fellows ever stand before the trim, soldierly, well-disciplined veterans of the Kaiser? Again, unless we are mistaken, the Austrians misjudged their power of marching, and endurance of fatigue, while the last, and not the least of their misconceptions was the opinion they entertained of the needle-gun—it was a mere pop-gun—a curiously-constructed toy, which could have no effect in deciding the fate of an engagement.

On no former occasion have the prognostications of so-called military authorities been more egregiously at fault. Never were the quidnuncs of European politics so wide of the mark. The result of the late war has

dissipated a host of prejudices, and dispelled a cloud of errors. The press throughout Europe, not excepting that of this country, was at one time all but unanimous in predicting the defeat of the Prussians, and none were more decided in their expression of this opinion than the journals of France. Was it likely that a foe that had so recently been deemed worthy of her steel, would succumb to a little power like Prussia? With regard to Austria and the petty German States that placed themselves under her protection, doubtless the wish was father to the thought, if they ventured to prognosticate not only the severe castigation, but approaching annihilation of that most troublesome power, Prussia,—*Væ Victis*, indeed! The words are now susceptible of an application widely different from that which was originally anticipated.

## CHAPTER XV.

Prussia previous to the late War.—Modern Warfare and its Connection with Science.—Breech-loaders and Rifled Cannon.—Lessons taught us by the late German War.—Citizen Soldier contrasted with the mere Hireling.—Constitution of the Prussian Landwehr.—How to educate a Citizen Soldier.—General good Conduct of a Prussian Soldier.—To what may it be ascribed.—Modern Warfare.—Its possible Results.—The Bohemian Campaign from an Austrian Point of View.—Battle of Königgrätz.—How Chlum was lost.—Desertion of the Italians.—Feldzeugmeister Benedek.—His Character as a General and a Soldier.—The Archduke Albrecht and the Emperor of Austria.—The Battle of Sadowa from a Prussian Point of View.

THERE can be no question that when Prussia entered on the late war she had but few friends and sympathizers in Europe. Public opinion in every country was opposed to her. She was stigmatized as the wanton disturber of the peace of the world, an unscrupulous and ambitious power, that took no heed of the misery and suffering it was about to entail on humanity to serve the ends of a selfish policy of aggrandizement. The unfavourable impression left behind them by the Prussians in France and Belgium, and the countries they occupied in 1814–15, still survives the lapse of years. The pursuit of the flying French at Waterloo, and the threat of Blücher to blow up the Pont d'Iena and overthrow the column in the Place Vendôme at Paris, are not forgotten. Even by their fellow

Teutons of the South, we have often heard them designated as *Die rohen Preussen.* Their civilization was looked upon as the mere outer coating of barbarism. *Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*—'Scratch the Prussian and the Vandal will appear.'

Goths and Vandals as much as you please, let us, however, remember that there are worse things than Vandalism in the world. The rude but manly virtues of the tribes that overthrew the empire of Rome were preferable to the corrupt and effete civilization they destroyed. War is undoubtedly a very great evil, but priestcraft and tyranny, ignorance and depravity, are far greater evils. There are certain forms of injustice and oppression so wide-spread and deep-seated as only to be uprooted by the sword. Humanly speaking, indeed, we may talk of war as the *ultima ratio Regum*—a desperate game played by statesmen bent on the rectification of frontiers; but it is in reality something more than this. We fear it is a sad necessity arising out of the unbridled passions, vices, and follies of mankind, and as surely fulfils a purpose in purifying the moral atmosphere, as does the thunderbolt and the hurricane in the physical world. The red harvest of the battle-field is sown among the luxuries, extravagance, and self-indulgence of social existence.

Whatever view we may be inclined to take of war, however, one fact is very certain, we must make up our minds to regard it as an inevitable and probably not remote contingency which we must be prepared to meet. In the present day, when all the world is

arming, and we hear nothing spoken of but fresh improvements in rifled-cannon, steel-shells, armour-plates, and breech-loaders, we cannot afford to sit still and calmly abide the issue of events. It may be a very disheartening sight to behold Europe in the nineteenth century turned into a vast camp. We may regard it as a bitter satire on our modern civilization, and sadly at variance with the common creed professed by the nations of Christendom; but we must accept the fact as we find it, and take to heart the precept it inculcates, —that we must keep pace with our neighbours in the science of warfare if we wish to hold our own in times like the present.

The second lesson taught us by the late war is no less important. It has for ever dissipated the old military prejudice against a citizen soldiery, and demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt, that an efficient force of fighting-men can be maintained at half the expense of a regular army; the importance of such a fact can hardly be overstated. Previous to the late outbreak of hostilities there was a strong anti-war party in Prussia. The peaceful cultivator of the soil, not less than the industrious mechanic, refused to see any necessity for leaving his wife and family, as well as the remunerative toil that ministered to their necessities, in order to carry out the ambitious schemes of an unpopular minister. What did he care for the traditionary policy of the Hohenzollerns? the means of clothing himself and family was a far more important affair in his conception. He obeyed the call, indeed, but shoul-

dered his rifle in sullen silence and felt himself an ill-used man. Once in the field, however, side by side with his brothers in arms, and in the presence of the enemy, all the latent patriotism of his nature was evoked, not less than that love of fighting and passion for military glory, which, moralize as we may, is inherent in the breast of man. The distant boom of the cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, and the headlong charge to the cry of *Für Gott und's Vaterland*, uttered by a thousand voices, stirred his blood from the depths of his heart, and he became from that moment as good a soldier as the oldest veteran in the ranks. We do not say that the Prussian system of military organization is suited to every country and people; but we do think that the lesson we have been taught of the superiority of an armed citizen to a mere hireling is one of paramount importance.

The princes of Europe may well be curious to learn something of the constitution of a force which in the short space of ten days not only conquered Austria with her thirty-six millions of inhabitants, but the confederated armies of Germany. The ruler of France, altogether unprepared for such a dénouement, is evidently casting about in his mind to discover the means of rendering his army as formidable and efficient as that of the lately despised and underrated power of the North. It is easy to copy the system of the Landwehr, and to arm a force with breech-loaders, but it may not be so easy to instil into a restless, fiery Gaul, the patient docility and instinctive regard for discipline that

characterize a Prussian. Again, in any attempt to imitate Prussia, the mass of the people must be educated and taught their duty to each other and to the State they serve, for the late war has incontestably proved that the educated and thinking man is far more to be relied on than a mere fighting machine. Moreover, in reviewing the peculiar advantages of the Prussian military organization, we are bound to take into consideration the beneficial effect of a general commingling of classes. Men of every station and social grade meet promiscuously in the rank and file, and the result is that the entire mass is leavened by the humanizing and refined element that is introduced. The tone of the army is raised by the example of kindly feeling and good fellowship, set by the upper classes, and the individual soldier is taught to feel that in spite of the accident of birth, he is a man like his betters, and has as true a stake in the welfare and prosperity of the country he serves.

While disposed to do every justice to the warlike qualities of the Prussians, there are but few, we apprehend, who were not taken by surprise at the moderation and forbearance they displayed in the hour of victory, not less than the humanity and kindly feeling that characterized them after the fight was done. Could it be that these Goths and Vandals, as they were sneeringly termed, possessed qualities which, to our shame it must be confessed, the troops of the most civilized nations of the world never exhibited. At the outset of the war, it is true, occasional reports did reach

us of certain atrocities perpetrated by the Prussians. As time wore on, these were gradually disproved, and now the last shadow of doubt is for ever dispelled by the official report of the Austrian commissioners in Bohemia, and the Prussian army stands forth before the world, not only as the model of a fighting force, but as the most continent, abstemious, and well-conducted body of men that ever bore arms. Did we not know that a most rigid and searching inquiry had been instituted, and that by her enemies, we should be at a loss to credit the statement that not one well-authenticated case could be established of violence offered by a Prussian soldier to man, woman, or child. We assert that such an example is unparalleled in the history of warfare, and reflects more glory on Prussia and her people than the most brilliant feats of arms.

It will now, probably, be asked to what cause do we ascribe a result so unlooked for and extraordinary? Is it due to the rigid discipline of the army—to the natural kindliness of disposition and good feeling inherent in men of Teuton origin—or to the humanizing influences of Evangelical Christianity? To some extent, perhaps, to each of these, but especially to the latter. There can be no doubt that a deep-rooted sentiment of religion pervades the entire people of Prussia, more particularly the rustic population. Time was when it was considered that a soldier had nothing to do with religion, and he was sneered at as a milk-sop if he were not given to drinking, brawling, and swearing. Happily, the opinion of the world has undergone a radical change,

and the Prussian soldier has proved that the man who carries the Bible with him into action, in his knapsack, is more than a match for the scoffer and the libertine.

It will be perceived from what we have said, that no greater mistake can be made than to regard the Prussian army, as was commonly done in this country previous to the late war, as an unthinking mass that might be driven like sheep to the shambles. It is true the instinct of obedience to military command is strong within them, but after all they belong to the people; in fact, they are themselves the people, and could never be brought to engage in any enterprise that would be necessarily prejudicial to their own interests and that of the State to which they belong. 'By education,' says Lord Brougham, 'men become easy to lead, but hard to drive;' and we may be sure that this is true of the Prussian soldiery—one of the best educated in Europe. After the example they have afforded us, we hope we shall hear no more of the old cant of the martinets of a former age, that the scum and scoundrelism of society furnishes the best fighting material, and that the educated—that is to say, the book-learned—soldier is a mistake. We may admit that the ragged recruits of revolutionary France fought well under Napoleon in Italy and Austria, but we must also allow that the glories, even of Arcole and Lodi pale before Gitschin and Königgrätz.

The powerful agencies that a general can bring into the field in the present day have entirely revolutionized

the art of war. It has become a science, in which the services of the engineer, the savant, and the chemist are engaged almost to the same extent as those of the soldier. We are scarcely prepared to accept the conclusion to which some have hastily arrived, that war must at length become an impossibility from the very perfection to which the art of destruction will be carried, inasmuch as the means of defence are developed with those of attack, though, perhaps, not quite in the same ratio. One good effect, we may rest assured, has at any rate been achieved; wars must, of necessity, be of shorter duration than heretofore. With the railroad to bring the men fresh to the scene of action, and the electric telegraph to flash instant instruction from head-quarters, a campaign that would formerly have occupied months or years, can now be fought in a few days.

Things run in cycles, and the tremendous implements of destruction in the present day would seem to necessitate a return, as far as practicable, to a more primitive mode of fighting. We believe, it will be found the best policy to close with the enemy as soon as possible, and that a rush in with the bayonet will be admitted to be the most effectual means of counteracting the influence of the needle-gun and rifled-cannon, and as a natural consequence, that the fate of empires will more and more come to be decided, as in days of yore, by the strong arm and stubborn bravery of the individual soldier.

In like manner with reference to maritime warfare, whatever the results established by the trials at Shoe-

buryness, we may be assured that naval officers of the type of Collingwood and Nelson, will not wait the issue of long shots, or test the vulnerability of their iron sides in a game of bowls with the enemy, but bring their vessels alongside those of the foe in as brief a space of time as possible, and leave the rest to British seamanship and valour.

As a relation of facts from the pen of an eye-witness who took an active part in the events of the late great German campaign, is worth a volume of mere hearsay, we cannot do better than quote the letter of an Austrian superior officer to a friend in England, especially interesting from the fact of its throwing a new light upon many debatable points in connexion with that contest, and to a certain extent vindicating the line of action pursued by General Benedek. As the gentleman in question was attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief, we may rely on his giving a faithful account of what he saw from a *point-de-vue Autrichien* :—

'Hampered from the very commencement of the campaign with that unfortunate war in Italy—an empty exchequer—an ill-regulated commissariat, and a total want of unanimity in our government, where the counsels of to-day were revoked by those of to-morrow, it cannot be said that we commenced the war under favourable circumstances. Again, such was the drain upon us for men, who were required to garrison our numerous fortresses, that we never numbered in the field as our line of battle, more than about a hundred and ninety thousand men, including the thirty thousand

Saxons. 'Yet, as the result proved, we were required to make head against a force of at least three hundred thousand Prussians, amply provided with all the accessories of war, and led with consummate skill and generalship.

'You will perhaps say, in answer to this, were we not masters of a country easy of defence and free to choose whatever position we pleased? This is true, and would to some extent, no doubt, have compensated for our deficiency in numbers and organization, had our allies, the confederated princes of Germany, aided us by taking an active part in the conflict; we should thus have gained time, and been able to fortify every approach to our territory by throwing up redoubts and earthworks, and rendering our positions as unassailable as possible. Alas! as you know very well, it has always been the unhappy lot of Austria to be too late; and to add to the other evils which beset us, our allies limited their good offices to empty boasts and promises. But why dwell on this nauseating subject, whose consequences have been so disastrous to us poor Austrians! As might be expected, the slender detachments we were able to spare for the defence of the passes were speedily driven in by an enemy against whose numbers and the fatal effects of the needle-gun, they could make no head. Even at this early stage of the contest it was easy to see in the sullen air and downcast look of the men that the *morale* of the soldier was fast giving way to despondency, and that our only hope of anything like a successful encounter with the foe was to fall back on

Sadowa, and there concentrate our whole force, so as to be able to deal a fatal blow to the enemy, or perish in the attempt; the alternative, it must be confessed, of the desperate gambler—lose or win on the cast of a die!

'You will readily believe that everything was done that science and skill could suggest to render the position we had taken up at Sadowa as impregnable as possible. Its selection as our battle-field displayed consummate judgment and foresight, and infused universal confidence. Resting on the fortresses of Königgrätz and Josephstadt, we had the Elbe and the Bistritz on two sides, and a dense wood on the other, in which to post our sharp-shooters and light artillery—with Chlum in the centre, which it was easy to perceive must be the key of our battle-field. Inspired with fresh hope from the natural strength of our position, we all looked forward to certain victory. The enthusiasm was general, and nothing seemed to please our gallant fellows more than the general orders of the commander-in-chief, which flew from rank to rank: "Hold your fire to the last moment, and charge up with the bayonet!" promising as it did to neutralize the deadly effects of the enemy's needle-gun.

'The action commenced about noon with a roar of artillery which shook the ground under our feet. It would be both painful to myself and unprofitable to you were I to give any lengthened account of a battle which will be numbered among the chief misfortunes that have befallen the Austrian Empire. As an aide-de-camp

to the commander-in-chief, I had ample opportunities of forming an opinion in the way in which every arm of our force comported itself on this occasion, and I can say with justifiable pride that never before, not even on the plains of Lombardy, when we measured swords with the French, did our poor fellows fight with more spirit and determination.

'That bane of our country, "Nationalism," seemed merged in the one desire to wipe out the stain of past defeat, and uphold the honour of the Austrian army. Indeed such was the fury and *acharnement* with which the fight was waged, that it was no uncommon sight to behold entire battalions belabouring each other with the butt-end of their muskets. Hand to hand, foot to foot, every inch of ground was disputed until about half-past three in the afternoon. Now came the crisis of the day—just as a telegraph was about to be despatched to Vienna announcing the glad tidings of victory, an orderly dashed up in breathless haste bearing the dire intelligence that the Crown Prince of Prussia had that moment come up with a large force, and was then engaged in a desperate conflict with our troops to obtain possession of Chlum. The result of this attack is now, alas, too well known, and, as usual on such occasions, the news spread through the army with the speed of electricity. A sudden panic seized our men, and a rabble rout was all that remained of our gallant army.

'The one consolatory reminiscence of the fatal day of Sadowa, is the remembrance of the fact that our

troops did their utmost to defend the positions of Chlum. Eight successive times was it taken and retaken, and its final loss may be ascribed to the gap suddenly formed in our ranks by the defection of a large body of Italians, who threw down their arms and went over to the enemy with loud cries of "Viva Garibaldi." Thus avenging the defeat of Custozza on the field of Sadowa.

'Success, however unjustly, has always been regarded as the criterion of merit in this world, and failure in an enterprise of such importance as that entrusted to General Benedek, was sure to be treated as a crime of the deepest dye. Before the outbreak of hostilities he was looked upon as the only man worthy to assume the high responsibility of commanding our gallant army. From being the hero of the day, the hope of Austria, whose name was in everybody's mouth, he has suddenly fallen into disgrace and oblivion. This is both unfeeling and unjust to a brave and skilful soldier, who, whatever his faults, did all that mortal could have done under the circumstances, when we remember the odds he had to contend against, and the materials he had to work with; to wage two great wars simultaneously was too severe a tax upon our strength. Let us for the moment assume, however, that we had beaten the Prussians at Sadowa, from what we now know of their admirable military organization, their vast resources, and the immense superiority of the needle-gun, it may fairly be questioned whether, even if victorious, we could successfully have continued the contest, destitute as we were of reserves. Exhausted with the

effort we should in any case be compelled to fall back, and, it is very doubtful whether the result would, in the end, have been materially different from what it is. Our only gain would here have been empty glory, but at least poor Benedek would have escaped the unmerited condemnation that has fallen upon him.

'On what a slender thread does the reputation of the greatest men sometimes depend! Had he chanced to have assumed the command in Italy instead of Bohemia, how easily might he have carved for himself a path to fame and honour. In this instance, it must be confessed, fortune has for once favoured the princes of the House of Habsburg. Never before were the army and the people of Austria more thoroughly dissatisfied with their rulers. A serious insurrection might well have been apprehended in the capital of the empire had the positions of the Archduke Albrecht and Benedek been reversed. As it was, the news of the battle of Custozza arrived most opportunely, and tended to allay the popular irritation which was daily becoming more and more alarming. This being followed by the naval victory of Lissa acted like oil on the troubled waters, and, for the time being, at least, enabled our government to tide over its difficulties.'

The interest which must ever attach to the great battle of Sadowa, is our plea for making one final extract, from a Prussian paper, as pendant to the foregoing Austrian account:—'How strangely does history sometimes repeat itself. The battle of Königgrätz is, in some respects, the counterpart of Waterloo: in each case

it was the reserved force that turned the scale of victory, when the hostile forces were wearied with indecisive slaughter, and in both instances the leader of this force met with a like enthusiastic welcome from the commander-in-chief, on the field of battle. Who does not see in the affectionate greeting which the Crown Prince received from the King of Prussia at Sadowa, when the father embraced his son in the presence of the army, and hailed him as the saviour of Prussia, a striking similarity to the well-known meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo?' An Englishman would probably discover a still closer resemblance to the interview of our own Edward III. and the Black Prince on the field of Cressy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Characteristic Sketch of the King of Prussia.—Count Bismarck.—What he has done for Germany.—His Character and Antecedents.—Prussian Military System.—How far it is applicable to other Countries.—Force of Public Opinion in Prussia.—Austria and Prussia Contrasted.—The most distinguished Prussian Generals.—What they did during the late War.

Our brief account of the German campaign of 1866, would be incomplete without a sketch of at least two of the principal actors in that eventful drama, the King of Prussia and his prime minister, M. von Bismarck. When we remember how often the best-laid schemes of men and monarchs 'gang astray,' we cannot but feel that this descendant of the Hohenzollerns is a highly-favoured mortal. Dame Fortune, capricious as ever, seems doubly anxious to make amends for her previous neglect, and if his youth and manhood were comparatively unsuccessful and inglorious, a flood of unexampled brilliance illumines the close of his career.

At an age when many men are partially laid prostrate with disease, and even, if born to rule, find their sway circumscribed to the four walls of their chamber, we behold King William leading his troops to victory with all the fire and nerve of five-and-twenty, instead of bowing beneath the weight of three-score-years-and-ten, equipped for the fight, and prepared to take his share

of the fatigue and dangers of the campaign, with the lowest subalterns in the ranks.

The terrible episode of Königgrätz was played out before his very eyes and his ears were the first to drink in the shouts of victory that proclaimed him conqueror in a fight destined to give immortality to his name. It was reserved for him, moreover, to enjoy the sweets of triumph—to receive the homage rendered to a victorious monarch, at the head of his army amid salvos of artillery, the shouts of an entire people, and all that could satisfy the cravings of the most unbounded ambition and thirst for power.

As we before observed, the present King of Prussia was not always the favourite of the fickle goddess. His position for many years was by no means an enviable one at the court of his brother, the late king. The heir presumptive to a throne, which has no direct heir, is seldom regarded with favour, and everything seems to have been done that petty spite and jealousy could suggest to render his residence at court irksome and unpleasant. A certain lady of the highest rank, made no secret of her dislike, and her example was of course followed, as is usually the case, by a host of empty-headed sycophants. In short, it became the fashion to depreciate his merits and undervalue his talents. Yet notwithstanding all this, the government found it expedient to avail themselves of his services in the hour of need, by giving him the command of the forces that were despatched to crush the republican revolutionary movement of 1849, in South Germany and Saxony.

The result of this expedition, although entirely successful, of course, did not tend to increase his popularity with the active liberal party.

At a subsequent period, his able, straightforward, and equitable administration of power during the long illness of his brother, won for him golden opinions of the more advanced or progress party, and a new era was predicted for Prussia on his advent to the throne. These hopes were never destined to be realized; whether his own opinions underwent a change, or that he had no confidence in the strength or ability of the liberal party, he no sooner became King of Prussia, than he took into his favour, to the astonishment and disgust of his former friends, the reactionary or Kreuz party, with Count Bismarck at their head.

Whatever may have been the motive of the king for the unexpected step, it is said to have cost him a severe struggle, and it must have been gall and wormwood to a man so fond of popular laudation, to find that he was received in sullen silence by his loving subjects whenever he appeared in public. Events, however, have turned out much more happily for him than might have been anticipated—the selection of Count Bismarck as premier may be presumed to prove that the King of Prussia possesses an accurate insight into character—at all events, it was certainly made when the star of the Hohenzollerns was in the ascendant. From that auspicious moment, every wish of his heart has been gratified. His desire for military glory, and the oft-repeated hope, that he might be afforded an opportunity

of playing the part of another Frederick the Great, has been realized.

First came the war in Schleswig-Holstein, and then the brilliant and ever-memorable campaign of which we have endeavoured to depict the leading features. The character of the present King of Prussia is at once simple and enthusiastic, and we verily believe that he regards the unprecedented successes that have crowned his arms as a direct answer from Heaven to his prayers, and that he only gives utterance to his own convictions, when he speaks of himself as having been selected by the Most High, to accomplish one of the greatest revolutions that has ever taken place in Germany. At the same time, the admirable organization of the Prussian army, and the judicious selection of fitting instruments, to carry out his great designs, show him to be a man not deficient in the sterling qualities of common sense.

Karl Otto von Bismarck and Schönhausen will ever be the foremost name among those who have contributed to place Prussia in the high position she now occupies among the great powers of Europe. It is somewhat remarkable that this eminent man was born in the year 1813—the year in which the German people convinced the world of their nationality—the year of the battle of Leipsic, and the overthrow of the most implacable enemy Germany ever had—as though fate had created the instrument to carry out the great design of German unity, a design which then first gleamed as a possibility in the dim future.

However loud the outcry that has been raised against the great Prussian statesman by the liberal party, and however justly he may have been condemned for many of his acts and the arbitrary manner in which they were carried out, it is impossible to deny that he did his work without committing any egregious blunder, a very unusual thing in a Teuton. His very enemies must admit that he was admirably fitted for the difficult task he undertook to perform, and having succeeded in accomplishing it, even while condemning his policy, they cannot deny that he is entitled to a high place among the great men that Germany has produced. Like every other man of genius who feels that he has a mission to perform, he made the German people his study, and, having discovered what they wanted, resolved to see if he could not obtain for them the realization of their fondest aspirations, being well aware that he could scarcely fail in an enterprise which was certain to enlist the sympathies of the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen. The quiet and undemonstrative German, however, had so long endured the defective political organization under which he lived, that habit had become a second nature, and he might have continued in the same condition for another century without any more practical result than a vast deal of empty talk. Happily for this people, pitying fate eventually sent them Count von Bismarck, a man of energy and resolution sufficient to compass the end he had in view, no matter how great the risk.

The design he meditated was nothing less than the

reconstruction of the Germanic Empire which had so miserably foundered in 1849, through the intrigues and threats of Austria, and the jealousy of France and Russia. Knowing how large a party was in favour of a united Germany, and being at the same time fully convinced that Prussia was the only power that could effect for that country what Piedmont had done for Italy, Count Bismarck devoted his energies and talent to strengthen the power and extend the influence of Prussia, so as to fit her to become the minister of his great design.

The Danish war, arising out of the Schleswig-Holstein affair, evoked a burst of German patriotism which this clever man knew well how to turn to his own advantage, availing himself of it to promote the interests of Prussia, and to bring about the downfall of the only power in Germany able to thwart his designs—Austria. It will doubtless take some time before that most conservative of races, the German, grows accustomed to the new order of things, and comes thoroughly to appreciate its improved condition. In the interim we must be prepared to hear a great deal of grumbling and openly-expressed discontent, but this must not blind us to the permanent beneficial character of the great change now in operation.

We are well aware that the breaking up of so many petty States, with their time-honoured dynasties, although unavoidable, if Germany is ever to become strong and united, necessarily causes much ill-feeling among the adherents of those princes who have been

thus cavalierly despoiled of their birthright. At the same time, they ought to remember that the ordeal through which they are now passing is similar to what other nations, now great and powerful, have undergone.

It is sincerely to be desired, however, that no mistaken reverence for the name of Prussia will be allowed to influence the princes of the House of Hohenzollern when the mighty German people is ripe for empire. They must be prepared, when the time is come, to follow the example set them by every country that has played a similar *rôle*, and allow the name of Prussia to be merged in the time-honoured one of Germany; any other policy would be suicidal, and could only lead to another great civil war.

The cases of England, France, Spain, Italy, and various other States, may be adduced as affording an instance of a union of races effected under like conditions, which Prussia may study with profit and advantage. This tendency to unite under one head has characterized kindred tribes from the earliest time, who naturally rallied under the standard of their most powerful chieftain for the purpose of mutual defence, and eventually confided the general affairs of the community to his care and guidance.

Knowing the passionate love of the Germans for their country (*das Vaterland*), we are the more strongly impressed with the importance of what we urge. The time, however, has not yet come for this great consummation. It would be premature, and even dangerous,

to force a result which can only proceed from the united suffrages of the entire German people; but that such will be the solution of the political situation created by the late war there can be no doubt. We already see in Hanover, Hesse, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg, and the other minor States, that a more friendly feeling of relationship is gradually being established between the inhabitants and their new rulers, a result to which the Prussian soldier, by his general good conduct and German good nature, has in no small degree contributed. Moreover, every true German patriot must feel a natural pride in the martial prowess displayed by men of the same race and language as himself, and, whatever his political bias, cannot but experience a glow of patriotic enthusiasm at being united to a State that now ranks as one of the first military powers of the day.

The extraordinary success that has attended the Prussian armies—the rapid embodiment of efficient reserves, and the consummate skill with which the masses of men thus speedily raised, have been handled in the field, has naturally attracted the attention of the leading military powers of Europe to a system which has enabled a small State like Prussia to add, in the short space of a few weeks, a quarter of a million of soldiers to her regular army.

In another part of this work we have already made some observations respecting the organization of the Prussian Landwehr, which, being embodied in the district to which they belong, to a certain extent

resemble our militia. We have described the effect that this mingling of the different classes of society has, not only in creating among them a sort of brotherhood, but of imperceptibly educating those who had not the same advantages of position as their more fortunate brothers in arms. The question now arises, how far is the Prussian Landwehr an institution that could be adopted with safety in other countries—for certain it is that it could only be practicable in a State where public opinion is sufficiently strong to control the action of the government on the one hand, and of the ignorant and unthinking masses on the other.

From whatever point of view we may regard it, an armed citizen soldiery must always be a dangerous institution, unless they—the people—are the virtual rulers of the State, and at the same time well educated and enlightened; but, to the disgrace of the nineteenth century, of how few countries can this be said. No doubt those among our readers who only know the Prussian people through the acts of their government in the late Danish war, will be surprised when we tell them that there is no other country in Europe, with the exception of our own, where public opinion is better understood, or exercises a more healthful influence, of which we cannot have a more convincing proof than in the fact that arms are placed in the hands of men of all classes, just the same as we do in those of our volunteers, without any apprehension of the consequences. Could this be done in any of the other countries in Europe, where the government is more

or less despotic? We think not. Nay, we feel certain that such a form of government would be overthrown in less than six months. The present ruler of the French must have been fully aware of this truth, since everybody is aware that one of his first acts on coming to power, was to disband—that palladium of a people's rights and liberties—the National Guards. Despots must therefore be content with hireling soldiers—a very inefficient defence to a country in times of real peril, which Austria now knows to her grief—whereas a government like Prussia, which is only comparatively free, may, as we have seen, rely securely on the fidelity of its citizen soldiery. This is one among the other lessons which has been taught us by Prussia during the late war, and which other countries, like Great Britain, that are really free, would do well to profit by.

That the Prussian Government commits many acts of an arbitrary tendency cannot be denied; at least, they appear so to our English ideas. It is, however, well adapted to the wants of the people, and being eminently paternal and patriotic, if it is not always strictly constitutional—now and then giving rise to a great deal of angry discussion in the Senate, and not a few biting sarcasms in the Kladderadatsh; still the divine office of his majesty, the King, is never called in question. It is sufficient that he is a Hohenzollern, a descendant of their Great Frederick, and that however much he may differ from his opponents on certain questions, they know that he means well, and, above

all things, desires to see the country of which he is the ruler, great, prosperous, and happy. In short, these sturdy Northmen, Brandenburgers, Pomeranians, Westphalians, and Saxons, who form the great bulk of what is called Prussia, are all true Germans, and, of every other inhabitant of the fatherland, the least likely to submit to anything approaching an absolute form of government. These stern Lutherans have a will of their own, and know how and when to assert it—a fact of which their rulers are perfectly aware.

The true secret of the unprecedented success of Prussia is to be sought in the political history of Germany, and the undisguised wishes of the majority of its inhabitants for the last half-century. The events of the late war constitute, in fact, the final act of the drama that was so inartistically commenced at Frankfort in 1849. Let us not forget, however, that some meed of praise is due to the leading men of that period who, in advance of their generation, foresaw the crisis that must sooner or later occur in Germany, and strove to accomplish its solution with the slender means at their disposal. Doubtless they would have been successful had they been backed by the support of a King and half-a-million of bayonets. Prussia is now a very different country from what she was at the period we speak of; she has turned the years that have elapsed since then to good account, in preparing for eventualities which, however undreamt of by the uninitiated, were not only foreseen, but openly commented upon throughout North Germany by the professors in their

lectures, and even in certain circles of private life. Prussia undertook to accomplish what had been unsuccessfully attempted. The astute cabinet of Berlin understood the wants of the people, and it soon became apparent that she stood forth the champion, not only of German unity, but of religious toleration. This was the watchword that enlisted in her favour the sympathies of all thinking and enlightened men in North and South Germany. This was the real secret of her strength, and enabled her to triumph so completely over both Austria and the Bund.

Having thus attained what has been the goal of her ambition ever since she cast her lot with the Reformers, she is enabled without opposition to assume the position of the leading power of Germany, having become, in the eyes of the Lutheran party, who have not forgotten the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, the avenger of the injuries inflicted by Austria on the cause of Protestantism.

Public opinion, developed to a high degree in a country where even the common soldiers are well educated and imbued with a strong bias of religious feeling, has carried her triumphantly through the dangers and difficulties of the late war—in which she has been ably supported by the energy, talent, and trained skill of her leading statesmen and soldiers. We have but to glance at the career of one or two of the latter to feel assured that favouritism is not one of the besetting sins of the Prussian Government. General Von Roon, for instance, perhaps one of the ablest men that ever filled the post of minister of war, commenced,

his career as a professor in a university; and General Von Moltke, one of the greatest strategists of modern times, had not even the advantage of German parentage, having come in early life from Denmark as a poor student to seek his fortune in Prussia.

While Prussia was thus exerting every effort in making preparations for the impending struggle, Austria, the champion of the Holy Roman Church, instead of manfully girding up her loins for the fight, and enlisting the services of those best able to assist her in her hour of trial, allowed the twin vultures of nepotism and priestcraft to prey on her vitals to the last—and lost the precious moments that should have been devoted to action, in putting up prayers to the Madonna and all the saints and angels in the papal calendar. Let not the reader imagine that this picture is overdrawn; we can testify from actual experience to its literal truth—however strange and humiliating such a spectacle may be deemed in the nineteenth century. But so it ever has been, and so it will be to the end. *Quem vult perdere Deus prius dementat.* Certain nations and individuals seem never to learn wisdom from experience, and Austria is among the number. But the blow has been struck—the great work has been accomplished, it matters not by what agency, and happily for the cause of human progress and civil and religious liberty, Austria has for ever been cast out of Germany and Italy, and is henceforth powerless to work them any further injury.

How different would the result have been had she

triumphed over heretic Prussia! Knowing what we do of Austria, and of the bitter, rancorous feeling of hatred that smouldered in the breast of the Ultramontane party,—it is hardly too much to say that we might in that case have beheld something of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War revived in the nineteenth century.

We must all feel thankful that the great war of opinion has come to an end with so little bloodshed, comparatively speaking, and without dragging into its wake any of the other great powers of the civilized world. Protestant Germany has undoubtedly every reason to be thankful for the issue vouchsafed by Providence, and scarcely in a less degree that other country which has derived such essential benefit from the late war, Italy. Fortunate was it for her that she had such a power as Prussia to do her work. She has, in truth, been singularly favoured by her neighbours. France, in 1859, first paved the way for her to become a nation, and the edifice whose foundations were then laid, has since been completed by Prussia. The final enfranchisement of Italy was wrought on the field of Sadowa. She may, in truth, be termed the spoilt child of fortune, having obtained the object of her fondest wishes at a price that may be deemed insignificant in comparison with what other nations have been called upon to pay.

It now only remains for us before taking leave of Prussia, to say a few words respecting the character and antecedents of one or two of those distinguished men

whose names will for ever be associated with the important events we have described. It would be superfluous for us to eulogize the military talents and valour displayed by the Crown Prince of Prussia and his gallant kinsman Prince Frederick Charles; they must be familiar to all who have traced the events of the late campaign even in the most cursory manner. The former, the future King of Prussia, it may be Emperor of Germany, is especially interesting to an Englishman, from the fact of his having espoused the Princess Royal of Great Britain. The latter is a thorough soldier, and is the universal favourite of the Prussian army.

To General Von Moltke, chief of the staff (*chef des Generalstabs*), belongs the honour of having drawn up the strategical plan of the campaign in Bohemia. Of Danish origin, he entered the Prussian service more than forty years ago, and under General Von Vincke-Olbendorf witnessed the campaign in 1839 between the Turks and the Egyptians. The success that uniformly attended the Prussian arms during the recent war, bears testimony to the consummate skill, foresight, and judgment that devised the plan of operations before they were put into execution.

The veteran Steinmetz, the 'old lion' (Alter Löwe), as his soldiers delight to call him, who has grown grey in the service of his country, commanded the fifth corps d'armée, which formed the Prussian reserves at Königgrätz. He it was who gained the first successes in Bohemia, being victor in the hard-fought battles of Nachod and Skalitz, and in the second encounter with

the Austrians at Trautenau. General Steinmetz took part in the great war of liberation against the first Napoleon, and is decorated with the iron cross. Since then he has distinguished himself on several memorable occasions, and never more so than in the late war; when, in spite of his increasing years, he led his troops to victory with all the fire and energy of youth.

His brother in arms, Herwarth von Bittenfield, who likewise fought in the wars against the first Napoleon, commanded the eighth corps d'armée, which occupied Saxony, and first came under fire at Münchengrätz. In conjunction with the first army under Prince Frederick Charles, he contributed to the success of the Prussian arms at Gitschin.

Our list of distinguished men who have taken part in the recent tremendous conflict which extended from the Carpathians to the Rhine, would be incomplete without some notice of General Vogel von Falckenstein, who commanded the seventh corps d'armée on the Main. His march on Frankfort from Hesse between the armies of Bavaria and the Bund, after the sanguinary engagements at Lohr and Aschaffenburg, is considered to have been one of the most daring exploits ever performed. This gallant officer entered the Prussian army as a volunteer in the eventful year 1813, and for the valour he displayed at Montmirail he likewise received the decoration of the iron cross.

In an army in which officers and soldiers alike did their duty, it would be as invidious for us to attempt to make any distinction, as it is impossible for us further

to particularize individual merit. We must, therefore, conclude our brief notices of Prussian officers by a tribute to the acknowledged gallantry and skill of Generals Voight, Rhetz, and Blumenthal, who rendered most valuable services during the brief but decisive campaign that has been attended with such important results.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sketch of Saxony and its past History.—Henry the Fowler, the first Saxon Emperor of Germany.—Causes that led to the Decay of Saxony.—Division of Saxony.—Character of its Rulers and People.—Importance of Saxony to Prussia.—The late Government and future Prospects of Saxony.—Magdeburg.—Tilly and the Thirty Years' War.—The Germans and Queen Louisa of Prussia.—Birthplace of Luther.—Halle, Wittenberg.—Langensalza.—The Saxe Duchies.—Schiller and Goethe.—Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

THE mere mention of the name of Saxony, one of the most ancient in the fatherland, awakens a host of associations scarcely less interesting to an Englishman than a German. Do we not still denominate ourselves Anglo-Saxons, and proudly trace our descent from the warlike races that originally inhabited the countries on the Lower Elbe? When we remember what Saxony once was—that her territories extended along the shores of the North Sea, including the provinces between the Elbe and the Weser, as far as the Thüringer-Wald—when history tells that such was the bravery and patriotism of the people, under their leader Wittikind—that Charlemagne was occupied for thirty years in the task of their subjugation—what a striking example of the vicissitudes of nations is afforded by the state of Saxony, in the present day, when that country has at

length come to be nothing more than a geographical expression.

The gradual decline of Saxony, in modern times, is doubtless referable in no small degree to the mistaken policy of her rulers—who allied themselves with France in 1806, when she was erected into a kingdom, by the king-maker of his day—the first Napoleon. The consequences of this unpatriotic act—not to use a harsher term—on the part of her weak-minded sovereign were quite as disastrous as the reverses she sustained during the Seven Years' War—for, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, half of the territory was transferred to Prussia. Finally, the alliance with Austria, in 1866, has put an end to her existence for ever, as an independent State.

It is worthy of remark that the Saxons themselves date the gradual decay of their power from the year 1697, when their rulers, Augustus I. and II., in order to secure the diadem of Poland, consented to renounce the reformed faith of their ancestors, and sacrificed the interests of their German subjects to their own selfish ambition. By this most impolitic act, Saxony lost her influence; and instead of being, as heretofore, the bulwark of Protestant Germany, was compelled, through this unlucky alliance, to take up arms in defence of the Roman Catholic powers of Poland and Austria; she thus became involved in long and expensive wars—all of which terminated more or less to her disadvantage. As with individuals, so is it with States; the downfall of one is sure to afford an opportunity for another to

acquire the influence it has lost. In this instance the Hohenzollern of the Margravate of Brandenburg had the wisdom to step into the place left vacant by the Electors of Saxony, since which time they have been gradually gaining ground until, in the present day, they may be said to be the sole rulers of Germany.

Saxony was erected into a Duchy as early as the year 845, since which time she has had the honour of giving more than one Emperor to Germany. The first of these was the well-known Henry the Fowler (Heinrich der Vögler)—a man of remarkable genius, energy, and determination. He it was that defeated the Hungarians in the two bloody battles of Sonderhausen and Meresburg, and thus preserved Christendom from an irruption of this semi-barbarous people.

Unhappily for Saxony, the dynasty of this illustrious house became extinct in the person of Henry II., since which time we meet with but few acts worthy of record on the part of their successors, until we come to the Elector John, the well-known patron of Martin Luther, and champion of the Reformed Faith. Previous to this period, the Saxon dynasty became divided into two branches, taking their names from Ernest and Albert, the descendants of Friedrich von Meissen; the present Sächsischen or Saxe Duchies originally formed the territory of the princes of the line of Ernest. This unwise division of Saxony, among so many petty potentates, not only had the effect of undermining her strength as one of the leading States of Germany, but led to interminable quarrels among the princes them-

selves about some little scrap of territory, which they believed they had the right to claim.

There can be no doubt that the Saxons are among the most ancient of the Teutonic tribes that settled in Germany after they had wrested that country from the hands of its original possessors the Slavonians. Certain it is that, even in the present day, the Saxon may be regarded as the true type of a German. In none are the peculiar idiosyncracies conventionally ascribed to a Teuton more conspicuous. Notwithstanding this, some writers are prepared to demonstrate that the Saxons are of Scandinavian origin, and that the name of their renowned leader, Wittikind, is but a corruption of Viking. We give this theory for what it is worth, without saying that we are prepared to endorse it ourselves.

Saxony having now beome, as we before remarked, a mere geographical expression, if her monarch still chooses to preserve the title of King of Saxony, and to hold the simulacrum of court ceremonial at Dresden, all Europe knows perfectly well, and no one better than the Saxons themselves, that the substance has passed away for ever, and that nought remains but the outward semblance of that which has virtually ceased to exist, and that henceforth the real seat of government is at Berlin and not at Dresden.

We cannot affect to experience either grief or surprise at a consummation that must have been foreseen from the commencement, in the event of Prussia gaining the ascendant. Saxony is far too important a terri-

tory to be relinquished after having been once acquired. In the event of a European war, there is no portion of Germany that lies more open to an invasion of Austria, and it could be as easily assailed by the French, should they once obtain a footing in South Germany. At the same time the natural strength of the country, and its adaptability to strategic purposes, render it a most valuable position: the first Napoleon was well aware of this when he made it his head-quarters in 1814. In view of recent political events, the possession of Saxony has become absolutely essential to Prussia for her own protection, as well as for that of all Germany.

The various passes in its long chain of mountains form the gate through which her enemies might at any time invade her territory, whether from the direction of France, Switzerland, or Italy, on the south from Austria, and Russia on the east, should the latter power ever obtain possession of Bohemia. The population of the Austrian Empire includes Hungarians, Croats, Czecks, and Wallachs, hereditary enemies of the Teuton, and, in the event of any attempt on the part of her rulers to recover their lost military prestige, in a war with Prussia, the paramount importance of this line of frontier becomes obvious. In every point of view it would not only be the height of bad policy on the part of Prussia, but unjust towards that portion of Germany, whose inhabitants now own her sway and look up to her as their protector, to leave such an invaluable military position as Saxony subject to the uncontrolled rule of princes who, ever since they abjured the creed of their

fathers, have been distinguished for their Austrian and Ultramontane tendencies. The present Princes of Saxony linked their fate with Austria and the minor princes of Germany of their own free will and deed. Having lost the stake they played for, they are bound to accept the terms offered them by the conqueror with the best grace they may. Delays are dangerous, and without attempting to prognosticate events, we feel bound to say that, in the present aspect of the political horizon, Prussia ought to lose no time in consolidating her power on this frontier of her dominions.

If, therefore, the destinies of this interesting people are to be merged in those of her more powerful neighbour, they may at least console themselves with the reflection that they are merely about to be reunited to their brothers in race and religion—the descendants of those colonies that their ancestors planted in Brandenburg, Misnia, Lusatia, Pomerania, Posnania, and Preussen. Moreover, we are well aware that one half of Saxony went over to Prussia in 1815; if the remaining portion follows in 1866, we can only regard it as the natural result of that law of political gravitation by which a powerful State gradually absorbs outlying nationalities of kindred race. Granting, therefore, that the name of Saxony be henceforth erased from the map of Europe, her people may nevertheless be reconciled to the loss by the recollection that the name of Saxon will endure as long as the English language is spoken. Already from the rising to the setting sun the earth is thickly sown with the thriving colonies of that active,

energetic, enterprising race, who boast themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin. What other people can lay claim to such a progeny? In truth, the Saxons have very little cause to regret their present change of rulers. It is always, to say the least of it, a most unfortunate circumstance for a people to profess a different faith from that of their monarch; this has been the case in Saxony ever since its princes embraced Romanism in order to secure their election to the throne of Poland. The present King John Nepomuk being, so to speak, the only Papist in his own dominions. We think this fact alone speaks volumes for the entire absence of fanaticism and religious prejudice on the part of his enlightened Protestant subjects. How long, we should like to know, would any Roman Catholic community consent to be ruled by a Protestant prince in a similar position?

In addition to the difference in religion, the Saxons have little cause to be satisfied with the secular administration of their present rulers—the constitution that was granted in 1849 has proved a mere mockery, the government being as irresponsible for its acts as the Autocrat of all the Russias. The Chambers in all things are amenable to the will of the sovereign, the members being either creatures of the court or ignorant peasants, bankrupt nobles, and traders. Taking such facts into consideration, we must confess we think Saxony is likely to be better off under the rule of the Hohenzollerns, than beneath the sway of a man who so signally broke faith with his people, although he claims the honour of being the chief of the princely House of Wetten.

What an instance have we here that the wrath of Nemesis, though the blow may be long delayed, will eventually overtake the offender; for this monarch was the first among the princes of Germany who surrendered the independence of his country to gain that bauble—a crown. He was also the last among them that remained faithful to the greatest enemy that Germany ever had.

In proceeding to give a brief description of the entire country that goes by the name of Saxony, we propose to speak, in the first instance, of that portion of the former kingdom of Saxony which was severed from the jurisdiction of the ally of the first Napoleon and adjudged by the Congress of Vienna to Prussia, as a recompense for her loyalty and patriotism as a German power.

This fertile territory, containing nearly two millions of inhabitants, must have formed, together with the Rhenish provinces, a most welcome addition to the Prussian dominions, which, up to that period, scarcely extended in the direction of Central Germany beyond the confines of those barren wastes of moorland and forest that we have already described.

Magdeburg, the most important of the numerous interesting towns in Prussian Saxony, was founded at a very early period, and was regarded by the Saxons as the capital of their dominions in Northern Germany. The Longobardi or Lombards, who afterwards migrated to Italy and founded the kingdom of Lombardy, originally inhabited the country around Magdeburg; this people were a tribe of the Saxons, and took their name of Lombards or Longbeards from the fact of their having

followed the fashion set by one of their leaders, who had, we presume, abjured the use of the razor.

The town of Magdeburg continued to increase in wealth and prosperity during the Middle Ages, until we come to that terrible episode in its history—its capture by the Imperial troops under General Tilly—during the Thirty Years' War. It would be vain to seek in ancient or modern times for a more frightful example of what fanaticism is capable of perpetrating in the name of religion. The half-savage hordes, chiefly Walloons and Croats, that followed the standard of the Imperialists, were allowed to glut their brutal passions without restraint on the unoffending inhabitants of this doomed city, whose only fault was that they were Protestants. In less than twelve hours after its capture, the fair city of Magdeburg may almost be said to have ceased to exist. The public buildings lay in ruins, and the streets were piled with the corpses of its citizens. When Tilly entered the town, he ordered a Te Deum to be sung over the scene of desolation and slaughter, and in his despatch to head-quarters in Vienna, he boasted that, since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem, no such signal victory had ever been celebrated. Happily, the day for such horrors has long since passed away. Magdeburg is now one of the most populous and prosperous towns in Prussia—at the same time its inhabitants are not likely ever to forget the deeds of violence and bloodshed of which it was once the scene.

The harsh and ungenerous treatment to which their beloved Queen Louisa was subjected at the hands of

Napoleon, when she, almost on her knees, entreated that Magdeburg—her beloved Magdeburg—might not be alienated from the crown of Prussia, so wrought upon the feelings of the youth of that country, as to lead to the patriotic movement which ceased only with the battle of Waterloo. Magdeburg was to her what Calais was to our Queen Mary, and it was commonly said at the time, that its name would be found engraved on her heart after death. Thus the tears of a woman aroused the drooping spirit of Germany in the hour of her sorest trial, and kept alive the sacred love of country in the hearts of her children.

The towns of Wittenberg and Eisleben are interesting from their connection with the events of the Reformation. The former is a strong fortress on the Elbe, one of whose churches contains the tombs of Luther and Melancthon. The latter, a small and otherwise unimportant town, has acquired celebrity as being the birth-place of the Great Reformer, who likewise ended his days here. Halle, after Magdeburg, the most populous town in Prussian Saxony, on the river Saale, possesses extensive manufactures, and is the seat of a well-known university with which that of Wittenberg is now incorporated. Erfurth is a fortified town and noted mart of agricultural produce, whose cathedral contains a rival to Big Ben, or Tom of Lincoln, such as might have inspired Schiller with his celebrated ode.

Langensalza, on the river Salza, will long be remembered as the theatre of that unfortunate engagement between the Prussian and Hanoverian troops, which

took place on the 27th June, 1866, on the same day as that of Trautenau in Bohemia, where the Prussians were opposed to the Austrians. However much we may sympathize with the misfortunes of a monarch so closely allied to our own Royal family, as the King of Hanover, we must confess that we can see no reason for his pushing matters to an extremity, and must ever regard the battle of Langensalza as so much unnecessary bloodshed. The terms offered to him by Prussia were by no means difficult of acceptance, and he would have done well to agree to them.

The minor Saxon States of Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, occupy the principal portion of that beautiful country of Central Germany, formerly known as Thuringia, lying between the modern kingdom of Saxony and Franconia, distinguished alike for its fertility and picturesque scenery.

The Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar contains a portion of the celebrated Thüringer-Wald, a mountain district, one of whose summits is crowned by the ruins of the well-known Wartburg, built by Ludwig der Springer, in 1076, who, with his father, Ludwig I., may be regarded as the founders of the Margravate of Thüringia. This famous stronghold afforded an asylum to Luther, from the 4th of May, 1521, to the 27th of February, 1522, during which time he completed his translation of the New Testament.

The national literature of Germany may be said to owe its regeneration to the fostering care of the intel-

lectual and patriotic Sovereign of Saxe-Weimar. Herder, Wieland, Schiller, and Göthe, were invited to reside at his court. These were the men who, by their genius, vindicated the right of their country to possess a literature of their own, and finally defeated the foolish attempt to supersede the rich, sonorous mother tongue of Germania, by the modern Gallic. Weimar has thus deservedly won for herself the title of the German Athens, and is still hallowed as the last resting-place of some of the most illustrious men that the fatherland has produced, from Lucas Cranach, the painter, who was buried here in 1563, to Göthe, who died in 1832.

There can be no question that the writings of Schiller and Göthe exercised a most important influence on the minds of their countrymen, and by the appeal they made to their patriotic feelings were doubtless instrumental in preparing them for that political regeneration which is now in progress. The writings of both these great men are too well known to the British public for us to attempt to give any criticism of them here. They are alike distinguished for the originality of their ideas and the strength and purity of their language. The works of both are replete with beauties of the highest character, yet bearing that unmistakable impress of individuality which is ever characteristic of true genius. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that while those of Schiller are remarkable for the chivalrous spirit and high moral tone that pervades them, those of Göthe—the philosopher and the man of the world, not less than

the poet—are more metaphysical and meditative. To their undying glory it may be recorded that, whereas, they found their country destitute of a national literature, they left it dowered with one of the richest to which any nation in Europe can lay claim.

The lesser Duchies of Saxe-Altenburg and Saxe-Meiningen present too few features of special interest to require any lengthened notice. A portion of the population of the former State is of Wendish origin, differing very considerably in their manners, customs, and costume from their German neighbours. Saxe-Meiningen, lying along the south-western side of the Thüringer-Wald, comprises within itself a portion of the Rhöngebirge, and almost surrounds the lesser territory of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which must ever be interesting to an Englishman from the ties connecting its reigning family with that of our own gracious Sovereign. We presume few of our readers will require to be reminded that the late lamented Prince Consort was the brother of the present Duke Ernest II. At his death, in default of a direct heir, the sovereignty would devolve on Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria. At the same time we must confess that we think the chance of the Duke of Edinburgh ever exchanging his title for that of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is but a remote one.

*Der Preussische Adler hat scharfe Klauen*, and is hardly likely to allow such small game to escape from its talons as the Saxe-Duchies, notwithstanding the contumacious spirit manifested by that mighty potentate

the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Let our Prince take comfort, however; after having refused the throne of Greece, he can surely afford to dispense with the empty honours conferred by wearing a German Ducal Coronet. It would be unjust, in our notice of Saxe-Cobourg, did we not say a few words in commendation of the far-sighted policy and enlightened patriotism of its reigning prince, Duke Ernest. He alone, of all the petty princes of Germany, had the wisdom to anticipate events by resigning his little army, together with the direction of the diplomatic relations of the Duchy, into the safe custody of his powerful neighbour and ally, the King of Prussia.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Saxon Switzerland.—Romantic Beauty of the Scenery.—Fortress of Königstein.—The Kuhstall.—Sandstone Rocks.—Extraordinary Labyrinth of Rocks at Adersbach.—Approach to Dresden by the Elbe.—First View of that Town.—Catholic Church.—Frauenkirche.—Japan Palace.—Picture Gallery.—New Railway Bridge.—Meissen.—Leipsic.—Character of the Inhabitants.—Book-trade.—Literature.—Printing Establishment of M. Brockhaus.—The two Battles of Leipsic.—Their important Results.—Soldierly Qualities exhibited by the Saxons during the late War.

On entering the kingdom of Saxony, from Bohemia, we pass through a most picturesque portion of Germany, the celebrated Saxon Switzerland. From the summit of one of its mountains, the Gross-Winterberg, a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country gradually unfolds itself; the course of the Elbe may be traced for many miles through a region of mountain and wood. In the blue distance may be distinguished the long chain of the Riesengebirge, while huge columnar hills start up on every side and give a character of peculiar wildness and sublimity to the landscape. We need scarcely say, that the mountains of Saxony, like those of Bohemia, are noted for their romantic tales and legends.

On descending the Elbe, we pass the mountain fortress of Königstein, which forms the crest of an isolated rock, nearly a thousand feet high, and looks down upon the

angry river as it rushes past its base. At no great distance, is that remarkable freak of nature, called the Kuhstall. This vast mass of sandstone rock is hollowed out, probably by the action of water, into a series of chambers and caverns, communicating by corridors as elaborate as if the whole had been excavated by the hand of men. It derives its name from the circumstance of its having formed the refuge for the Saxon peasantry and their cattle, during the terrible Thirty Years' War, and still bears unmistakable marks of having been at one time inhabited.

The whole of the rocky masses that here line the valley of the Elbe, together with the adjoining passes and defiles, are likewise composed of sandstone, and frequently assume the most grotesque and picturesque forms, resembling towers, buttresses, and pinnacles. It is impossible to conceive a more romantic glen than that which goes by the name of the Ottewalder Grund—the dark and precipitous sides almost exclude the light of day, frequently, actually meeting over head. The vivifying rays of the sun never penetrate its gloomy depths, and ice and snow may here be met with even in the month of June.

Perhaps the most extraordinary phenomenon, presented by the geological formation of this district of sandstone, extending from near Dresden to Glatz, in Silesia, is that which we behold at Adersbach, a few miles from Trautenau—the same place that was the scene of a fierce engagement between the Prussians and the Austrians, during the late war. We have here

presented to us, the most striking resemblance to a Cyclopean city, that can anywhere be met with among the works of nature. It requires some strength of mind not to yield to the spell that is cast over us on entering its silent streets and deserted squares, and not to believe ourselves actually in a city of the dead. On every side we may fancy we behold ruined palaces, dismantled towers, triumphal arches, and dilapidated fortifications—a still closer imitation of the works of man is to be met with in the remarkable resemblance to statues and carvings, presented by certain fragments of rock. Here we behold the effigy of a friar or a nun—there of a fat burgher or a sentinel on guard, and finally, we come upon what a very slight stretch of the imagination will enable us to invest with the proportions of a monarch seated upon his throne.

In addition to the numerous streets, as they are called, that traverse this scene of enchantment, there are various labyrinths of narrow alleys, into which it is highly dangerous to enter, without a guide. Those whose nerves are not easily shaken, may deem themselves fortunate if they are overtaken by a thunderstorm at Adersbach, as they will enjoy one of the most sublime spectacles that can be conceived, the oft-repeated concussions of the thunder, which appears to be pent up and struggling to escape from its rocky prison—once heard, amidst this scene of solitary grandeur, can never be forgotten.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the wonderful phenomenon with which we are presented at

Adersbach. According to several writers, it is ascribed to the action of the waters of the sea, during some antediluvian period. This explanation, however, is scarcely consistent with the angular and rugged appearance, frequently presented by the masses of rock, and the conclusion is forced upon us, that this wide-spread ruin must be due to some sudden convulsion of nature—volcanic or other—by which an entire mountain has been rent into fragments.

Of every route, by which it is possible to approach Dresden, that of the Elbe is by far the best calculated to produce a favourable impression on the mind of the stranger. As we glide between its wildly precipitous or gently shelving banks, they exhibit an ever-varying panorama, in which golden corn-fields, luxuriant vine-yards, and smiling orchards, alternate with naked rocks and gloomy forests, until at length, a sudden bend in the stream at once reveals the towers and spires of the beautiful metropolis of Saxony. The effect is one of enchantment, but, unfortunately, the spell is broken on entering the town, for, notwithstanding its incomparable situation, and the imposing character of its public buildings,—the lofty houses, built more with a view to strength than elegance, the narrow streets and contracted squares have much of the gloomy appearance and close pent-up feeling so universal in fortified towns. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the new portion constitutes one of the handsomest suburbs to be found adjoining any city. Singularly enough, it owed its origin to the fact that Frederick the Great laid a

great portion of the town in ruins, during the siege it sustained in 1760.

It may appear somewhat of an anomaly that the Roman Catholic church should be one of the most striking buildings in a Protestant town. Such is, however, the case in Dresden, although it seldom gathers a larger congregation than a few dozen worshippers at a time. This building, albeit costly and elaborate, is by no means in the best taste, the redundancy of ornament, and the little army of saints perched upon its roof, recall the period of the decadence of art in Italy. To compensate for this, however, the interior is so simple and unadorned that it might serve as a Calvinistic place of worship. It is entirely free from the tinsel and trumpery that so commonly disfigure Catholic churches. The organ, by Silberman, is one of the finest in Germany, and no effort or expense is spared to secure the services of the best singers for the choir. In spite of all this, the gorgeous ceremonial of the Romish Church would seem to have but few attractions for Lutherans of this cradle of the Reformation, as Saxony may be termed. The imagination of the Latin or the Celt may be swayed by the æsthetic adornments of Rome, but the calm, cool Saxon is of a different temperament; he is not one to allow his judgment to be led captive by his fancy.

The other ecclesiastical edifices of Dresden offer but few points of interest or attraction, if we except the Frauenkirche (Church of our Lady), built after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. The material is entirely cut stone, no wood being used in its construction; and

such is its strength and durability, that it has never suffered any serious injury in the various bombardments of the town. The king's palace is a dark and gloomy building, having more the appearance of a fortress than a royal residence. The interior, however, is every way worthy of a monarch; it contains the celebrated Grüne Gewölbe, in which are deposited the regalia of Saxony. The most magnificent palace in Dresden is the Japanische-Palast, the name being derived from the extensive and unique collection of porcelain it contains. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Elbe, surrounded by pleasure-grounds which form a most agreeable promenade for the citizens. Another famous place of resort is the Brühlschen terrace, from which a very fine view of the city may be obtained. The handsome bridge of sixteen arches that spans the clear waters of the Elbe, the towers, domes, and palaces of Dresden, together with its handsome private residences, parks, and pleasure-gardens, combine to form a very striking and beautiful picture. The special point of attraction, however, in the Saxon metropolis is undeniably its celebrated picture-gallery, containing, altogether, about fifteen hundred paintings, most of which are of more than average excellence. That marvellous work, the Madonna di San Sisto, by Raphael, is alone worth a journey to Dresden to behold.

In addition to the bridge, of which we have already spoken, the banks of the Elbe are here united by a more modern structure, completed in the year 1852, and designed to serve the double purpose of a medium

for railway and ordinary traffic; it is sixty feet in width, and, together with the viaducts by which it is approached, has an entire length of upwards of six thousand feet.

One of the most interesting and picturesque spots in the immediate vicinity of Dresden is the battle-field, in which three linden-trees shade the tomb of Moreau. Some distance on our left hand, lies the pleasant little village of Loschwitz, once the home of the poet Körner, whose patriotic songs and spirit-stirring odes exercised so powerful an influence in arousing the energies not only of his countrymen, but of every German during the eventful period that preceded the campaign of 1813. Here may also be seen the cottage on the Weinberg, in which Schiller, when struggling with penury and misfortune, composed his immortal tragedy, 'Don Carlos.'

The road between Dresden and Leipsic, a portion of which passes along the banks of the Elbe, is not only picturesque, but interesting, from the fact of its traversing the ancient city of Meissen, with its fine Gothic cathedral, built in the year 954, and its frowning castle. This, indeed, is said to be the oldest town in Saxony, having been the residence of Henry the Fowler, and several other emperors of Germany, of the House of Saxony. Meissen is also interesting, from the fact that it was within the walls of its old castle, that a prisoner, of the name of Böttiger, succeeded in accomplishing what so many before him had tried and failed in—the art of fabricating porcelain—the secret of which had hitherto been possessed exclusively by the Chinese.

The two principal towns of Saxony differ essentially in their leading characteristics: Dresden, as the residence of the sovereign, is courtly, aristocratic, and ceremonious; Leipsic, on the other hand, a busy, thriving place, as remarkable for its intellectual as its commercial activity, is far more cosmopolitan.

It is the head-quarters of a variety of political factions — the great centre whence radiate novel theories of social, political, and religious government. Its bearded professors, and long-haired students have been always remarkable for their quaint crotchets, with regard to the true art of ruling mankind. They are perpetually discovering nostrums for setting the world to rights, in the most satisfactory and expeditious manner. They are much given to evolving Utopias out of the depths of their own self-consciousness, and are never weary of discussing the most abstruse and recondite questions, in the language of transcendantalism, over an endless succession of foaming tankards and fragrant pipes.

Auerbach's Keller is a celebrated place of resort, whose walls have re-echoed every kind of popular and democratic ditty, from 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' to 'Ça-ira,' trolled forth to the accompaniment of endless clouds of tobacco smoke. One of the scenes of Göthe's 'Faust' is laid in this celebrated head-quarters of the Kneipe—this free and easy parliament, which meets in the good city of Leipsic. Göthe gives the following sketch of the character of the inhabitants of this city,

'Every day is a holiday; with small wit and less comfort, each one turns round in his narrow circle, like a young dog after its tail. So long as they have not got the headache, and the host will continue to give credit, they are the happiest people in the world.'

We must confess that we think the great German poet was a little too hard on his Saxon fellow-countrymen, as Leipsic is undeniably one of the most intellectual towns on the Continent. It is the great emporium of thought, when once enshrined in type—the mart of those voluminous literary productions that in the present day have such a wide-spread circulation. As in England, so it is in Germany, authors complain that they are not sufficiently recompensed for their labours; while the publishers, notoriously given to grumbling, assert that the works do not go off their hands as quickly as they could wish, and both lay the blame on the cheap periodicals, so numerous and often so worthless, many of which not only pander to, but tend to engender, a low standard of taste. It is an undoubted fact, however, that literature in Germany receives an impetus from a source which can hardly be said to exist in this country. A large impression of any publication, possessed of average merit, is sure to be disposed of to the various casinos, sociétés, and literary clubs, established in every town throughout the empire, independent of the circulating libraries. These excellent institutions, by encouraging a taste for reading, doubtless raise the standard of intellect in

Germany. Those of our readers who may not be aware of the fact, will be interested to learn that English literature is very popular in Germany, and in the present day exercises no unimportant influence on the mind of its people. The works of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and our other great writers of fiction, are as extensively read, and as highly appreciated, in Germany as in this country.

The broad streets, handsome shops, spacious squares, and well-planted boulevards that surround the town, in some degree warrant the comparison of Leipsic to a diminutive Paris—a similitude which, in the opinion of many peaceful and orderly folks, is still more fully borne out by the political atmosphere of the place—the restless, not to say turbulent, spirit that here prevails, and for which the rule of Prussia is likely to prove a wholesome antidote.

It is impossible to take leave of what may be termed the literary metropolis of Germany, without noticing the vast printing establishment of M. Brockhaus, one of the most extensive and flourishing in Europe. Here everything is done, from the labours of the foundry up to the costly binding of the most valuable books.

The town of Leipsic has given its name to two of the most decisive and important battles in the history of Europe;—that gained by Gustavus Adolphus over General Tilly, on the 7th of September, 1631, and the ever-memorable Völker-Schlacht, or People's Battle,

between the allied troops and the French, on the 18th of October, 1813.

The fate of Protestantism may be said to have depended upon the issue of the former of these great battles. Had the King of Sweden not triumphed over the hitherto invincible legions of Tilly, nothing could have saved the whole of Germany from again falling under the yoke of Papal Rome. We are well aware that freedom of thought, in matters of religion, can never be coerced by physical force, nor are differences of creed to be reconciled by an appeal to arms. The cause of truth must, in the end, triumph over all persecution, surmount every obstacle, and survive every defeat. At the same time we must remember that the object of the Imperialists, in the Thirty Years' War, was to stamp out and destroy every vestige of the detested heresy of Luther. They were prepared to go any length to accomplish their purpose, and humanity shudders at the picture the imagination conjures up of the probable fate of the Reformers, had their enemies been victorious on the field of Breitenfeld. It was the final tug of strength—the decisive battle of the rival creeds, and there can be no doubt that the fate of the vanquished, had the Romanists gained the day, would indeed have been deplorable.

The second great battle of Leipsic was productive of results which we are more capable of appreciating in the present day. Had fortune favoured Bonaparte on that memorable occasion, Europe would once again

have lain powerless at the feet of the Corsican adventurer. Can we doubt that, goaded to fury by so obstinate a resistance, he would have wreaked his vengeance on his enemies to the fullest extent, and rendered them incapable of ever injuring him again. Germany, bound hand and foot, would have been given over to the custody of so many satraps of the French Empire, whose centre of government would have been the Tuileries. Happily for mankind and the cause of freedom throughout the world, fate decreed otherwise, and the German people, on the field of Leipsic, may be said to have vindicated that claim to national existence, which they seem at length disposed to assert.

The field of Lützen, also within a short distance of Leipsic, is for ever hallowed in the eyes of all who can sympathize with deeds of heroism, performed under the stimulus of religious zeal, as having been the scene of the death of the great champion of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus, but two short years after his great victory at Breitenfeld.

We cannot take leave of this interesting country and people, without paying a tribute of admiration to the high qualities displayed by the Saxon troops during the late war. They alone, of all the armies of the minor German States, really fought with heart and energy. Placed in the van of the Austrian army at Königgrätz, they had to bear the brunt of that tremendous engagement, and, although half their number perished on the

field of battle, they bore themselves like men to the last. We may regret that they were not fighting in a more hopeful cause; but we cannot deny them the honour of having exhibited, to the fullest extent, the soldierly virtues of patient endurance and unflinching courage.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Historical Sketch of Austria at the Zenith of her Power.—Gradual Decay of her Influence.—Its Causes.—Princes of the House of Habsburg.—Their Character and System of Rule.—The Doctrine of Nationalities.—The Hungarians.—Preservation of an Independent Hungary essential to Austria.—Difficulties of her Position.—Influence of the Priesthood in Austria.—The Aristocracy in Austria.—Loyalty of the Hungarians.—Their Sufferings.—Fatal Policy of the Princes of the House of Habsburg.

THE haughty boast, *Austriæ est imperare orbi universo*, seemed to be approaching its fulfilment when the Emperor Charles V. gave laws, it may be said, to half the world. The heir of the Imperial purple found himself Emperor of Rome and Germany, King of Spain, and sovereign of more than a dozen other dependencies. The double-headed eagle floated over a territory scarcely inferior in extent to that which owned the dominion of the Cæsars. This may be regarded, however, as the culminating point of the power of the princes of the House of Habsburg. Since that time the star of their greatness has gradually, but steadily declined. One by one, their possessions in Western Europe slipped from their grasp. The loss of the Low Countries, Burgundy, Alsace, and Lorraine was followed by that of the Süntgau and the Breisgau. In 1806 they ceased to be emperors of Germany.

The peace of 1815 indeed brought with it a temporary accession of power and influence to Austria, her rulers were restored to their former positions as masters of Germany, protectors of the Pope, and of the interests of the Romish Church throughout the universe; they not only forfeited these advantages, however, by their own short-sighted policy and misgovernment, but created so strong a feeling of discontent in their subjects, that the signal for revolt given by France in 1848, was followed by insurrections in Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, and even in Vienna. The proud descendant of Charles V. saw himself reduced to the humiliating necessity of calling to his assistance the aid of a foreign power, to effect what army after army of the best troops in his dominions had been unable to accomplish.

From this period we may date the second decadence of the Austrian Empire, and if we come to inquire into its causes, we shall be at no loss to discover them in the unstable and vacillating policy of her rulers, leaning first on one power and then on another, intriguing with the petty princes of Germany and Italy, instead of seeking to promote her true interests, which necessarily lay in an alliance with the Western powers. Had Austria made an offer of her co-operation and friendship to them during the Crimean war, or the late insurrection in Poland, her fate in the present day might have been very different. She has paid the penalty of her narrow-minded, selfish policy, by the loss of Lombardy in 1859; and, finally, in her destruction as a German

power on the field of Sadowa. The ruler of the French not less than the king of Prussia, in the present day, having been emboldened to attack a power whose military prestige had been so seriously damaged as that of Austria in her conflict with her Hungarian subjects in 1849.

Rapacious, yet narrow-minded, the princes of the House of Habsburg have long neglected their true interests in the pursuit of schemes of selfish ambition. Wedded to a blind conservatism, that ever clings with a servile clutch to the obsolete traditions of the past, they obstinately refused to move with the stream of progress and enlightenment, and never seemed to have learnt wisdom from the teachings of experience. In consequence of which, they have been left behind in the march of events, and notwithstanding the immense resources of the magnificent country over which they rule, we have beheld their power laid prostrate in the dust after a ten days' campaign. A result so astounding and unexpected, ought to awaken them to the character of the fatal policy they have pursued, and which has been productive only of degradation and sorrow. The fearful shock of Königgrätz may arouse them to retrieve their position—to take warning ere it is too late, and pluck the jewel from the hand of adversity—if they do not, it requires no prophetic spirit to discern the handwriting on the wall that proclaims the doom of Austria.

Taking the most favourable view of matters, however, it is impossible not to perceive that at the present

moment, with the best intentions on her part, the future career of Austria is beset with difficulties. The fatal policy she has so long pursued of ruling her immense heterogeneous empire by setting one nationality against another, and attempting to Germanize races that have no feature in common with the Teuton, is now bearing its harvest of heartburnings and disaffection. Had she acted more wisely in her hour of prosperity, she would not have been deserted in her time of need. The Hungarians, loyal, warm-hearted, and easily roused to enthusiasm, would have flocked round her standard instead of hanging back in sullen silence when she appealed to them for succour.

We are by no means inclined to push the doctrine of nationalities to an absurd extreme. A line should be drawn somewhere. Semi-barbarous tribes must submit to be ruled by their superiors in civilization, and those which are numerically weak to be absorbed by their more powerful neighbours. There are, moreover, inherent generalities in certain races fitting them for rule and government, and it is doubtless in accordance with a law of nature that such should have dominion over others; were it otherwise, the progress of civilization would be seriously impeded. Of course we admit that government involves responsibility, and the dominant race is bound to consult the welfare and interest of those it holds in subjection, but we presume no man with common sense would object to such an assumption of power on the abstract grounds of justice and humanity.

When we come to compare the relations of the ruler and the ruled in Austria, the case is, however, widely different. Take, for example, the Hungarians. Is it to be supposed that a great and powerful people, with a history, language, and literature of their own, would consent to merge its national existence in that of a people numerically their inferior, as is the case with the Germans in Austria? It is very well in theory to talk of blending races, but we need not look very far from home to be convinced that it is practically a very difficult matter. There are certain deep-rooted antipathies which cannot, and in our opinion ought not, to be overcome. Such instinctive antipathies were implanted by the hand of nature, and may be regarded as fulfilling the same purpose in relation to the moral universe as mountains, seas, and rivers do to the physical world, sundering that which was never intended to be united. Anyone who has lived among the Hungarians, as we have done, and witnessed their attachment to their country, their pride in their national institutions, and their innate love of liberty, must feel that any attempt to Germanize them will end in hopeless failure. Yet this is the Sisyphus-like task in which the German princes of the House of Habsburg have been engaged in ever since an accident had given to them the throne of the thousand-year monarchy of the Magyars, and which if persevered in, must terminate in the dissolution of the Austrian Empire.

Of course we are well aware that the six or seven millions of Germans now in power will not be prepared

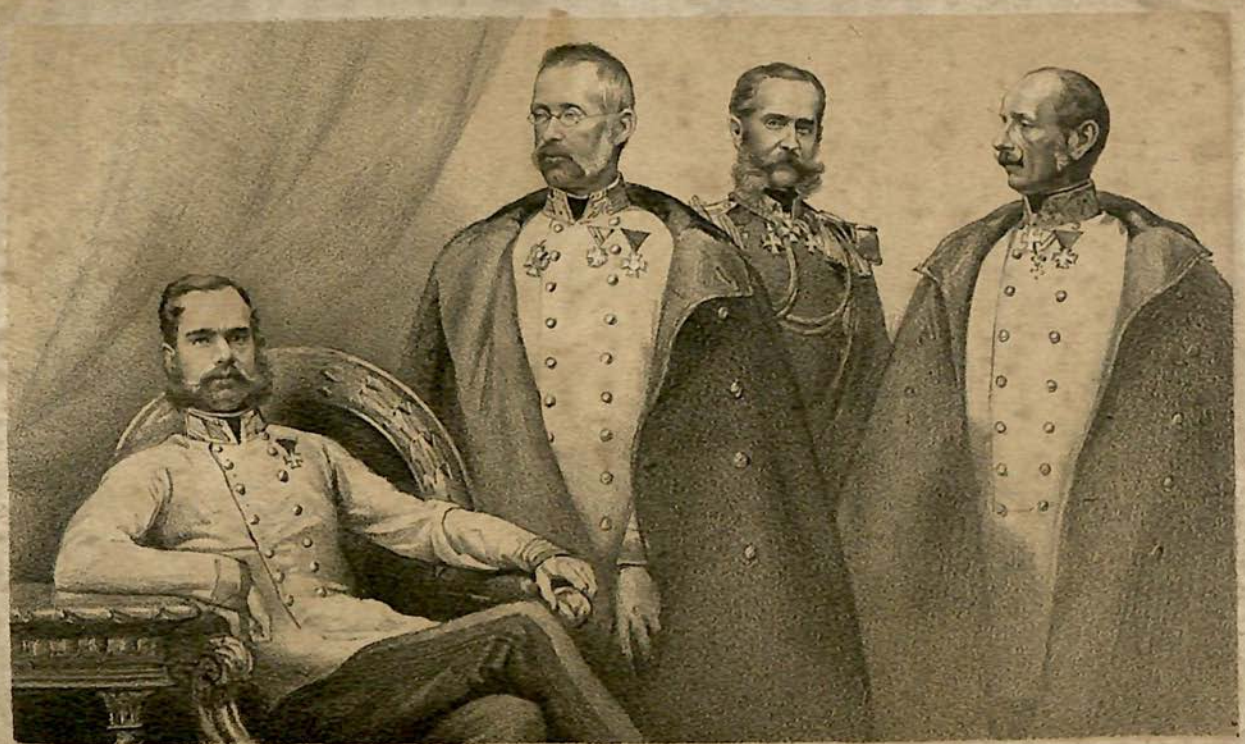
to surrender the position they have so long occupied as the dominant race without a struggle. We have no wish to depreciate their many excellent qualities, their kindliness of disposition, and superior civilization; all we assert is, that they and the Hungarians can never blend into the same people, and the sooner they realize this truth the better for themselves and the State they belong to. Come what may, Austria cannot afford to lose Hungary; it is essential to her very existence; having ceased to be German, she must consent to become Hungarian. She must make up her mind to disregard the opposition of her Teuton subjects. Better lose them altogether, than allow them to stand in the way of the only means of preserving her empire.

The present position of affairs is too critical to hesitate. Desperate ills require desperate remedies, and the sinking ship must even be prepared to throw part of her cargo overboard to preserve the remainder. Austria is placed in the horns of a dilemma, and we see but one way by which she can successfully extricate herself. Any attempt on her part to regain her preponderance in Germany would be a fatal error. She has forfeited it for ever, and can have no title to make any attempt to recover that which it has for years past been evident she never had any right to assume. The removal of the seat of government to Buda-Pesth periodically, if not permanently, with the King of Hungary wearing the crown of her ancient illustrious line of monarchs, and wielding at the same time the sceptre of the Austrian Empire, we regard as the only

means of averting the impending danger that now threatens her of total dismemberment before many years pass away. The Slavonian element is sufficiently powerful in the kingdom of Hungary to form a rallying point for the different nationalities of kindred race inhabiting the other portions of her dominions, and thus give solidity and cohesion to her empire; but Austria must cease to rule by fomenting dissensions among her subjects. She must no longer attempt to hold any particular race in subjection by exciting the antipathy and jealousy of its neighbours. The fatal result of such a policy must be evident to any but an Austrian statesman.

In a loyal and united Hungary, occupying the centre and surrounded by a group of lesser nationalities inferior to herself in wealth, bravery, enterprise, and the art of governing, we have a vision of the only Austria that is possible in the future. The establishment of such an empire would be the best possible guarantee for the welfare of this portion of Europe, when we remember the unsettled state of the Eastern question. In a word, it is impossible to say what good thing fate may have yet in store for these princes of the house of Habsburg, if they have only the wisdom to accept the alternative which is now offered to them. They have still a mission to fulfil, still a destiny to accomplish. Austria is still wanted in the world.

It is evident the rule of the Osmanli is coming to an end in Europe. Who is to fill the gap that will be



EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA ARCHDUKE ALBERT GEN^L VON GABLENZ GEN^L BENEDEK

Day & Son, Lithographers to the Queen

caused by its disappearance? What power is to place itself at the head of the millions of Christian subjects of the Sublime Porte? If Austria is wise she will see in what direction her true interest lies—*Verbum sap.* After all, the much humiliated Francis Joseph, in this instance at least, is not called upon to make any sacrifice derogatory to his dignity as a sovereign, he has but to abandon the old traditions of his house—no easy matter we dare say—and condescend to rule all his people with the same justice, humanity, and liberality. The Slavonians, as well as the Hungarians, are a warm-hearted, chivalrous race, and could easily be won back by kindness and equitable treatment. Even now they are more disaffected to the government of the Germans than to the person of their ruler.

In attempting to effect any such change in his system of government, as we have pointed out, we are fully aware that the Emperor would have to contend with the most decided opposition on the part of the Austro-German aristocracy and the priesthood. The former, who have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of place, power, and influence, must accept their altered fortunes with the best grace they may. It is monstrous to suppose that the sovereign of such an extensive empire as this, composed of so many nationalities, can continue for any length of time to rule over them as he has hitherto done, solely through the instrumentality of a few hundred Teuton families of distinction, and now that the empire is in danger, if they are really good and loyal subjects, they will contentedly acquiesce in

any measure that may have the effect of giving to it cohesion and strength.

The opposition of the priesthood may be more difficult to overcome. Francis Joseph, good Catholic though he be, must not allow the clergy to stand in the way of the true interests, nay, of the very preservation, of his empire. The Romish Church in Austria is exceedingly wealthy; it has large territorial and other possessions in every part of an empire that, from time immemorial, has been regarded as the bulwark of Ultramontanism, and to support which, in times of difficulty, the clerical party have so frequently made the most immense sacrifices; but the time for these things has passed away for ever. If the Emperor of Austria looks to a priest to save him, he may as well abdicate at once. We do not say that he is called upon to abjure the faith of his fathers; but as a large portion of his subjects are members of the Reformed or Greek Churches, we must confess that we think the Concordat was a very great blunder, to use no stronger term, especially as it has rendered the Emperor unpopular with all classes except the Ultramontane party. In short, if he intends to preserve his rule and dynasty, he must become more liberal both in the secular and religious administration of the empire.

The vast dominions over which he reigns comprise some of the finest and most fertile lands in Europe, a great portion of which are still in a state of nature, and we have only to consult the map to become aware of the great extent of what is called the Austrian Em-

pire, and knowing, as we do, that there are immense areas of fertility still unreclaimed, we have no hesitation in saying that this country could support twice its present number of inhabitants, and leave a large portion for exportation. Hungary might become the first wine-growing district in Europe, not even excepting France; yet the poor German emigrant prefers to face the discomforts of a crowded ship, and the dangers of the Atlantic, to the despotism and priestcraft that still weigh like an incubus on the dominions of the Kaiser.

Again, we have only to contemplate her rich gold-mines of Schemnitz and Kremnitz; her inexhaustible fields of coal and iron in Styria, the mountains of rock-salt in Galicia, Salzbourg, and the Tyrol; the quick-silver mines of Idria, and the number of fine rivers which, together with that majestic highway of commerce, the noble Danube, intersect and fertilize this highly-favoured country, so admirably situated to become the emporium of the trade of Europe and Asia, to feel assured that she possesses all the material elements of prosperity. What, then, has condemned this fine empire, where nature has done so much and man so little, to such unmerited neglect? We apprehend that those who have perused our foregoing remarks will be at no loss for a reply.

How different might have been the condition of this country and its inhabitants, had their lot been cast beneath the sway of a more enlightened race of monarchs than the descendants of Rudolph of Habsburg,

who, ever since their advent to rule and power, can take so little credit to themselves for any good they have effected among the numerous populations they have at various times been called upon to reign over. Their plan of government has ever been the same. History tells us that a similar fate awaited German or Slavonian, Italian or Spaniard, Belgian or Hollander—all, in fact, either of the old world or the new, who had the misfortune to acknowledge their supremacy—they were first deprived of their ancient rights and liberties, and then handed over to the jurisdiction of an army of Jesuits to be dealt with according to the formularies of a debasing superstition. Bohemia and Moravia, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria and Carinthia, Belgium and Holland, furnish the most striking examples of their oppressive rule, and it has been invariably followed by the disaffection and demoralization of all those populations that have not succeeded in shaking off its paralyzing influence.

The gallant Dutchmen were the first who emancipated themselves from the debasing yoke of the Austro-Spanish Habsburgs. Their example was followed by the American Colonies. The condition of Hungary has long been one of chronic agitation—a spirit of independence, in permanent antagonism with despotism, ever since Ferdinand I., of Habsburg, in 1526, was invested with the crown and mantle of the great Magyar king, St. Stephen—a conflict—the only possible issue of which would appear to be either the complete independence of Hungary, or the dissolution of the

Austrian Empire. For a graphic picture of the result of Austrian domination in Bohemia in our day, we refer our readers to the quotation we made at the conclusion of Chapter XII. from the Narodni Listy of Prague.

But to return to the Hungarians—the fidelity with which these poor people discharged their duty as subjects to a line of foreign princes, whose only claim to their allegiance was that they were, for the time being, the crowned kings of Hungary, is as marked a trait in the national character, as the firmness they have shown in maintaining for so many centuries their peculiar laws and privileges—in accordance with a code which, singular enough, although coming from Asia—that land of despotism, embodied those great principles of law and freedom which so eminently distinguish our own institutions—such as self-government, a love of justice, and a respect for the established legal authorities. If to this we add that no people, taken in the mass, observe their promises more strictly, or are more faithful friends and generous hosts—as every English traveller must know that has visited their country; the amalgamation of such a people into a mongrel Teuton nationality, like that of Austria, would be a great loss to that section among the great commonwealths of Europe—small enough it must be confessed, which in reality deserve the name of liberal and constitutional, or understand it in the fullest sense of the word. At least none of the Latin races as yet have. The Teuton it is possible might, but we do not feel sure that with their quiet,

easy, good nature, they would pass unscathed were they subjected to the same fire of persecution through which these poor Magyars have had to pass.

The word liberty has, we know, several significations: it may by some persons be considered to mean licence, or the very worst form of government. The movement of the Hungarians in 1848–49 that led to the War of Independence was nothing more than the spontaneous effort of an entire people to reform the abuses of ages—to sweep away from the land all that remained among them of the feudalism of their fathers. In short, to place the whole people, noble and peasant, upon an equality in everything connected with taxation, and to effect a generally improved administration of public affairs. All this would have been peaceably carried out—for the Hungarians, although somewhat fiery in their temperament, have never shown themselves to be a revolutionary people—had it not been for the incessant intrigues of the jesuitical court of Vienna.

True to the crooked policy this unprincipled court has ever pursued when Hungary was concerned, and in order to destroy in the bud any attempt of its subjects to improve their political position, an enemy was raised up in their own home which caused it to become a war of races. In a word, the Slavonian was arrayed in open fight against the Hungarian, which, as our readers must know, led to one of the most fearful wars of modern times. The authors of it have, however, paid dearly for their treacherous policy, in the loss of Lombardy, of

Venetia, and in that sèverest blow of all, the defeat of Königgrätz. For be it remembered, Hungary has ever been the sword and buckler of Austria, in her hour of trial; we cannot therefore be surprised that by this act she should have lost the sympathy of the only nationality, in her widely-extended empire, upon whose chivalrous courage she could rely with confidence.

## CHAPTER XX.

Population of the Austrian Empire.—Slavonians.—Czecks of Bohemia.—Germans.—Sketch of the Hungarian War of Independence.—Panslavism *versus* Magyarism.—Astute Policy of Russia.—Thwarted by the Crimean War.—Countries of the Lower Danube.—Their possible Future.—Hint to Austria.

By the loss of Lombardy and Venetia, the population of the Austrian Empire has been reduced to about thirty-five millions, which may be divided among three great nationalities—the German, the Hungarian, and the Slavonian. As for the other races we meet with in the imperial dominions—the Roumans interspersed among the Magyars of Hungary, the Saxons of Transylvania, and the Italians, who are found principally among the Slavonians of Illyria and Dalmatia, their numbers are too insignificant to have any political weight. The census of the Government, moreover, differs so materially from that of the different nationalities, taken individually, that it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion, it being the design of each, doubtless, from political motives, to swell its own numbers to the utmost possible extent. If we are to credit the Slavonians, who tell us that they number twenty millions, including their brethren the Poles of Galicia, and the Czechs of Bohemia, and the Hungarians, who with the Szoklers

of Transylvania claim to amount to ten millions, there would only remain five millions of Germans.

From intimate acquaintance, extending over many years, with the various populations of this vast territory, whose anomalous position is certain, sooner or later, to attract the attention of the civilized world, our own opinion is, that there are upwards of six millions of pure Germans inhabiting Upper and Lower Austria, and what is called the German Tyrol. They also form a large part of the population in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, to a less extent in these two latter provinces, however, where the Slavonian Wends are in the majority.

The Slavonians are by far the most numerous nationality in the Austrian Empire, but they are inferior to the other two in intelligence, resolution, and enterprise, and in the present day are hardly sufficiently enlightened and advanced to be capable of forming an independent nation in the event of any sudden disruption of the Austrian Empire. It is also very doubtful, should any attempt be made to establish a great Slavonian Empire, whether they would be joined by the Poles of Galicia, and the Czechs of Bohemia. The latter have, both of them, a history of their own, and would probably be unwilling to merge their individual existence in that of a race which, although kindred to their own, they regard as their inferiors in everything but numbers.

The case might be very different, however, in the event of any disaster befalling the Ottoman power, in

European Turkey, when the united Slavonian population of these two empires would amount to at least thirty millions, and being the original inhabitants of these countries, and occupying as they do the whole of the mountain districts and natural fastnesses, they would in a strategic point of view, if they knew how to avail themselves of their position, be the actual masters of the country—a fact which ought not to be lost sight of by the Hungarians and the Germans, whose only claim to it is founded on the right of conquest. Taking this view of the question of nationalities, in an empire so singularly constituted and so loosely held together, it becomes evident that the position of the Hungarians, notwithstanding their patriotism, aptitude for rule and natural bravery, is not without danger, and however anomalous the union, it is possible they may come to see that their interest lies in an alliance with the German, if they find themselves unable to make head against the encroaching spirit of Panslavism. Such an event is by no means improbable, should these kinsmen of the mighty Rouss at some future time find themselves sufficiently strong to raise the standard of insurrection and assert their independence as the Italians and the Germans have done. Example is contagious, and we may yet behold, in these uncertain times, not only the Slavonians, but the Scandinavians, Iberians, Greeks, and half-a-dozen of our other old nationalities trying their hand at the same game of political roulette.

There can be little doubt that Nicholas, the late

Emperor of Russia, had conceived some such scheme, in that restless, ambitious brain of his, when he so readily acceded to the request of the Austrian government, and despatched his legions to the assistance of his loving cousin, the young Emperor Francis Joseph, during the Hungarian War of Independence, in 1849. With the usual astuteness of his race, and pursuing a policy much more Oriental than European—he thus contrived to accomplish a double object, and while laying waste Hungary, with fire and sword, was at the same time weakening the power of Austria—the only rival he thought likely to interfere with his long cherished plan of driving the 'sick man' from Constantinople, and uniting under his own sway the thirty millions of Slavonians, the unwilling subjects of Austria and Turkey.

This notable scheme, so flattering to the vanity of a man who regarded himself as the chosen instrument for carrying out the traditionary policy of Holy Russia, was frustrated, as all the world knows, by the timely intervention of the two Great Western powers. What the ambitious Czar then failed in effecting, may not at some future period be found so difficult of accomplishment by his successors, should these obstinate, self-willed Habsburgs, by their tortuous policy and double-dealing, again drive the fiery Magyar into open revolt. The union of a hundred millions of men of the same race, and nearly of the same creed, under one sceptre, may prove a temptation too strong to be resisted, should a fitting opportunity again occur for carrying it into

execution. Nor must we forget the magnificent territory, so admirable for its position and climate, and the extent and variety of its productions, that would then be added to the already vast dominions of the great power of the North in Europe and Asia.

Knowing somewhat of the unsettled state of this part of Europe, and the fearful calamities which are certain to ensue, should any unforeseen event give rise to the dissolution of the Austrian Empire—we have carefully pointed out in the preceding chapter, the glorious future that still remains open to the princes of the House of Habsburg, if they possess the sagacity to appreciate their true interests, and breaking with the past, turn over a new leaf in the art of governing. In the face of so many perils, we do not hesitate to say, that unless they become more tolerant, and take counsel of clever men of the world, rather than of their father confessors, nothing can save Austria, that splendid inheritance of their fathers, from becoming a mere name in history.

They already possess, these princes of the House of Habsburg, all the elements of success in the character of the various nationalities over whom they still rule. The Slavonians are a hard-working, industrious race, loyal, tractable, and easily governed. Then there are the Germans, and the Hungarians; the former sober, sturdy, and highly-civilized; the latter, high-spirited, warlike, and enthusiastic, easily won by kindness and generosity, and being both accustomed to rule and power, it only remains for the government to enlist

the sympathies, and develop the best qualities of each, without respect of race or creed; and nowhere in Europe is there a finer field for the display of what may be effected by an impartial and equitable rule than in those benighted and long-suffering countries on the Lower Danube. Dark as is the present aspect of affairs, we repeat, that they contain all the elements of a powerful state, if only a man could be found possessed of sufficient tact and energy to weld the whole into something that might be called a united empire. Here is a position for the young Emperor Francis Joseph, to assume, if he be only wise in his generation. Doubtless there are difficulties in the way, but men have been found before now in the history of the world, who would have grappled with and overcome them. Can the memories of centuries of misrule, intolerance, oppression, and all the antipathies of race be so far overcome as to induce the Germans and the Magyars of this distracted empire, to perceive that their best interests lie in cordial co-operation? That is the question, and on its solution depends the future of Austria. Let what will happen, the Russians must not be permitted to replace the government of either the Germans or the Turks, in countries whose great political and commercial importance is so great. Such a result as this must, in the long run, be attended with the most direful consequences to the independence as well as the liberty and prosperity of the whole of the inhabitants of Central and Western Europe.

We are well aware, that in general, our countrymen

give themselves very little concern about the affairs of Continental nations. They probably think that their insular position secures to them an immunity from the dangers and misfortunes of their neighbours, and that the true policy of Great Britain is to stand aloof and look after her own interests and those of her numerous progeny in every part of the world—the colonies that owe their existence to her energy and enterprise. As a mother of nations, she probably thinks that she has quite enough on her hands to attend to, and is content to allow other nations to look after their own affairs themselves.

Such reasoning may appear very specious, and no doubt has much in it that commends itself to the idiosyncracy of a large portion of our countrymen; but it can be easily demonstrated to be equally selfish and shallow. A nation, like an individual, cannot afford to stand alone. Great power implies great influence, and that influence must be wielded for good or laid aside altogether. The liberal government and social virtues of England have won for her a position in which she is looked up to as their protector and guide by many of the nationalities of Continental Europe. It requires but a slight acquaintance with the history of other great and powerful nations that pursued a similar line of policy, to be aware that if she ceases to exert that high prerogative which she wields in virtue of her power and genius, for the benefit of weaker States, she must abdicate the high rank she has so long enjoyed as

a leading power of the civilized world. The interests of nations are inseparably bound up together, and an exclusive and selfish policy of isolation can only be pursued at the expense of all that a truly great people is bound to hold most dear.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Who are the Magyars?—Their early History.—St. Stephen their first King.—Title of Apostolic Majesty first conferred upon a King of Hungary.—Dynasty of Arpad.—Robert of Anjou.—Prosperous Reign of King Louis.—The great Hungarian General Hunyadi.—War with the Turks.—Court of Matthias Corvinus.—Battle of Mohacs.—How the Princes of the House of Habsburg became elected Kings of Hungary.—Misfortunes entailed upon Hungary by their Rule.—The Future of Austria in the Hands of the Magyars.—Foundation for a Slavo-Magyar Empire.—A Plan for the Government of the different Nationalities.

HAVING thus given a slight sketch of the present condition of Austria, and shown how completely she lies at the mercy of the Magyars, should they again, as in 1849, raise the standard of revolt, our readers may, perhaps, be inclined to ask who are these redoubtable Magyars, of whom we hear so much, and to what race, European or Asiatic, do they belong? History, and their own traditions, tell us that they first made their appearance in Europe in the fifth century, and although only numbering some three hundred thousand horsemen, such was their spirit of enterprise and valour, as to keep the whole civilized world in awe of their predatory incursions. After a series of romantic adventures, and almost incredible feats of arms, they finally settled in the Roman province of Pannonia, the beautiful country to which they gave the name of Hungary. It would

fill a volume, were we to attempt to give a detailed account of their foreign wars and conquests in Germany, France, Italy, and the Byzantine Empire, each of which suffered in turn from their ravages; the latter power indeed only purchased its preservation by becoming its tributary.

These expeditions of lawless valour were abandoned after their conversion to Christianity under their sovereign Geysa, whose son Stephen (Saint Stephen) was the first king of Hungary, and may be said to be the founder of the greatness and power of the Magyar Empire. From this period we may date their admission into the ranks of the civilized nations of Europe. King Stephen laboured with indefatigable zeal at the work of evangelization. The pagan rites of the ancient Scythians were everywhere forbidden, under penalty of death. Churches were built, parishes marked out, and priests appointed to their cure. The altars were decorated with extraordinary magnificence, and all was done that taste and even wealth could effect, to impress the minds of the untutored masses with the beauty and sanctity of the new creed. For these pious labours he received from Pope Sylvester II., in the year 1000, the present of a royal crown, and the title of Apostolic Majesty, which the emperors of Austria, as kings of Hungary, still bear.

After the extinction of the dynasty of Arpad, in 1301, from whose followers the Hungarians claim to derive their origin, rather than from the savage hordes of Attila, Hungary continued to increase in civilization

and prosperity. It was during the prosperous reigns of Charles Robert of Anjou, and his son Louis, surnamed the Great, the kinsman of our own Plantagenets, that Hungary made the most rapid strides in power and greatness. The latter prince incorporated Transylvania with Hungary, shattered the mighty power of the Tartars of the Golden Horde in several pitched battles, conquered Naples, Dalmatia, Moldavia and Bulgaria; became elective king of Poland, and raised his country to a high position among the most powerful empires of Christendom.

The valour of their great chieftain Hunyadi shed a fresh lustre on the annals of the Hungarians. He it was that gained the first great successes over the Turks, and arrested their march of conquest on the left bank of the Danube. The reign of Matthias Corvinus is perhaps the most glorious in the history of Hungary. The share he took in the cruel persecution of the Hussites, in Bohemia, Moravia, and in his own dominions, may be regarded not only as a blemish on his character, but as a grave political error, inasmuch as it afforded his enemies, the Turks, an opportunity of recruiting their forces, and paved the way for those disasters which befell Hungary after his death. At the same time there can be no doubt that by his wise administration at home, even more than by his conquests abroad, he promoted the material well-being of the people committed to his charge. He was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences, and his court was frequented by some of the most distinguished scholars

divines, and philosophers of the day. The Library and University of Buda were at that time considered the best in Europe, and became the resort of students from every part of Christendom.

Unfortunately his reign is the last page in the brilliant annals of early Hungarian history. At his death the country was torn by civil and religious dissensions, and weakened by foreign wars, until the decisive defeat of Mohacs (the Flodden field of Hungary) laid her prostrate in the dust, and she fell an easy prey to the remorseless and designing power that had so long cast an envious eye on her fertile territory. Drained of her dearest blood in a succession of desperate encounters with the Turks, Hungary had no choice in her hour of trial but to secure the co-operation and assistance of Austria, by electing a prince of the House of Habsburg as her ruler—at the same time securing to herself her own autonomy, and the rights and privileges of an independent State.

From that day forth the history of Hungary is but the record of a contest between liberty and despotism—between law and arbitrary power—between the defenders of the constitution to which fifty kings had already sworn allegiance and kept their oath inviolate, and the administration of a foreign ruler, whose race, language, and sympathies were alien to the people he was called upon to govern.

Immediately after the battle of Mohacs, Ferdinand I. of Austria laid claim to the crown of Hungary, and was eventually elected by the States-General. Instead

of protecting the country they had sworn to defend, he and his successors continued to drain it of men and money to carry on their wars in Germany and other countries in which the unfortunate Hungarians were in no way interested, until it might almost be a moot point with them whether the rule of the Turk were not preferable to that of the Habsburgs. We have no space to speak of those intestine discords, the result of the tortuous and vacillating policy of those princes, and which, by weakening both Austria and Hungary, encouraged the Turks to invade Europe, and enabled them to push their victorious arms as far as the walls of Vienna, which only owed its preservation to the timely aid of John Sobiesky and his gallant Poles.

Hungary has been termed the sword of Austria, a more apt simile would perhaps be—a dagger at her throat. Truth to say, from the very commencement, in spite of the bravery of her sons, and the fertility of her soil, Hungary has been the skeleton in the House of Habsburg. Every page in their history, since the unlucky day when their destinies were first united, is a record of contention and bloodshed—never were two States less fitted to amalgamate, the spirit of the people —their laws, institutions, and form of government—all were antagonistic.

On the one hand, we have a country ruled over by a princely house, which from the moment its founder raised himself from the position of a petty Swiss Baron to that of Emperor of Germany, aimed at irresponsible power, and persistently strove to crush and repress

every manifestation of civil and religious liberty, not only in his own territories, but in every country to which his influence extended. On the other hand, we have the strange and anomalous spectacle of a people who, although coming from the wilds of Asia, brought with them a species of Constitution which they valued above all earthly blessings. Freedom is as the breath of life to these restless, impetuous, self-willed children of the desert. How could such a race ever be expected to live in peace under the mediæval despotism of Austria!

False to the oath they took to uphold the Constitution of Hungary, the aim of these princes of the House of Habsburg has ever been to deprive the Hungarians of their liberty, and reduce their country to a mere province of Austria. When we remember these things, and bear in mind the influence that has for ages been brought to bear upon them, we cannot but feel that there are few people, who after so many centuries of oppression, would have preserved even the semblance of their original rights and privileges.

While we, on the one hand, admire their tenacity of purpose, and fixed resolution to maintain their rights, we cannot but be amazed at the forbearance they have displayed on so many memorable occasions, when an opportunity has occurred of separating for ever from their rulers. There must be a deep-seated sentiment of loyalty and true generosity in the heart of these poor Magyars, which so far from meeting with any recognition on the part of Austria, has been recklessly ignored

and trampled upon. Let us remember the gallant and generous spirit they have displayed, how they rallied around her in the hour of danger during the reign of Maria-Theresa and the wars of the first Napoleon, two of the most critical epochs in the history of the Habsburgs. Has Austria any right to expect they will display the same magnanimity at the present crisis, fraught as it is with the most imminent peril? Has she done aught to deserve it by any effort to secure their affection, or to convince them of her gratitude? The fate of Austria is in the hands of the Magyars. Will they be true to the chivalrous instinct of a nature that scorns to trample on a fallen foe, draw their swords, and for the third time save the empire from ruin?

The origin of the Magyar is still a subject of dispute among ethnologists. There is much in their appearance and habits that forbids the supposition of their being the descendants of the savage hordes that followed Attila, yet their language certainly points in this direction. At any rate, it is an Eastern dialect, belonging to the Tchudic branch of the Turanian or Finno-Tartaric family, similar to that spoken by the Finns in the present day in North Russia and Lapland. The name Ugric, by which these races are known, still exists in Central Asia, on the confines of China. Yet how different is the lithe, active, handsome Hungarian from his dwarfish, dusky-hued cousin of the North — whose Tartar origin is plainly stamped upon his features. The disparity between the races is so great, the distinctions that separate them so marked, that we are at a loss to

invent any hypothesis based on the assumption of a common origin. If we admit the descent of the modern Hungarians from the ancient Huns—a people of undoubted Mongolian origin—then we must believe that their intermarriages with the beautiful daughters of Illyria—like those of the Turks with the fair Circassians, have had a similar influence in improving the race and imparting a Caucasian type to their features.

It is true, we occasionally find among the Magyars men who possess all the physical characteristics of the Mongolian, but such exceptions establish no criterion in a country that has been from time immemorial the great high road between Europe and Asia, and was for ages a sort of debatable land to be taken possession of and held by any vagabond tribe who for the time being was strong enough to defend it. That the present population of Hungary are a very mixed race, there can be no question. Among them we may trace the well-known characteristics of the Celt and the Saxon—the fair hair and blue eyes of the Goth and Vandal—and the classic features of the Greek and the Roman. The latter are especially numerous in Moldavia and Wallachia, and would seem to show that the former rulers of the world either located themselves here in greater numbers than elsewhere, or fled hither for refuge after the downfall of their empire. Their descendants, even in the present day, notwithstanding they had been frequently conquered by inferior races, have preserved the language and features of ancient Rome. As might be anticipated in a country in which we meet with

representatives of nearly every race in Europe, we find an equally great variety of dialects—a very babel of tongues—such as would puzzle any philologist to classify.

To the student of history these countries on the Lower Danube possess a never-failing interest. Ancient Pannonia recalls the recollection of the Roman dominion; Hungary is associated with the warlike followers of Attila and Arpad; Bulgaria carries us back to the times when the Finns, under their leader Bulgar, after subduing nearly the whole of the inhabitants of the peninsula, now called European Turkey, were in their turn reconquered by the very race they had subjugated —in their case we have the rare instance of a people merging their nationality even to the loss of their mother-tongue in that of the dominant race, the Servians —the whole, however, destined eventually to fall under the rule of the shepherd-followers of the great Othman.

Again, the traveller has only to extend his wanderings through the interior of Bessarabia and the Crimea, or through the Dobrudscha on the right bank of the Danube, to find the remnant of those Tartar tribes who in their day of rule and power bore the name of the Golden Horde, and gave their laws for so many centuries to Russia.

Of all the nationalities we meet with in these countries, the most interesting and by far the most numerous and important are the Slavonians, who, if not the original possessors of the soil, had certainly established an empire, and attained a high degree of civilization and

power at a period antecedent to the foundation of Rome. Coeval with Greece at the zenith of her glory, their dominion under the Illyrian and Moravian Empires extended over a great portion of what is now European Turkey, the whole of the countries on the left bank of Lower Danube, together with the greater part of Central Europe.

Sympathizing, as we do most heartily, with the unmerited sufferings of a race which, from their exposed position, occupying as it were the outworks of civilization, and open to the first brunt of an invasion of the barbarian tribes of Asia, have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Hun, the Teuton, and the Turk, it is impossible not to express a sincere hope for their future regeneration and well-being.

We live in an age of revolutions, and the vast changes now in progress around us in the fortunes of people similarly situated, justify our assumption that the day cannot be far distant when they too shall be restored to their rightful position among the great nations of Europe. That they are fully as deserving of such a destiny as the most fortunate among their contemporaries we can testify from personal experience, having frequently sojourned among them in their out-of-the-way provinces of Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube. They are frank, honest, straightforward, and trustworthy, and their manly independence of character and genial hospitality cannot fail to win the sympathies of any unprejudiced traveller. If they do not possess the commercial spirit of the shrewd, calculating Greek,

Zinzar, or Armenian, they are in a tenfold degree more truthful and reliable, and nothing speaks more highly for their natural integrity of character than the fact, that they are altogether free from the vices of low cunning and deceit, that almost universally characterize every race that has been degraded by centuries of hopeless slavery. It is especially in their mountain home, however, where their wants are few and easily satisfied, and where they are less exposed to the contaminating influence of a spurious civilization, that their virtues are most conspicuously displayed.

Our readers must not suppose, from the preceding remarks, that we are an advocate for raising up a Magyar or Illyrian Empire. We are well aware that such a sudden change in their present political condition would have the effect of converting the entire country into an arena of civil strife, in which we should probably see Magyars and Slavonians, Greeks and Albanians, Roumanians and Servians, all striving for the mastery, and cutting each other's throats with the most hearty goodwill.

There was a crisis some centuries ago, when, had the destinies of Austria been swayed by an enlightened and politic prince, he might have welded into one homogeneous mass the various component parts of his vast dominions; but the opportunity was missed, and in the present day, we think that the only possible plan is to form various political confederations. An Austro-Germany for the Germans—a Hungary for the Hungarians—a Slavonia for the Slavonians—each with its own

administrative organization, and a central Parliament or Congress at Vienna or Buda-Pesth.

The same plan might, with advantage, be adopted among the Christian subjects of the Sultan, by restoring the ancient kingdoms of Albania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, each revolving in its own political orbit with a distinct Diet and code of laws—subject, of course, to the central government at Constantinople. If this were done, we should hear no more either of the question of nationalities in Austria, or that eternal bugbear, the Eastern question. Of one thing, however, we may feel perfectly certain, tutored as these different races, both in Austria and Turkey, have been of late years by Italian and Prussian agents, in anticipation of making them subservient to their own purpose during the war with their common enemy, Austria, there is no time to be lost in effecting some such arrangement as we have proposed, unless their rulers would see their respective countries distracted by insurrectionary movements.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Physical Qualities of the Austrian Empire.—Her Geographical Position and its Advantages.—Extraordinary Fertility of Hungary.—Effects of bad Government.—Undeveloped Resources of the Country.—Droughts of Hungary.—Their Remedy.—The Concordat and the Pope.—'Austria as it is,' by an Austrian Nobleman.—Priests.—Army.—Government.—People.—Public Opinion in Austria.—Francis Joseph and the Jesuits.—What will he do with them?

THE Austrian Empire, which owing to its great extent ranks next to Russia and Scandinavia, embraces a greater quantity of alps and mountains than any other European State. The Tyrolian and Carnic alps, with the great chain of the Carpathians, Giant mountains, Salzburg, and others of lesser altitude; while they serve as a national defence against the approach of an enemy from whatever quarter he may come, at the same time shield it in a great measure from the chilly blasts of the North, and the too scorching rays of a Southern sun, leaving it only open towards the East by the great valley of the Danube. Would it not thus appear as if Providence had destined that the mission of the ruler of this highly-favoured region was to conquer and civilize the countries that lay in that direction—to enlighten and educate a people who, of every other in our hemisphere, stand most in need of the intelligence of the West, and

a more enlightened creed than that taught by the Prophet Mahomet?

Even the whole of the principal rivers of this magnificent empire flow towards the East. Among these the Danube is the most important, then there is the Save, and the Drave. The first is navigable from Laibach to Belgrade; the latter, after receiving the Mur at Gratz, in Styria, is also navigable to Essek, in Hungary, where it joins the Theiss—the Patissus of the Romans—this fine river takes its rise in the Carpathians, and after running through the centre of Hungary, empties its waters into the Danube at Slankeman. Austria also possesses the Moldau, which, falling into the Elbe below Prague, might at no very great expense be united with the Danube by means of a canal, and thus open an uninterrupted communication by water between the Black Sea and the German Ocean; in the same manner the Vistula, which rises in Austrian Silesia, might also, by means of a canal, be connected with the Danube, and thus afford the means of transit to the Baltic.

With respect to the natural fortifications to which we have alluded above, if we direct our attention to the South of Austria, we shall find that her Alpine regions the Tyrol, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, now that she has lost her rule in Italy, render her invulnerable against any attack from that quarter. The grand chain of the Carpathians with the Riessengebirge, Fichtelgebirge, and the Salzburg mountains protect her in the same manner from any sudden invasion on the side of

Russia, Prussia, South Germany, or Switzerland. Thus intrenched behind nature's own rocky walls it would appear as if all that she required was a clear-headed ruler to erect out of such splendid materials one of the strongest empires in Europe. She is far more compact than she has ever been before, for having no longer a Lombardo-Venetia to defend on the other side of the Alps—nor a traditionary German policy to distract and weaken her—she can direct her whole attention to the better administration of her own hereditary dominions, and work out her appointed mission, now that the force of circumstances—her geographical position and the civilization of her people—point out to her what ought to be her future line of action.

Never had these Princes of the House of Habsburg at any former period of their history a more favourable opportunity of extending and consolidating their empire. They are still the hereditary chiefs of as brave and vigorous a race of men as any in Europe, and now that the 'sick man' at Constantinople is approaching his last gasp, they have only to break with the past, and pursue the policy we alluded to in our last chapter, to attract to their rule the whole of the Christians of European Turkey of Illyrian origin—a policy which would at once settle the Eastern question, and put an end for ever to the intrigues of Russia in that quarter. Unless this is done, the fate of the Princes of the House of Habsburg is sealed.

Before finally leaving Austria, we will endeavour to describe the interior of this magnificent empire, and

thus show our readers the great capabilities it possesses of becoming one of the most prosperous countries in our hemisphere, if its rulers have the ability to call them into existence. Hungary is by far the most fertile, and the most important in a commercial and political point of view. With few exceptions it is a vast plain enclosed on every side by an encircling chain of mountains of greater or less elevation, as if intended by nature to form a little world in itself. It is impossible to travel in this delightful land of the Magyar, where you see the vine and every description of cereal and fruit-tree peculiar to such a latitude arriving to the very highest perfection, without coming to the conclusion that Attila and his Huns could not have been the barbarians the old writers represented them to be. One thing at least is certain, they must have been men of no ordinary capacity in that dark age, otherwise they would not have selected out of their numerous conquests such an Eden as this for their future home.

With the exception of a few sandy districts in the interior part of the highlands, Hungary may be termed one of the most fertile countries in Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that if it were cultivated as it ought to be, the Delta of the Nile would not be more productive than that part of its territory extending from the capital Buda-Pesth, along the banks of the Danube, to Orsova. The same may be said of the valley of the Theiss, the Banat-Syrmia, the Woiwodina,[8] and numerous other Comitates, and remote districts in the interior—a great part of which, owing to the want of

inhabitants, and the uncertainty of what a day will bring forth in a country that may be said to have been in a state of insurrection ever since 1849, are lying in a state of nature, or appropriated to the grazing of vast herds of half-wild cattle. All these lands, however, might easily be converted into agricultural fields—the soil being for the most part a mixture of sand and dark loam—of immense depth, light and easily worked, which leads to the conjecture that the whole of what is called the great plain of Hungary, must have been at some distant period the bed of an Island sea. Even in the wildest part of the interior, where the sole occupation of its scanty inhabitants is pastoral, when you chance to meet with a patch of cultivated ground, you are at once as much surprised as pleased to see the maize, that favourite cereal of a Magyar peasant, growing to a height of at least from eight to ten feet; not in consequence of any particular skill in the art of agriculture, for these children of nature, true to the instincts of their race as a wandering tribe, are the most original of all husbandmen, rarely giving themselves any more trouble about their crops, than merely to scratch a hole in the ground with the hoe, then throwing in the seed leave the rest to chance and the kindly influences of nature.

To form, however, anything like a correct estimate of the great fertility of Hungary, and indeed that of the whole of the provinces belonging to Austria and Turkey on the Lower Danube, we must extend our researches to the neighbourhood of large towns—and to what is called

the agricultural districts—when we shall see such abundant crops of wheat, maize, and every other cereal, with flax, hemp, cotton, and tobacco, as are rarely met with elsewhere. It is equally remarkable, that a succession of crops has not the effect of exhausting the soil—thereby showing that it possesses in a high degree those chemical compounds to which scientific men have given the name of phosphates—and which are so essential to the growth of vegetation.

Liebig, the well-known chemist, in his treatise on phosphorus and its properties as a regenerator, says that this constituent is nowhere found to exist in greater abundance than in the Deltas of the Nile and the Danube—hence their extraordinary fertility. The same great authority moreover tells us that it was the exhaustion of this great regenerator that reduced to a species of desert all those fair lands that were first inhabited by man—such as the great plains of Babylon, Nineveh, and other vast countries of Asia Minor, and which, in process of time, must be the fate of all our over-peopled countries of Europe, unless some artificial means can be devised for reproducing it. Without attempting to dispute the theory of so great an authority, we are, nevertheless, inclined to think, from personal observation, that war, insurrection, and the inroad of barbarism which led to the destruction of the forests —those great attractors of rain and moisture—had as much, or perhaps, more, to do with the barrenness of the land than the exhaustion of his favourite phosphates —causing a succession of long droughts, and consequent

drying up of nearly all the ancient springs and rivers of these countries.

We had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this during a tour we made in Hungary in 1863—a year which will be long remembered by the inhabitants of that country, visited as it then was by one of the most calamitous droughts on record. It will be sufficient to say that in all those districts through which we then passed, where there were no forests nor trees of any description to temper the great heat of the sun,—and unhappily that is the usual character of a country that has been so repeatedly overrun by the Turks, so frequently the theatre of war,—they more resembled a desert than the happy Arcadia we had seen on a former visit—whereas whenever we approached a forest, or even a clump of fruit-trees, there was not only an instantaneous balmy softness perceptible in the air but a striking change in the landscape—at least there was something green in the shape of food for the cattle, and the crops, although they looked sickly, promised some slight return to the husbandman.

There is no doubt that the sad state of Hungary in 1863, happily of rare occurrence, might have been prevented by a well-organized system of irrigation, such as we see in Lombardy: for there is no want of fine rivers, mountain streams, and rivulets; but as the peasants are too poor to do it themselves, and the proprietors, from over-taxation and other causes, are unable to do it for them, this beautiful country, which might become with Roumania and the other provinces of Turkey on the

Lower Danube, the granary of Europe, are of no more use to our superabundant population of the West than if they were situated at the Antipodes. It is needless to say how valuable they would be, and what a blessing to the inhabitants, were they under the rule of a government possessed of sufficient intelligence to turn them to a profitable account; we should then have no occasion to look to America for our supply of corn; we should have it, and in abundance, as it were at our very door.

If you mention the subject to a Magyar landholder, and express your surprise that something of the kind is not done, he invariably refers you to the dreadful war of 1849, martial law, the insecure state of property, and the great probability that in the next outbreak, should his party happen to be the loser, his lands would be transferred to the hands of a stranger. How can we reply to such language as this? Comments are useless. All that we can say is, that a government so utterly careless of its own interests, and that of the people committed to its charge, has been justly punished!

But to return to our subject. If Hungary, owing to its great extent and the excellency of its productions, has been called the fairest jewel in the crown of Austria, there are other kingdoms, duchies, principalities, and margravates in this widely-extended empire equally deserving of notice, such as Bohemia, Moravia, and Galicia, the Tyrol and Transylvania, Styria, Carniola, Carinthia, and the other Slavonian provinces on the Lower Danube, which if not quite so fertile and pro-

ductive, all add, in some shape or other, to the wealth and necessities of the State. Then there is Illyria and Dalmatia, with their long line of coast on the Adriatic, so famous for their fisheries, wines, and oil, and hardy race of seamen. In short, the reader has only to take up the map, when he will no doubt come to the conclusion that there are few countries in this age of railway and steam navigation better placed for carrying on a lucrative commerce with the two most important divisions of our hemisphere, Europe and Asia. Its climate also is most agreeable, the heat never oppressive, nor the cold what can be termed severe, with this great advantage, that there never can be an absolute dearth of provisions in a country where in one part of it, as in Dalmatia, Illyria, and South Tyrol, the corn ripens as early as June, while in its central and northern districts the harvest rarely commences till July, August, and sometimes so late as September.

In nearly every part of the empire vast forests cover the highlands abounding with every description of game, and at the same time they serve as a never-failing supply of fuel to the inhabitants of the lowlands. The Alpine region with their chamois and wild goats—more especially that called the Carnic Alps and the Salzkammergut, so rich in precious stones and rare botanical plants, contains here and there, as at Adelsberg, what is rarely found elsewhere—the romantic grotto and the deep cavern, with their singular lakes, that appear and disappear at certain seasons as regularly

as the swallow. Then we have the ruined castle and the palace-like monastery perched upon every mountain and hill-top, which, while they add a more picturesque character to the landscape, tell us what this country was in the olden time and what it is now—the stronghold of the monks—the last resting-place of a debasing superstition which, having been driven from nearly every other country in civilized Europe, has here found a home.

We cannot say much for the prosperity or industry of a country where more than one half of its able-bodied inhabitants are soldiers, civil employés, or members of some monastic order, but as we do not wish the assertion to rest upon our unsupported testimony, we will subjoin what the talented author of 'Oesterreich, Ungarn, und die Woiwodina,' thinks of them as a class.

'It cannot be disputed,' says he, 'that our recent misfortunes have been principally owing to the absence of that hearty goodwill and unanimity of patriotic feeling among the numerous nationalities, of which our unlucky empire is composed. Still, bad as all this undoubtedly is, there are other causes which if not quite so palpable are equally influential, and none more so and more deserving of reform than the two large armies of monks and soldiers that have been for so many centuries eating into the very vitals of the State, and what is still worse, while the one is the cause of much immorality, the expense of maintaining the other is so overwhelming as to have brought our country to a state of bankruptcy without the consolation—owing to its

faulty organization—of having won a single victory for us worth recording during the last century. Again, as if we had not already more than enough of these idle drones the monks, is it not lamentable to see them coming over to us in thousands from Italy, and settling in all our towns and cities, as if this unlucky Austria of ours was their veritable patrimony?'

This is very severe language to come from the pen of an Austrian nobleman, and very significant of the revulsion of feeling that has taken place in men's minds since the late war. Still this language may be termed mild compared with what you now everywhere hear on this subject in private circles, and not unfrequently meet with in the public journals—as if the executive had altogether lost the power of controlling public opinion. In nothing, however, has this new spirit shown itself more strongly than in the animosity that has so suddenly sprung up against the Jesuits who, down to the present time, might be said, so far as the education of the higher classes is concerned, and their influence with the Emperor and his Government, to be to all intents and purposes, the real rulers of the empire; and this feeling has gone on increasing to such a fearful extent, mingled as it is here and there with cries of 'Down with the Jesuits!' as to compel the municipalities of Vienna and the other large cities of the empire to lay the state of affairs before the Emperor. Poor Francis Joseph, what will he do in this dire extremity? There is that unlucky Concordat which has made him so unpopular with his subjects—binding

him to the Pope; and His Holiness in such matters is a most exacting master. Will he, in this emergency, divorce himself from the past, and save his throne; or, like a good Roman Catholic, trust to the prayers of his Church and the intercession of his patron saint to work a miracle in his behalf?

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Absence of diplomatic and military Talent in Austria.—How accounted for.—Austrian Nobility.—Their Pride of Ancestry.—Their Exclusiveness.—Their monopolizing Tendencies.—Its pernicious Influences upon the Prosperity of the Country.—The Austro-Deutschthum of Vienna contrasted with the Magyarthum of Pesth.—The Habsburg System of Rule, and what it has led to.—Hostile Feeling of the People towards the Jesuits.

DYNASTIES may pass away, Kaisers may abdicate, as they have done before, but no people unless thoroughly demoralized, resign themselves to despair because they have been worsted in the field; and this new spirit, so generally manifested by these sorely-tried subjects of the Habsburgs, is a sufficient proof that they have not been priest-ridden beyond redemption, as some late writers on the state of Austria would fain make us believe. On the contrary, knowing them and their aspirations as we do, we feel confident they only want a leader with sufficient determination to head the movement to see this unlucky empire again take its place among the great powers of the world. Such a one, for instance, as Prussia in her hour of peril found in M. von Bismarck—who, if he had made one false step, would have overthrown the mighty fabric the Hohenzollerns have been for so many centuries building up. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some of the acts of

this great statesman are open to censure, but as his measures have been crowned with success, it must be admitted that he was the right man in the right place. At all events he completed the gigantic task he had undertaken, and that is much to say in his behalf, in an age that is not particularly conspicuous for its great political characters.

There is nothing so disagreeable to a well-disposed traveller as to be compelled to speak harshly of the intellect and social character of any class of men; but when questions of great political importance are involved, the truth must be told. In this instance we may be excused if we say we do not think that the whole of the Austro-Deutschthum could furnish a man equal to the great Prussian in energy, intellect, and sound common sense; and for this reason the education imparted to a people by narrow-minded Jesuits is so much inferior to that usually received by a Protestant gentleman in Protestant countries, and must ever be so, so long as the one faith persists in chaining down the intellect—and the other allows it to expand to the fullest proportions of manly vigour. This is the reason that men of heroic stamp, whether warriors or statesmen, are so rare in Austria. So far as the sixteen quarterings, pure lineage, prepossessing appearance, and ample fortune is concerned, nowhere do you find a more unexceptionable nobility than in the Austro-Deutschthum. They are everything that can be desired in the salon and on the parade—they do not want for dash and spirit on the battle-field, but of men endowed

with high mental capacity, and the ability to take advantage of circumstances—adverse or favourable—so indispensable in a man invested with high authority—they have furnished few examplars to adorn the page of history. This superficial education they have been receiving, as a class, for so many generations from the Jesuits, and the fact of never being allowed to think for themselves, may, in some measure, account for the disasters and humiliations which have so often been the fate of the Austrian army in its conflicts with that of the Bonapartes and the Hohenzollerns, more especially as it is from their class, almost exclusively, are selected the men to fill the highest offices of the State, both civil and military.

Again, to what other cause than their incapacity to wield the destinies of a great empire can we attribute the fact that their policy has always been characterized by an obstinate adherence to the traditions of the past —a refusal to march with the times—to keep pace with the spirit of the age. But as a tree is known by its fruits, the verdict against their policy, Kaiser, nobles, Jesuits, and all, is based upon the fact that, while every other European State has been advancing in prosperity, their Austria, year after year, has not only been growing poorer and poorer, but what little commerce it had, is passing into other hands.

If we wish to see a really patriotic people, and enjoy their society, we must leave Vienna and its lords of the sixteen quarterings and visit Pesth, the beautiful city of the Magyars. There we shall find an aristocracy who

have not only the name but the characteristics of the noble—men who are at once brave, enthusiastic, and enterprising, and not wedded to the antiquated prejudices of a bygone age. It is here among this chivalrous high-spirited race, we must look for those elements of strength and power which can alone resuscitate the inert, and almost lifeless Austria of the day, and truly there never was a more urgent necessity for a strong and vigorous government, in this part of Eastern Europe, than at the present moment.

How bitter, then, must be the regret of those European powers interested in the fate of Turkey, and the solution of the Eastern question, when they review the past, and remember the supineness that permitted the intervention of Russia in the quarrel between Austria and Hungary in 1848–49. Still all is not lost; for however severely those gallant Magyars may have suffered for the last sixteen years from the combined evils of martial law, and the consequent ruin of everything in the shape of remunerating industry, there is no sign of despair among them. Nay, they appear to become more and more patriotic as they become poorer and poorer, more and more determined to have their rights as their difficulties multiply, more and more resolved to settle the question by an appeal to arms, should they be driven to that alternative by their ill-advised sovereign.

We will conclude our observations upon this once mighty empire by asking a few questions, in the belief that the answers we shall venture to give will tend to

elucidate the subject, if they do not altogether dispose of it. We shall endeavour to show how some of the greatest rulers that ever swayed the destinies of man, when at the very zenith of their power, became, by one false step in their policy, the instruments of their own destruction—the pilots of their own shipwreck.

How is it that these Habsburg princes, who date the commencement of their monarchical rule six hundred years ago, have never been able to win over to their system of government any one of the numerous nationalities that has from time to time been added to their widely-extended empire? How is it that, of all the European princes, they alone have never been able to unite their subjects into something resembling a common fatherland, cemented and held together in the hour of danger, and on the battle-field by one inspiring sentiment? How is it that the prosperity of their people has not kept pace with that of other countries less favourably placed, less capable of improvement? How is it that while their rivals, the Hohenzollerns, have been advancing, year after year, century after century, in prosperity and political influence, they have been losing the affection and confidence of their subjects, wealth, credit—in a word, all that gives power to a State?

The answer is for ever engraved in the pages of the history of Germany, of Spain, Italy, the Netherlands—in short, in that of every country over which a Habsburg exercised sovereign power, or where his influence extended. This hereditary hatred to their

rule, and even to their name, had its origin in the system of government pursued by these princes through weal and woe, and from which they never deviated, with one solitary exception, in the person of Joseph II. But, like every other system that is selfish and intolerant, while it gave them empire and elevated them to the highest place among the rulers of men, it had the effect of enlarging still more the impassable gulf that divided them from any feeling in common with their subjects that was not enforced by the sword.

We will now proceed to describe in what manner this system first commenced. The student in history is no doubt aware that about six centuries ago, at a time when the power of the Church was at its zenith, a petty Swiss Graf, named Rudolph von Habsburg—a man of very superior intelligence for the time in which he lived—having, through the influence of the then reigning Pope, elevated himself to the throne of the Cæsars, in return for the high honour conferred upon him, swore eternal fealty, both for himself and successors, to the Church and her Pontiffs.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat what is so well known, that so long as the power of the Tiara lasted they prospered, and only fell when it declined. It is equally well known that throughout the long tenure of power enjoyed by the princes of this house, wherever heresy to the Church was to be exterminated, even though by fire and sword, there was a Habsburg and his legions ready to execute the commission.

Can we then wonder that, stained as their history is with the cruelties of Papal Rome, they were never able, even at the height of their power, to command the respect and goodwill of their subjects, thus affording another and a very striking example to the rulers of men, of the danger they incur, should they be induced, for the acquirement of some coveted object, to abuse their power.

Time was when nations were looked upon as made for sovereigns, to be transferred from the rule of one to the other, as if they were nothing better than so much live stock. That period has happily passed away, at least, in our civilized part of the world. Prince Metternich, the well-known Austrian statesman, must have had some prophetic anticipation of this, and what was to be the future of the Austrian Empire, when he exclaimed to those arouud him, in 1848, *Après moi le déluge;* and never was a prediction more fully verified, so far as this motley empire of the Habsburgs, with its discordant elements and conflicting interests, is concerned. The hand of fate has been long and heavily laid upon them; ay, long before the battle of Sadowa, or the great Napoleonic wars, showing itself in a hundred ways and on a hundred occasions: in the sudden collapse of their power, and that of every ally they had, or could depend upon; in the unavailing heroism of their defeated armies; in the repeated invasions of their bitterest enemies; in the brand of the freebooter; in an empty exchequer; in the sullen discontent of an entire people. In vain our heroic

Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, of Savoy, lent their powerful aid to assist them. In vain millions of English money have been lavished upon them during the late war, to enable them to maintain an army and strike a successful blow for the independence of Europe. It was of no avail: the same ill luck seemed to pursue them in everything they undertook, alike in the cabinet as on the battle-field.

Even now such is the infatuated determination of these princes of the House of Habsburg to remain wedded to the past, let what will happen, though they have been visited by a series of misfortunes such as rarely falls to the lot of a crowned head in our days, there is no change in their system of government. The Jesuits are now the same favourites at court that they have ever been, the same real legislators of the country, and ever will be so long as they enjoy the confidence of the sovereign, and that of the ladies of his court. They still hold in their hands that great engine of power and influence, in Roman Catholic countries, the education of the people. Again, is it not provoking to be obliged to record, in this nineteenth century of ours, the melancholy fact that, in no country but this, not even in benighted Spain, do we find each separate article of the Papal Concordat so rigorously enforced, and nowhere does it give rise to so many family quarrels where the parents of children happen to be of a different creed? Finally, it would be difficult to find elsewhere than in this singularly-governed country, the inhabitants of the large towns and cities

more enlightened, the masses more utterly ignorant, more grossly superstitious; or where, according to the whim of some great personage in power, the public money is so lavishly squandered in the building and decorating of some splendid shrine or chapel for the encouragement of Mariolatry.

Now, as facts are stubborn things that cannot be refuted by any sophistry, and as we do not wish to be accused of exaggeration in our statements, we have determined to step a little out of the way before leaving Austria, and describe one of the most famous shrines in that country dedicated to the worship of the Virgin. In selecting Maria Zell, we do it for the double purpose of showing the reader some of the most beautiful mountain scenery to be found in any country, and of enabling him to judge for himself the state religion has attained in Austria under the tuition of the Jesuits.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Visit to the Madonna of the Styrian Alps.—Beautiful Scenery.—First View of the Holy City.—Way-side Altars.—Number of the Pilgrims.—Church of Maria Zell.—Miraculous Image of the Virgin.—Beauty of the Shrine.—History of the Image.—Its great Antiquity.—Similar to those found in Egypt, Syria, and Greece.—The Emperor Joseph II. and the Jesuits.—What he did in the Holy City.—Demoralizing Influence of Religious Pilgrimages.—Dangerous Expression of Opinion in Austria.

We know not if any of our readers, in their summer visits to Germany, have extended their wanderings to the Alpine districts of Upper Styria; if not, we would recommend them, on their next tour, should they happen to have a taste for the romantic, the picturesque, and the wonderful, not to neglect bending their steps in the direction of the Zeller-thal, where they will be afforded an opportunity of contemplating, at a glance, one of the most singularly impressive objects to be found in any country. Imagine a fairy city, with its palace, church, dome, and spire, rising up in the midst of a wilderness of rock, glen, defile, gorge, and mountain, and you have an idea of the far-famed Maria Zell—just such a vision, when seen for the first time, as would be certain to exalt the feelings of a devotee to the wildest enthusiasm.

Whatever sins the elders of the Church of Rome may have to answer for, their enemies must admit that

they never have been surpassed by any other class, or body of men, in the art of combining the splendour of external appearance and internal decoration with the rites of their Church. Of this we have a striking example before us, in the selection of such a bright spot as this, for the erection of a temple that should, in every respect, be worthy of the habitation of such a world-wide celebrity as the miraculous Maria of the Zell.

Approach the holy city from whichever route you may, whether from Vienna, Lintz, Salsburg, Eissenertz, or Leoben, you travel through the most romantic scenery, and over roads not only well kept, but so admirably arranged with a view to effect, that notwithstanding you, every now and then, catch the glimpse of a bright gilt cross, as it were, suspended in the heavens, indicating that you have only to ascend the next hill, and then descend, when you will bring your journey to a close. Delusive hope! You no sooner arrive there than you, all at once, lose sight of the beautiful emblem of man's redemption, and imagine that you must have taken the wrong turning and lost your way. Thus you are purposely kept, by the original projector of the road, in a state of continual hope and suspense, now passing over a succession of hills, then winding this way, then that, until, at the very moment when you are about to give up in despair all hope of reaching the Holy City, you make a sharp turn, there is a sudden break in the hills, and you are struck speechless with astonishment as your eye first catches

a glimpse of the holy mountain, crowned with its sacred pile, like a vision of enchantment in the wilderness.

But this is not all; from the moment that you touch the first spur of a mountain so highly honoured as this, a succession of the most gracefully-constructed little temples greet the eye of the traveller, most admirably placed with regard to scenic effect. Here you have as their foreground, a fairy grove of ever-green pines, mingled with holly, and every species of wild mountain shrub and flower. There, an avenue of rocks, clothed with the soft verdure of green moss, crossed and intermingled throughout the whole extent with every species of creeping plant peculiar to a mountain district. At one time you see them crowning the summit of some apparently inaccessible crag, at another, hanging as it were, to the side of a steep hill, but in whatever position they are seen, your road leads past them, and you must admire them for their beauty. The reader, however, must not imagine that these little temples have been built merely for the purpose of imparting an additional charm to the great beauty of the landscape. No such thing. They have all been constructed on the same plan, and with the same view to minister to the superstition of the masses. They are nothing more than stations in the Via Santa; in each of which the pilgrim is enjoined, by the ministers of his Church, to pray, before he can be considered in a fit state to appear at the footstool of the Queen of Heaven, and have his petitions granted, his malady cured, and his sins forgiven.

Maria Zell, usually called Die Heilige Stadt (Holy City), is built, like Rome, upon seven hills. Its ordinary population is about fifteen hundred, but the dwellings are so arranged with their outhouses, capacious barns, and stables, as to be able to accommodate fifty thousand pilgrims, independent of another thirty or forty thousand encamped in the fields. The greatest gatherings on record took place on the sixteenth jubilee of the Miraculous Image in 1759, and in honour of the important victories obtained by the Empress Maria-Theresa over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, through the assistance of her English allies, when the number of pilgrims amounted to nearly four hundred thousand. Since then they never exceeded a hundred thousand, let the occasion be what it might. The preparations that had been made for celebrating the so-called seventeenth jubilee of the image, and which was expected to be carried out with more than usual splendour, did not take place, owing to the loss of Lombardy, and the great reverses the Austrian arms sustained in Italy, which, singularly enough, happened on the same year as the jubilee. This, however, must not be accepted as an evidence that the influence of Our Lady of the Styrian Alps has declined, for on the destruction of the beautiful church that had been erected to her honour, means were speedily afforded by a generous emperor, and the contributions of the faithful to rebuild it with increased splendour.

The first object that strikes your attention on entering the church is a small chapel, guarded by a strong railing

constructed of solid silver; in front of which you see at every hour of the day, a crowd of devotees on their knees, supplicating various boons from the miraculous image within. On a nearer approach, and as the crowd gives way, you behold the diminutive figure of a woman with a child in her arms, dimly lighted up by the rays of a single lamp. But so well arranged is the light, and with such artistic effect, that, while it throws a supernatural halo around the figures, and increases the brilliancy of the priceless jewels with which mother and child are covered, the whole scene excites in the mind of the beholder an involuntary feeling of awe and veneration, when he thinks of that wonderful event through which a sinful world was redeemed from perdition.

Apart from every other feeling, looking at the whole with the eye of an artist, it is impossible to deny that it is perfect in its way. There is nothing tawdry in the dresses; the ornaments are all of the best, selected with great taste, skilfully executed, and so placed as to show off their various beauties to the greateat advantage. The same may be said of the embellishments; the figures of saints, and angels, the blue firmament above, studded with stars and winged cherubs, all is in keeping with the sanctity of the design, all that the most exacting devotee could wish for in a dwelling for the Queen of Heaven! With such an exhibition as this before us, can we feel surprised that in the olden time, these clever priests of the Church of Rome reigned supreme over a superstitious world.

We will not test the patience of the reader as the

sacristan did ours, by detailing the long catalogue of miracles performed, and cures effected, through the healing powers of Our Lady of the Zell. He will, no doubt, be more interested if we tell him that the image is unquestionably of very great antiquity. It is one of those, of which there are still several to be met in Asia, Greece, and the Illyrian Peninsula. They are held in great veneration by the inhabitants; and if we believe the accounts of the Germans, who are generally men of great research, they were originally brought from Egypt and India, where they were worshipped as idols by the inhabitants long before the coming of Christ. The same writers also inform us that they were first brought over to our Latin countries, when everything bearing the semblance of a graven image was destroyed by the iconoclasts, and have ever since been strictly excluded by the Eastern Church. They are all modelled after a similar fashion, and carved out of the same description of dark-coloured wood, which is either not inflammable or has been rendered so by some chemical agent. The character of the features of those among them, whose antiquity cannot be questioned, very much resembles that of the Copts of Egypt.

It will not be necessary to trouble the reader with the romantic history of our image at Zell, and the wonderful adventures that befell it during its travels from Palestine, till it reached its present resting-place. Still, he may be interested to learn that there are authentic records which say that it has been worshipped in its present home for more than ten centuries.

Tradition, however, goes much further back, and tells us it crossed the Carnic Alps, in the second century of the Christian era, and goes on to say how it was first discovered in the cell of a hermit, by a party of gallant knights on their return home after hunting the chamois. Be this as it may, it is quite certain a church was built here for its reception many years ago, and a thousand acres of the best land in the vicinity set apart for maintaining the services. It is also true that the most costly presents have been made to its shrine, from time to time, not only by each successive sovereign of the House of Habsburg, but by the princes and nobles of the land.

It appears to have attained the zenith of its glory and reputation during the reign of the Empress Maria-Theresa. Her strong-minded son Joseph (surnamed the Heretic by his enemies the Jesuits) must have been very sceptical of its miraculous powers, since one of his first acts on coming to the throne was to apply its accumulated wealth to the necessities of the State. Nay he went so far as to melt down the whole of the gold and silver ornaments—saints, angels and all—not sparing even the silver statues of his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. These sacrilegious spoliations were, however, to a certain extent, replaced by his more devout successors, and it is well known that one of the first acts of the present Emperor Francis Joseph and his Empress was a propitiatory pilgrimage to Maria Zell —or, as she is called by the mountaineers, Our Lady of the Alps.

So far as the novelty of the town, the church, the inhabitants, and the romantic beauty of the country, is considered, Maria Zell is well worth a visit, but we would not recommend any traveller of high moral feelings, to come within its precincts, on any of the great festivals dedicated to the Virgin, nor on those days set apart by the Romish Church, for the reception of pilgrims, as the scenes he would witness, consequent on the assembling together of so many dissolute men and women, from every part of Austria, and the adjacent countries, would excite in him a feeling of disgust, never to be effaced. We do not allude to the thousands of the maimed, the halt, and the blind, crawling up the heights, on their hands and knees, to pray for the forgiveness of their sins, and the cure of their diseases, nor to the other thousands of the ignorant and superstitious peasants, beating their breasts and falling on their knees before the Virgin, imploring her aid and intercession. No—it is the drunken rabble, cursing, swearing, fighting, drinking, and lying in every gorge, glen, and ravine, for miles around, that give rise to the most painful sensations.

Leaving the grossness of the superstition altogether out of the question, it must be admitted that these numerous gatherings only tend to vitiate the people, and ought to be discouraged by every government that is anxious for the morality of its people. It is highly probable, the first arrival of the stranger missionary, with the sacred image, in the wilds of Styria, was the means of converting the inhabitants from Paganism to

a purer faith, but in our enlightened age, the continuance of these idle ceremonies merits the severest condemnation and ought to be abandoned.

The same wish has no doubt been repeatedly expressed by other travellers; it is, however, of no avail, for among all our European governments, there is none more utterly indifferent to public opinion, both foreign and domestic, than that of Austria. The princes of the House of Habsburg never change; they are too conservative for that. Are they not the elect of Heaven—the rulers of men by divine right; and has not their system of government withstood the wear and tear of centuries? Of what other power can this be said? Besides, have they not the entire confidence of his Holiness the Pope? Are they not his dearly-beloved children, and are they not hallowed by the united prayers of the whole of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church? Perhaps it has been owing to some such idea as this, and the hope of some miraculous power interfering in his behalf, that has prevented Francis Joseph, said to be one of the most amiable of sovereigns, from inaugurating those reforms so ardently desired by his subjects. Surely he cannot be a stranger to the murmurs of the press—an unusual thing in despotic Austria. Neither can we bring ourselves to believe that the Camarilla of his court would have the hardihood to keep from the eye of the sovereign the numerous petitions that have been lately sent to him by the municipalities of the large towns and cities, praying for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the adoption of compulsory education

similar to that of Prussia. Be this as it may, the only reply to the prayers of his people up to the present time, has been the establishment of additional Jesuit Colleges in Prague, and some of the other large cities of this empire, for the accommodation of those members of the fraternity who have been banished from Venetia by the heretical government of Victor Emmanuel.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Excursions in the Alpine Provinces of the Austro-Deutschthum.—Visit to the Styrian Labyrinth.—Sublime Beauty of the Scenery.—The Mysterious Lake.—An Alpine Village.—Ascent of the Speik-Kogel.—Varied Flora.—Glorious Sunrise.—Arrival at the Summit.—Magnificent Prospect.—The Valeriana Celtica.—Its Celebrity as a Perfume.—How to live in Alpine Districts.—Supper for an Epicure.—The Lavanthal and its Inhabitants.—Habits of the Chamois and the Marmot.—The Tyrant of the Alps.

HOWEVER much this enlightened age may feel scandalized at such a display of superstition as we described in our last chapter, it is impossible not to admire the sagacity, tact, and worldly wisdom of those self-denying monks who first selected as the home of their miraculous image, such an Eden as this, possessing, as it does, all that can minister to the health and comfort of existence!—the purest water, the most salubrious climate, the most fertile land, together with abundance of the finest fresh-water fish and game of every description.

Although Styria is included in what is called the Austro-Deutschthum, the inhabitants, with the exception of the great landed proprietors and those engaged in trading occupations, are Wends, or Slavonians of the old Illyrian race, and, singular enough, debased as they are now by the grossest ignorance—the most degrading superstition, history tells us that previous to the rule

of the Habsburgs, this Duchy, with the adjoining ones Carinthia and Carniola, were the stronghold of the followers of those early reformers John Huss and Jérome of Prague. What a field is here open to the researches of the historian! What an exciting tale might be told of the sufferings of those early champions of the true faith; and how sweeping must have been the exterminating sword of their persecutors, as scarcely to have left a trace among them of the creed of their fathers!

We will now continue our journey, and show our readers something more of the romantic beauties of a country, which, although rarely visited by an English traveller, has few equals, and is surpassed by none in sublimely picturesque scenery.

On leaving the Holy City and its miraculous image, we wind our way along the beautiful banks of the Salza through Hieflau and Liezen, and from thence on the great military road through Aussee and Ischl, to Salzburg. The greatest part, however, of the route can only be performed by a pedestrian; but as the limits of our work will not permit us to give a lengthened description of this charming country, we must be contented with alluding to the most striking features of the landscape; and we can with truth declare that we know of no other mountain or alpine district, not even the famous rocky labyrinth in Silesia, that can claim a comparison with the Styrian Johnsbacherthal.

After leaving the picturesque hamlet of Johnsbach, we enter a narrow pass formed by two stupendous rocks, perfectly isolated, as if nature had intended them for a

portal to the defile, or rather labyrinth of rocks of every variety of form. Here the least imaginative traveller may picture pyramids, statues, ruined castles, in short, all the quaint conceptions which guides on such occasions so readily conjure up. But these are not the only attractions of this valley of wonders—for we have in addition a number of cascades, which increase in romantic beauty as we ascend the mountain, particularly where the Enns forces its waters through the clefts of the rocks in a mighty torrent and dashes down the flinty wall. This splendid cascade, however, is only seen to advantage after the snow has melted in the Alps, when the volume of water is so great, that the whole defile for several leagues resembles a tempest-tossed lake, in which no living thing could exist for a moment.

On emerging from this wonderful defile we enter the Salzkammergut, so famed for the variety of its scenery and the immense preserves of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria. Here you see the wild goat and the chamois, the deer and the wild pig, roaming about with as much unconcern or fear of man as if they were at home in a field or a farm-yard. This, however, is not the only attraction of a district where you can see alps with their glaciers, fairy vales with their lakes and fertilizing rivulets, and cascades tumbling from a height of at least two thousand feet.

In addition to these picturesque beauties, and which have given to the Salzkammergut the *sobriquet* of the Austrian Switzerland, there is the romantic valley of the Traun, with its impetuous river and fine waterfall;

the valley of the Inn that runs from here through the Tyrol and gives its name to the capital, Innspruch, and that lovely country extending from the Lech to the Salza, as famous for its fine crops of Indian corn and wheat as for its excellent breed of horned cattle. Then there is that mysterious lake, the Kuffstein, that every now and then, without any previous warning, emits from its depths with a wild roar, flames and melted lava. Again, you have only to ascend the Gross-Glockner as far as the village of Heiligen-blut, when you can wander through a region where the spring is in July, the summer in August, the harvest in September, and the remainder of the year winter. Yet notwithstanding the rigour of the climate, which is owing to its high altitude, the inhabitants are a fine, robust, hearty-looking race, and contrive, in defiance of their short summers, to grow excellent crops of all the hardy cereals.

This stupendous alp, the Gross-Glockner, which takes its name from its supposed resemblance to the form of a bell, is the boundary stone between the Duchies of Styria, Carinthia, the Tyrol, and the Salzkammergut. The ascent of the Gross-Glockner was first achieved in 1799. Up to that time it was believed to be impossible, owing to a succession of frightful abysses which must be crossed. A German, of the name of Schultes, who performed the hazardous exploit, tells us, amongst other things, that he distinctly beheld the Adriatic, together with the entire range of the Carnic and Tyrolean Alps, and that immense plain of Germany lying between the Lech and the Iser.

While detailing the rare beauties of these highly picturesque provinces of Austria, it may be useful to some of our young tourists who should feel inclined to follow our steps, if we take a leaf out of one of our former works on Germany, describing the ascent of the Speik-Kogle, considered by the alpine tourists of Germany to be by far the most interesting among the whole range of the Carnic Alps:—

'It is said that to be ignorant of a science, is to be cut off from a source of enjoyment. The truth of this I was compelled experimentally to prove during my wanderings through these Alpine provinces, owing to my limited acquaintance with botany, which prevented me from examining and enjoying the rare and beautiful specimens which everywhere abound — the discovery of many being only of recent date. Yet destitute as I was of sufficient botanical lore, I could not remain in the vicinity of the Speik-Kogle without ascending its lofty summit, by which I promised myself a double gratification—a fine prospect and the sight of the costly aromatic herb *Valeriana celtica*, growing in its own alpine domain, and which gives its name to the alp itself.

'For this purpose I drove in a mountain car to Schwanberg, a village at the foot of the alp, where I took up my quarters for the night, and having engaged a guide recommended to me by the Curé of the parish, we commenced the ascent long before the sun made his appearance. The weather was delightful, and the myriads of stars that shone above, and the equally

numerous fire-flies beneath, almost made me forget the absence of the moon. All was silent as the grave, save the mournful whoop of the owl, or the crash of some animal breaking through the thickets, scared by the light of our lamps. At length, after a two hours' walk, the first gleam of day began to crimson the east, like the blush of glad surprise mantling the cheek of beauty, and by the time we reached the mountain-hamlet of Saint Anna, the first purple streaks of the sun lighted up the summit of the majestic alp we were approaching. It was glorious to behold the various tints and changes as they rapidly succeeded each other; we had rose, violet, and vermilion, until every cloud on the concave of heaven shone like burnished gold, contrasting beautifully with the fleecy folds of mist that hovered around; at one time, veiling the brilliance of the firmament from our view, at another concealing the entire landscape from our gaze; now affording glimpses of the wildest sylvan scenery and then disclosing a frightful abyss. Who can contemplate these gigantic scenes of nature irradiated with the glories of the morning sun, without being reminded of the inexpressible greatness and power of God, without admiring the all-surpassing beauty of his works?

'At the little inn of Saint Anna we breakfasted, and now enlivened by the songs of the tiny feathered warblers, the cool morning breezes, and the fragrance of a thousand aromatic herbs we made rapid progress. But these *agrémens* were not long our companions, for we soon entered an immense forest, bearing evident marks

both of a remote and recent hurricane. Gigantic trees torn up by the roots, lay stretched across our path; others, broken off within a few feet of the ground, now afforded nourishment from their mouldering remains to their successors; parasitical plants of every description and species crept up their steep sides, or were festooned in grotesque exuberance from stem to stem; such was the leafy labyrinth through which we now made our way.

'After winding up the rugged sides of a precipitous cliff, we entered a new region where the scenery entirely changed. The bright green of the oak and beech was now succeeded by the gloom of the cheerless pine; the blithe carol of the singing birds, by the hoarse croaking of birds of prey, and the loud roaring of the cataract, by the faint murmur of the tiny cascade; but even these were soon passed, and we arrived at the region of eternal winter; here the few remaining shrubs, stunted and crippled, looked like so many dwarfs maintaining their verdure amidst everlasting snows and wreathing icicles; and even these in their turn disappeared, and after an ascent that occupied eight hours, we stood on the highest peak of the Schwanberger Alps, without a shrub or even a projecting cliff to shelter us from the elements (which fortunately were most mercifully inclined), except a pyramid erected by the loyal inhabitants of Carinthia, to immortalize the visit of the late Emperor Francis and his two brothers, John and Regnier. The tiresome ascent, however, was amply, most amply repaid by the splendid prospect that disclosed itself on every side.

'The world appeared spread out beneath us; not a cloud, not even a mist obscured the glorious expanse; the hills which had cost me many a weary step to ascend appeared melted into the plain, and the mountains into a billowy chaos of precipices and abysses, at once bewildering and frightful to which the dark foliage of the pine gave a character wildly supernatural, but this was merely the foreground to the vast landscape. From the south to the west, the extensive chain of alps that separates Carinthia from Carniola sweeps the horizon; in the intermediate space the eye wanders over the greater part of Lower Carinthia, in the centre of which the river Drave is winding its course like a mighty serpent, along whose banks may be distinctly traced the town Völkermarkt, numerous villages, ruined forts and castles; behind these, more south, but separated by a high mountain, rises the city of Clagenfurt, with its broad regular streets and white-washed houses, together with the extensive lake called the Wörthsee. The prospect to the north and east is not less beautiful and extensive; it embraces the frontier of Hungary, a great part of Lower Styria with its capital Grätz, the rivers Mur and Save, the valleys of Sulm, Sagau, Lavant, and Lasnitz, with their rivers, towns, and villages, among which Ehren-hausen with its fine castle is the most beautiful feature, thus presenting to the beholder at one glance two provincial capitals, Clagenfurt and Grätz. This view is bounded to the north by the Wechsel Alps in the Duchy of Salzburg, and to the east by a vast range of mountains, those in

the foreground strong in outline and depth of shade, the more distant vanishing into vapour, till they become blended with the horizon. In short, at every point of the vast landscape we see alps towering upon alps, their snowy crowns glittering brilliantly in the sun.

'This is decidedly the most magnificent plateau for enjoying a splendid prospect upon which it was ever my fate to stand; for owing to the greater altitude of the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, the objects beneath appear one undistinguishable chaos; but from hence every separate feature of the extensive panorama might be traced as in a picture.

'I now turned my attention to that famous alpine plant, the spikenard; for, although it flourishes more luxuriously, and is found in greater abundance, on this alp than in any other part of the known world, it is no stranger to nearly the whole of the other alps that come under the denomination of the Styrian and the Carnic. It is drawn out of the ground with the roots attached, and left to dry in its own region; it is then packed in barrels and sent to Trieste, from whence it is exported to the Levant, where it forms a very considerable object of commerce to every part of Russia, Persia, and the East Indies. It forms the principal ingredient for imparting an agreeable aroma to the incense used in the Armenian and Greek churches, in making pastiles, and in giving that peculiar flavour to Turkish tobacco so much esteemed by smokers. The peasants of these provinces avail themselves of it for driving away rats and other vermin. I found its aro-

matic perfume so powerful that the few plants I carried with me to England imparted it so strongly to my clothes, that they retained it for more than a year afterwards.

'We now descended the long declivity of the mountain, re-entered its virgin forest, once more traversed its mazes, glens, ravines, and precipices, and arrived at our little alpine inn, the Glass-hüte, just as the sun had warned man from his labour and the birds to their nests, suffering at the same time from the twofold evils, fatigue and hunger. And although, I think, the practice some pursue of registering their dinners and suppers more honoured in the breach than in the observance, yet on occasions, such as this, it may be useful to their successors in guiding them to the delicacies which the locale produces. For instance, should he find himself in an alpine or mountain district, let him demand schneehuhn (ptarmegan), auerhahn (cock of the wood), wild-pret (wild venison), forellen (trout), and he will find no cause to regret his choice. Above all, if he would really enjoy a delicacy, let him have a marmot (murmel-thier), stuffed with aromatic herbs, and roasted entire. If he is an epicure he will be ever grateful to the writer of this for the hint, and they abound everywhere in these alps and feed only upon the choicest herbs.

'No part that I have explored of these interesting provinces affords more diversified scenery than the Lavant, and the chain of mountains between this alp and the old town of Judenberg. In this little

patriarchal world the chief occupation of the inhabitants is tending their flocks, cutting wood, and burning charcoal; and that of the women, spinning and the avocations of the dairy. Living, as they do, on the most friendly terms, and being by nature of a kind and humane disposition, the cattle possess a sagacity and an affection for their masters, and the other members of his household approaching the canine. The shepherds relate that during their absence, should the wolf make his appearance, the horned cattle never fail to rush, however distant they may be, to the assistance of their weak friends, and form a *carré* around them with their horns, and thus remain on the defensive till the dogs come to their assistance. As might be expected, in a wild mountain district like this, wolves are very numerous, nor is the bear by any means a stranger; but the enemy most dreaded by the shepherd is the Lämmergeier, swooping down as he does upon his prey with the speed of lightning; against his ravages there is no protection but the gun. Hence the marksman who is successful in bringing down one of these enemies to pastoral repose, receives the honours of a conqueror, and is always distinguished from the other inhabitants of the village by the cockade in his hat, made from the feathers of the Lämmergeier.

'The horned cattle, however much they may be prized for their sagacity and the quality of bearing up against indifferent fare and the rigours of a Siberian winter, are not remarkable for their beauty. The goats have fine long hair, not unlike those of Angora, and in

no other alpine district have I seen a greater number of chamois. They generally wander from place to place in flocks of about a dozen or more, and so afraid are they of being caught napping, that they never settle, not even to graze, without appointing one or more sentinels whose duty it is to watch over the safety of their comrades and alarm them on the approach of danger, which they always do by a sort of plaintive bleat which is sufficient to drive the whole herd to instant concealment. Each flock has its leader, and wherever he bends his course they all blindly follow, even to the very jaws of destruction, for being himself a bold and fearless fellow the leaps that he takes every now and then in his endeavours to elude pursuit are generally attended with the loss of one or more of his less agile followers.

'Like the chamois, the marmot is also an inhabitant of the inaccessible rocks, and like them, never ventures from its fastnesses without appointing sentinels. During the summer months these animals associate in pairs, and have their separate dwellings, and remain so till the approach of winter, when the whole troop assemble together, hold a consultation, elect a chief, and then repair to their winter quarters—a sort of subterranean city constructed with no little architectural skill, where they remain in a dormant state from about the middle of October till April. Several interesting anecdotes are related of these little creatures illustrating the foresight they display in the arrangement of their tiny dwellings, the care with which they prepare their downy bed, the

number of intricate passages and abrupt windings that are to be threaded before an entrance is found to the stronghold of the colony, the ingenuity they employ in securing every outlet through which a breath of cold wind can chill them during their long and dreary alpine winter—at the same time that the most perfect ventilation is secured. Like the chamois, the only enemy they have really to fear are man and the Lämmergeier; all their cunning and wariness, all the watchfulness of their sentinels, and their own agility, is no match for the gun, the snare, and the net: no protection against the swoop of the Lämmergeier when he wants a meal. As a dainty dish their flesh is much prized by the wealthy gourmands of Austria, and their fat is said to be very useful for medicinal purposes, and fetches a very high price.'

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Facilities of Travelling in the Austrian-Switzerland.—Pass of the Leobel.—Sublime Scenery.—Mineral Wealth.—Want of Enterprise.—Iron Mines of Styria.—Quicksilver Mines of Idria.—Laybach and Sir Humphry Davy.—Maid of the Inn.—Zirknitzer Lake.—A Paradox.—Grotto of Adelsberg.—The Proteus-Anguinus.—Its singular Conformation.

In no other part of Europe do you find better kept roads than in these alpine provinces of Austria, nor is there any fear of the traveller meeting either with banditti or ill-treatment on the part of the inhabitants. Whatever may have been the faults of the government of the Habsburgs, it is certain they perfectly understood the art of making roads, and also of providing for the safety of travellers by repressing brigandage. Still the tourist, if he quits the beaten track, should take a guide, otherwise he will find himself in a maze, when he least expects it, as difficult to thread as the Cretan Labyrinth.

With respect to roads, that leading from Laibach to Clagenfurt, over the lofty Leobel, is as great a miracle in its way as the famous railroad constructed a few years ago across the Semmering from Vienna to Trieste. The ascent of the Leobel commences immediately on quitting the valley of the Lai, and is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible; at the same time, the numerous

windings are so skilfully conducted that when we look back over the spiral line we have been passing, it appears like a border of ribbon upon the side of a stupendous mountain. The most admirable portion of this great work is that part of it which lies between Krainberg and Hirschentheur, the whole length of which has been cut through the solid rock, everywhere affording evidence of the prodigious struggle between the art of man and the obduracy of nature. Here you pass through the very heart of the mountain, meeting darkness and then merging into sunshine, then you cross a bridge thrown over a deep abyss through which rushes a raging torrent, with nothing interposing between you and its horrors but a wooden fence; and thus it continues, ever presenting the same wild and terrific scenery—ever preserving the same gentle slope, till you reach the summit, where a marble column tells you the road was constructed during the reign of the Emperor Charles VI. This monarch, who had done more towards the improvement of these conductors of civilization than any other sovereign of his day, was the father of Maria-Theresa, and the last male heir of the House of Habsburg.

The view from here is also very extensive and very beautiful. In one part of the picture you see the alps shining in their wintry garments; in another, savage mountains and sterile rocks; here, hills of the most picturesque form, green to the summit; there, fertile valleys stretching along the banks of the Lai and its tributaries, with their ruined castles, monasteries, villages,

and woodmen's huts. Nor are the animated features of the landscape the least interesting part of a picture, as you can see the chamois and the wild deer bounding from crag to crag, and herds of horned cattle, sheep, and goats peaceably grazing on the shelving sides of the hills, or cooling themselves in the clear waters of the river.

Independent of the beauties of nature which everywhere attract the attention of the stranger, these Carnic provinces might have proved a mine of wealth to any other government but this singularly-constituted one of Austria—whose sovereigns appear for ages as if they had no other design than to maintain their influence in Germany—no other object than in what manner they could best support the power of their lord and master, the Pope—all other considerations seem to have been of secondary importance. In these mountains they have had lying for ages an amount of mineral wealth impossible to calculate.

It is true there are iron mines, with their smelting furnaces and sledge hammers, at Vordernberg, at Eisenertz, Leoben, and one or two others of less note. There is also a lead mine in operation at Bleiberg, and one of quicksilver at Idria; but none of them are worked to the extent they might be in a country where there is no want of coal, wood, or labour, more especially when we take into account that the ore of all these mines is inexhaustible and of the very best description.

Philosophers tell you that so far as regards the

enjoyment of mere animal existence—eating, drinking, and sleeping—there is little difference between the beggar and the prince, the former being often the happier of the two. In some cases this may be true, but we cannot include in the category the unhappy miner, who is condemned by his position in life and peculiar avocation to work day after day, year after year, in the bowels of the earth, suffering from ill health, and fully aware that if he follows the same occupation only a few years death must ensue—this being the certain fate of every man who works in a quicksilver mine. We had the most painful evidence of the truth of this on arriving at Idria, the head-quarters of the quicksilver mining district; for truly a more unhealthy population we never met with in any country, all exhibiting in their pale, sickly countenances, the pernicious effects of the atmosphere they were continually inhaling. To the credit of the Austrian Government it must, however, be admitted that everything is done to alleviate their condition; the men are clothed in a neat uniform, and for a poor country like Austria, remarkably well paid for their labour. At the same time, the women and children are encouraged to employ themselves in making lace and straw bonnets. Doubtless many comforts are thus secured to them, but on the other hand they usually sink into premature graves, the victims of pulmonary diseases.

The mine, with its numerous chambers and mining operations, is well worthy a visit, and does not offer the slightest ground for fear, except for gold trinkets and

painted faces, which will be affected by the quicksilver. It is the property of the Government, exceedingly rich in the finest ore, and yields an annual profit of not less than a million of florins. Alas! poor Austria! the whole of this valuable property is mortgaged to the wealthy capitalists.

Laybach, or as it is better known in this part of Austria under its Italian appellation of Lubiano, is a very pretty town, and most charmingly situated at the foot of the Schlossberg. It will always be interesting to the lovers of science, having been for several years the favourite retreat of Sir Humphry Davy. Here he was accustomed to amuse himself far away from the great world, by catching trout in the Laye, geologizing in the mountains, and playing at *écarté* in the evening with the pretty daughter of his hostess; indeed, the 'maid of the inn' played her cards so well, that the philosopher in his will left her a handsome legacy.

Lubiano has also the advantage of lying in the centre of what every traveller ought to see who visits these provinces—the mines of Idria, the Lake of Zirknitz, and the Grotto at Adelsberg. Having already described the mines at Idria, we will now take the reader with us to the Lake of Zirknitz, and then to the Grotto at Adelsberg. On arriving at the first we were more than astonished; we were petrified with wonder to find that it had gone on its travels, and was not expected to return for at least six months, for the peculiarity of this lake is, that it periodically disappears, Heaven knows where, together with its fish and water-fowl. We were

still more amazed to see hundreds of people hard at work sowing corn, for here on the same spot, as on the banks of the Nile, you can sow and reap, hunt and fish, in the course of the same year.

Among the volumes that have been written respecting this extraordinary lake, we can glean nothing certain in addition to the visible fact that it disappears in June and returns about the middle of October, each time with as much violence as if the gnomes were exhibiting their water-works. Its circumference is about nine leagues, and as it is entirely surrounded with rocks of considerable elevation, without even the smallest rivulet from which it could receive a supply of water, the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that it has a subterranean communication with some large body of water which ebbs and flows at stated intervals. Again, the fact of its having been known to appear and disappear twice in the same year, and only during a wet season, is sufficient proof that atmospheric influences have something to do with it.

After scrambling for two hours up and down many a dangerous cliff, and along the brink of many a fearful precipice, we entered a nearly impenetrable forest, from which we only emerged to behold a repetition of the same savage scenery, which accompanied us to the wonderful grotto, around which nature seemed to concentrate all her terrors, so as to render it a perfect Tartarus. A tremendous pile of rocks reared their giddy heights to the clouds, upon one of whose lesser peaks the majestic ruins of a castle threatened to crush

us with its crumbling walls. The river Poick in one place was tearing a passage through a perfect chaos of shattered crags; in another turning a mill, till at length it rushed in a torrent through the contracted glen beneath; and such was the violence of its current, that the frail bridge, thrown from rock to rock, over which we passed, trembled under our feet. In nearly every mountain district it is not unusual to see rivers tumbling down like cascades, and then quietly flowing through the plain in fertilizing streams, but in this strange land, as if everything connected with its scenery was to border on the marvellous, the Poick, which had been up to this our noisy, boisterous companion, suddenly disappeared into the earth as completely as if it had never existed.

The wonders of our tour, however, were not yet at an end, for no sooner were the massive doors of the grotto opened, than a perfect cloud of bats and owls instantly assailed us, making the most deafening noise with their screams and fluttering wings.

Having fought our way through our enemies at the expense of lacerated hands and faces, we lighted our torches and entered the wonderful grotto through a species of corridor, about a hundred paces in length, when it suddenly widened into a sort of cavern of the most colossal height; but this was merely the vestibule to one of the most magnificent temples ever fashioned by the hand of nature, and to which no description can do justice. All we can say is, that it bears some resemblance in size and form to the Pantheon at Rome,

with this difference, that our Pantheon is encrusted with stalactites of the most surpassing beauty, sparkling here and there with the glitter and brightness of diamonds.

From hence the caverns branch off in different directions: here, in simple corridors and galleries; there, in a succession of the most varied and fantastic forms. As we advance, they become more elevated, and the columns more majestic, till, after proceeding about two leagues through the heart of the earth, all further progress is barred by a deep subterranean lake.

It would be impossible to describe, with any degree of accuracy, the varied natural architecture of this city of stalactites. In one place we appear wandering through the aisles of a Gothic cathedral, supported by columns of the most gigantic height—sometimes uniform, and sometimes clustered together and sometimes fluted. Many of the smaller grottoes are entirely inlaid with stalactites, and as they reflected the burning torches appeared one blaze of light. The sparry masses exhibited every form with which the invention of the guides could invest them. In one place we had crystal cascades—in another, rows of pillars, ornamented with festoons—here, triumphal arches; there, a throne surmounted by an imperial crown: and, truth to say, it required no very great stretch of the imagination to fancy that these objects and a hundred others had been metamorphosed into crystals by the power of some mighty magician. Still it is not alone the beauty of the stalactites and the

fantastic forms they take, nor the number of grottoes with their corridors you pass through, that so much rivets the attention, as the weird-look about everything you see, not a little heightened by the incessant roar of water, for our slippery companion, the Poick, is here again playing his pranks, and at so great a depth, that when our guide every now and then set fire to his bundle of straw, and showed us the frightful gorges over which we had been constantly crossing in our progress through the grottoes, we became aware that a single false step would have consigned us to inevitable destruction.

Adelsberg is, indeed, the grotto *par excellence*, for although two others have been discovered, the Johanneum and the Magdalena and are justly extolled for the singular beauty of the stalactites; they are very insignificant when compared with this, which equals in colossal grandeur its own gigantic alps. Again, in what other part of the known world can we trace a river rushing every now and then with the force of a cataract through the bowels of the earth, or wander through a succession of grottoes to an extent of at least thirty miles? For this we have the authority of two travellers—Valvassor the Swiss, and Petitpierre the Frenchman—the latter declares that he entered it at Adelsberg, slept a night in the interior, and made his exit the next day through another grotto not far distant from Trieste.

We cannot leave this wonderful grotto without telling

our readers something about that singular ichthyosaurian, the Proteus Anguinus, which was discovered in the waters of the lake of Adelsberg. The first recorded notice of its existence may be found in a work by Dr. Laurenti, entitled 'Synopsis Reptilium.'

This well-known naturalist regards them as self-generating, and gave them the name of Proteus Anguinus, which they still retain. Accustomed to exist in a darkness the most impenetrable, it is not surprising that these little creatures evince the strongest repugnance to the faintest gleam of light, nor that they immediately expire on being exposed to the rays of the sun. They manifest an equal dislike for extreme cold, as the application of even a small piece of ice will kill one of them immediately. Still, nursed as a pet, they have been known to live to a fabulous age, if kept in partial darkness, and in water that must never exceed eight degrees of Reaumur, which every traveller who visits Vienna may witness in the grotto expressly prepared for them in the gardens of the imperial palace, Schönbrun.

It is curious to behold the mutual sympathy the little creatures exhibit for each other. They receive a new comer like an old friend, and express their satisfaction by a slight scream, fainter than that uttered when irritated; for they are extremely irascible, and their degree of anger may be known by the colour of the skin, particularly the gills, which change to a beautiful scarlet, and being transparent you may, with the assistance of a

microscope, trace the circulation of the blood through its numerous channels to the heart, which regularly expands and collapses; indeed, so regular and distinct are these vibrations, that one might suppose this little creature first gave to Harvey the idea of the circulation of the blood.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Principal Towns of the Alpine Provinces of Austria.—Gratz.—Salzburg.—Leoben.—Upper Styria.—Anecdote of the first Napoleon.—Duchy of Carniola.—Costume of the Mountaineers.—The Karst.—Its singular Geological Features.—The Bora Wind.—Its extraordinary Violence.—Splendid Prospect from the Opshina.—Venetia and the Adriatic.—Trieste.—Concluding Remarks on Germany.

Among the principal towns of these interesting provinces, Gratz, the capital of the Duchy of Styria, takes the foremost rank. Indeed, it may be called a sort of miniature Vienna, for, being the residence of an imperial Archduke, who here holds his court, the best society is always to be met with among the native nobility and gentry. Perhaps it is owing to this and the cheapness of provisions that this town has become a sort of head-quarters for the retired officers of the army and the civil department, who can live here and enjoy all the comforts of existence for not more than one half of what it would cost them at Vienna.

Gratz is said to have been a place of great importance as one of the outlying fortresses of the great Illyrian empire long before the foundation of Rome. The very name of Gratz, which means in the old Illyrian language a fortified mountain, seems in some measure to confirm the truth of this tradition. This mountain,

which rises up in the very centre of the town, perfectly isolated, was strongly fortified previous to 1809, but the French—those eternal enemies of poor Austria—having taken possession of it by capitulation, destroyed the works. An attempt has been since made to place it in a state of defence, but whether from a want of funds, or the growing opinion of military engineers in the present day, of the inutility of fortresses, except in peculiarly favoured positions, it still bears about it unmistakable signs of the last French bombardment. As all the great towns in the Austrian Empire take a pride in having something to recommend them to the notice of the passing stranger, Gratz can boast of having the best-kept Esplanade, the finest capons and turkeys, and the choicest dinner-wine, its famous Radkersburg.

If Gratz is the most fashionable of these alpine towns, Salzburg may well claim the distinction of being by far the most beautiful and picturesque. Indeed it would be difficult to find in Austria, or any of our European mountain-districts, one that offers so many attractions to the tourist as this fine old town, lying as it does in the very centre of some of the most interesting alpine scenery to be found in any country. Then there is the beautiful Leoben, one of those rare specimens of a town in aristocratic Austria, that owes all its wealth and beauty, not to imperial favour, and to being the residence of an archduke, but to the industry of the inhabitants.

No traveller, however pressed for time, ought to neglect seeing Leoben, if it were for nothing else but

to read the inscription engraved upon an elegant marble column, surmounted by the Genius of Peace, holding in one hand the olive-branch, and in the other a trumpet proclaiming the glad tidings to the world. Truly we may be excused if we regard this monument as a memorial of Austrian *bonhomie* and gullibility on the one hand, and Gallic tact and acumen on the other, of which the wars of the first Napoleon furnished so many striking examples. Never, perhaps, was the inventive genius of the quick-witted Corsican turned to better account, never did it serve to extricate him from a more fearful dilemma. He not only contrived to save himself and his army from certain destruction, but actually gained all he wanted, and withdrew with the honours of a conqueror.

Our readers may not be aware that the young hero of Marengo and Arcola, who was destined hereafter to become one of the greatest warriors of modern times, either relying over-confidently on the characteristic indolence of his enemy the Austrian, or the lucky star that had hitherto ruled his destiny, found himself, after penetrating as far as Leoben, suddenly caught in a trap in the narrow valley of the Mur. Whichever way he turned he was confronted by dangers equally imminent, a hostile army, or the mighty fastnesses built up by the hand of nature, enclosed him on every side and rendered escape impossible. The wooded heights were filled with Tyrolese and Styrian sharpshooters, and the Hungarian Landsturm had sent a large contingent to swell the ranks of the already formidable

host under the command of the Archduke Charles. But the man was equal to the emergency, and diplomacy effected what arms never could have achieved. Thus surrounded on every side, without a hope of escape, what expedient did the young warrior adopt? He proposed terms of peace, and this he did by despatching to the Archduke Charles one of the cleverest letters that ever emanated from the brain of a man who perhaps never had an equal in the art of gilding brass so as to make it appear like gold. Whether the Austrians were really desirous to make peace, or were doubtful of the issue, if they hazarded a battle, is best known to themselves. At all events the young diplomatist won the stake he played for, and Austria lost the only opportunity ever afforded her of crushing an enemy that fate had singled out to effect her ruin; thus furnishing another instance, among many in the history of nations, of the way in which their prosperity is made or marred by the cleverness or stupidity of their rulers.

At St. Oswald we enter the Duchy of Carniola through a sort of triumphal arch erected about a century-and-a-half ago, in commemoration of the visit of a Pope who had taken this way on his route from Italy to Vienna. Here the manners, customs, and language of the people undergo a great change, for, although the whole of these provinces, on to Trieste, are included in what is called the Germanic Empire, the great bulk of the inhabitants, after leaving the Duchy of Styria, are Slavonians. As we advance, how-

ever, the population becomes more and more Italian, till, by the time we arrive at Lubiano, scarcely any language is heard but the Italian.

Up to the present time neither the invasion of steam, nor the fashions of the West, have had the effect of creating the slightest change in the national dress of the inhabitants of these alpine provinces. That of the men is extremely picturesque and becoming, consisting of a tunic richly braided; black chamois-leather breeches edged with green leather; an ample felt hat, also green, with a very ingeniously-made cockade of the plumage of various birds; this and a broad belt, curiously embroidered with green silk, constitutes the costume of what may be called a genuine mountaineer. This was the costume generally worn by the popular Archduke John of Austria during the time he was viceroy of these provinces. The dress of the women, which is also extremely pretty and becoming, and well suited to an alpine district, very much resembles the Tyrolians'. As may be supposed, under a government so eminently Roman Catholic as Austria, nearly the whole of the inhabitants are of that religion; indeed it is a marvel how one of that proscribed religion, the Protestant, could have escaped the chase of the bigoted Duke of Styria, afterwards Ferdinand II., who was accustomed to call the members of the Reformed faith, his Ketzer-sauen (heretic boars), and never gave up pursuing his imperial pastime until the noble game became extinct. Owing, we presume, to the soil being in so many places of a calcareous nature, cretinism and

the goître, the curse of mountain districts, are not so prevalent in the provinces as they are in Switzerland and the Tyrol.

After leaving Lubiano, the landscape gradually changes, from the beautiful and the picturesque, to a species of wilderness; we are fast approaching what is called the 'Karst,' in the language of the mountaineers, a region whose desolate aspect must be seen to be appreciated, and which suggests the idea of a vast tract of country that for ages had been exposed to the influence of a mighty flood. Whichever way we look we have an image of chaos before us, alike in the rocky barrier of alpine grandeur, by which it is enclosed, as in the scattered masses of stone of every size and form with which it is covered. It affords unmistakable evidences of having been the scene of one of those convulsions of nature to which this district appears to have been pre-eminently exposed. Here we behold gigantic boulders rounded by the action of the water, there lofty masses that for ages withstood its influence, and still bear the scars of the Titanic conflict they have waged with the flood, while the lesser masses, worn and polished by the continual friction, may be seen heaped in ridges by themselves, like shingle on the sea-shore, and yet this singular region lies on the summit of a vast mountain plateau, upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the Adriatic. The only signs of animated existence in the landscape in this inhospitable region, which extends with little intermission to Trieste, Fiume, and Pola, on the Adriatic,

are a few herds of horses, black sheep, and goats, which appear as if they existed on air, so scanty is the herbage that supports them; but this being of the most nutritious description, and principally composed of the choicest aromatic herbs, they seem to be in good condition. The sheep, more especially the lambs, are considered such a delicacy that they are transported to Germany and Italy, where they are very highly valued and fetch enormous prices; indeed, bountiful nature, as if willing to compensate for the scantiness of her productions, has invested them with every quality of excellence. Even the little corn produced is preferred to every other in the country for its richness, nutritious qualities, and agreeable flavour. The horses also that range over this wild district are no less famous for their hardihood and sure-footedness, and generally belong to the Emperor, who has establishments for breeding them at Lipizza and Prostianicks.

The Karst, both on account of the unique grandeur and wildness of its scenery, and of its presenting some of the most remarkable geological phenomena to be seen in any country, is well deserving a visit of the scientific traveller. It will, moreover, afford him an opportunity of testing the truth or falsehood of the theory which assigns to this desolate region, the unenviable distinction of being the birth-place of the Bora. The Germans, who should be learned in the meteorology of their own country, say that the cold air of the Karst, lying as it does in the shadow of the mighty Styrian and Carnic Alps, rushing to supply the place of the heated atmo-

sphere of the Adriatic and the Peninsula, gives rise to those periodical hurricanes which rush forth from the glaciers and defiles of the mountains with a fury unexampled in any other part of Europe. Happily, this wind is never of long duration; it is, however, so sudden, and so deleterious in its effects as to change the temperature of a summer's day to that of a Siberian winter. Such changes are extremely trying to the strongest constitutions; hence no traveller should undertake a tour through the Karst without being well supplied with winter clothing, otherwise, in the event of one of those sudden changes in the atmosphere, he will be certain to carry home with him a very dangerous fever, which we had the misfortune to do a few years ago during a tour we made from Trieste to Fiume and Pola—still by adopting this precaution there is in reality no danger. Besides, he has only to follow the example of the cattle grazing in the fields, whose instinct tells them to look for a shelter on the first indication that this wind is about to blow, when they invariably seek a refuge by getting into some grotto or cave, or under a ledge of rocks.

Among the other attractions of the Karst, we must not forget the splendid prospect that unfolds itself from the heights of Opshina, which for extent and the classic interest attached to it alone deserves a visit. The first object that wins the admiration of the beholder, is the Adriatic—that beautiful bride of the Venetian Doge, shining beneath us like molten gold—with the long coast of Dalmatia—its islands, capes, creeks, and har-

bours, on one side; and the vast plain of Aquilla, with its capes, castles, towns, and villages on the other; the whole as clearly defined in an atmosphere clear and pure, as if we were looking down upon a map. Venice is too far distant to be included in the picture, but then we have its prosperous rival Trieste, with its fine harbour, forest of masts, and pretty gardens, all glittering in the sunshine like some vision in a fairy tale. When we are tired of admiring this glorious prospect, we have only to turn round and behold those sublime creations of nature—the Carnic and Styrian Alps, towering pile upon pile to the heavens, as if they were placed there as a barrier between two peoples so widely different from each other, as Teutons and Italians.

Apart from the interest of the prospect, it is impossible to look down on that glorious picture without calling to mind the great events of the year now drawing to a close—without remembering those vast and important changes which have combined so fortuitously to raise the beautiful Peninsula beneath us from a mere geographical expression, to the high position it now occupies among the great powers of Europe.

We have now, we trust, made our readers acquainted to a certain extent with the leading features of Germany; and having traversed that country from Hamburg on the German Ocean, to Trieste, on the Adriatic—its extreme limit,—we will merely make a few remarks on this favourite seaport of Austria, and then pass over to Venetia.

Trieste is to the South, what Hamburg is to the North,

the great maritime outlet of the commerce of Germany, and, like her Northern sister, exhibits all the features of a highly prosperous' town, for which she is much indebted to her sovereigns of the House of Habsburg; but being far more Italian than German, and at the same time somewhat bitten with the prevailing mania of the day, she sighs for a union with the beautiful Peninsula. Such a wish is not likely ever to be gratified, and even if it took place, the result would only be the ruin of the town, and the tranfer to its rival Fiume, of the commercial importance she would be certain to lose. Let what will be the fate of the Austrian Empire, Trieste is for ever linked to Germany; and as a port, is as necessary to the commerce of the South, as Hamburg is to the North.

Trieste is a remarkably well-built town, and like all Italian cities, it has its Corso and Opera House, its Casino and Exchange—thus blending pleasure and business in that felicitous manner which adds so much to the health and happiness of a community engaged in trade. The public buildings, without being particularly imposing, are just what might be expected in a great mart of commerce like this.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Italy and its past History.—How Venetia came under the Rule of Austria.—What the Emperor of the French has done for Italy.—Sinister Influence of the Court Camarilla on the late War.—Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi.—Sicilian Conspiracy of the Clerical and Reactionary Party.—The Quadrilateral and its Connection with the Papal Hierarchy.

How many interesting recollections are there not associated with the name of Italy. It recalls the history of those ancient rulers of the world, the Romans—of the almost omnipotent power of Papal Rome—of the world-wide celebrity of the Republic of Venice—of the Republics of Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Naples, and Sienna—of its talented sons, who, at a time when the whole of Europe and Asia had relapsed into barbarism, rose up as teachers of a benighted world. The name of Italy reminds you that it is the home of the orange, the vine, and the olive; that it is a country blessed with eternal sunshine; and you consequently imagine that a people inhabiting such an Eden must be happy. Yet this glorious land, enriched as it is with all that can minister to the wants and luxuries of man, has never known, until the present time, what it is to be free; and what is equally remarkable, it has never until now been united, never been ruled over by one sovereign, a native of Italy, since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

But this is not the least of the misfortunes that successively befell the inhabitants of this devoted land. If the curse of some evil genius had been continually hanging over them, the miseries they were compelled to endure for so many ages, could not have been more humiliating, nor the cup they had to drink, more bitter, to the *amour propre* of a people; for no sooner had they escaped from the tyrannical rule of some half-savage horde, than another rushed in to supply their place. Now, Goths and Vandals; then, Franks and Longobardians; and again Gauls and Teutons; barbarous or civilized, ancient or modern, it was all the same, they continued to sweep over the land as conquerors; and only gave up what they considered their lawful prey, when they happened to be worsted in the field by a brigand horde more powerful than themselves.

It is true the Republic of Venice, owing to the impregnable nature of the position it occupied, and the manly character of its inhabitants, continued during the whole of this time to maintain its independence, and to wax stronger year after year, while all the other Republics and States of the beautiful Peninsula passed away as if they had never existed. But she was also doomed, in her turn, to drink of the same bitter cup, to submit to the same humiliation; and the blow was felt to be still more galling, coming as it did, from an Italian, and in that underhand, deceptive way, so characteristic of the Corsican, who, while he courteously saluted his enemy, at the same time stabbed him to the heart, and he could not have given a deeper wound to

the self-love of a gallant people than by handing them over to the rule of the German, to that very tribe of the great Teuton family which, of every other, they most despised.

Disgraceful as the whole affair was, from first to last, on the part of that arrogant, unfeeling autocrat, and, much as the Italians, as well as the Venetians, have reason to curse the memory of that bold, bad man, they must not forget the deep debt of gratitude they owe to his successor, the present Emperor of the French. He has indeed obliterated for ever that stain on the character of his powerful relative, and literally fulfilled the oath he swore by the bedside of his dying brother, in the little town of Forli. We are not at liberty to say more in connection with that painful parting of the living from the dead, than that there are circumstances connected with it of so dreadful an import to an ecclesiastic, now high in power, as will be certain to form at some future day an exciting chapter in the history of modern Italy.

With respect to the services the present Emperor of the French has rendered to Italy, we are aware that not a few of our contemporaries entertain a different opinion. Still, no man who has studied events, from his first interview with Count Cavour up to the withdrawal of the French from Rome, and the abandonment of the Pope to his own resources, at the risk of incurring the bitterest animosity of all the Papal fanatics in Christendom, can come to any other conclusion, than that Italy never had a truer, or a better friend, nor one more

entitled to be considered a national benefactor. It is true, the victories of the Prussians gave the final blow to the power of Austria in Italy. Still, they only accelerated events that were certain to come to pass a little later; so admirably was the whole scheme planned, so well laid down was the train, that it only required a spark to cause a conflagration which Austria, even if she were assisted by the whole aid of the Church, had no power to extinguish. The time is not yet come to enter more deeply into the causes that led to the independence of Italy, neither would it be prudent: history, however, will confirm the truth of what we now write, and posterity will also know the difficulties that beset the path of that enlightened ruler in his great work of calling, as it were, into existence, a new State, among the great commonwealths of nations, and one that was so much needed at the time.

Fortunate as the Italians have been in securing to themselves such a powerful friend as Louis Napoleon, all his efforts to accomplish the great object he had in view, might have been rendered abortive by one false step on the part of his ally, Victor Emmanuel. The untimely death of Count Cavour was, no doubt, a great loss to Italy at that crisis of her fate; and this was never more sensibly felt than during the late war. It was owing to the want of a statesman of his foresight and determination that everything connected with that unhappy contest proved so complete a failure. His unwearied diligence, his unquestioned superiority alone, would have been sufficient to disperse the miserable

RICASOLI
CIALDINI
KING OF ITALY
GARIBALDI

Camarilla who were the chief cause of the series of disasters that befell the Italian arms, both by sea and land; he alone would have been able to frustrate their intrigues—he alone could have made those necessary preparations, without which no army, not even the bravest and most disciplined that ever took the field, could hope to be successful; for although the King of Italy is one of the bravest soldiers of the day, and none more patriotic, he is no diplomatist; and being by nature as unsuspicious as he is confiding, it is not surprising he should fall a victim to the same unprincipled party that proved the source of so much misfortune to his gallant father.

That there was a great deal of foul play exercised by the party in question on those two occasions in preventing the success of the liberal cause, is now no longer a secret. In the first instance, we have only to refer to the speech of the late King Carlo Alberto, on his abdication,—'*Tutto è perduto anche l'onor Piemontese;*' the last words of the broken-hearted monarch still vibrate in the hearts of the people, and have exposed the clergy and their confederates to a degree of contempt and odium that will cling to them for many generations yet to come, and for which they have, in some measure, dearly paid by the loss of all their former privileges and consideration in the country. Dangerous as this Camarilla has proved itself to be, it is not the only evil the King of Italy has to contend with. Dazzled with the prestige of a grand Republic for all Italy, there is the republican and democratic

party, who, ever since the somewhat doubtful policy pursued by the government on two former occasions, more especially in 1821, have refused to render either allegiance or confidence to a Prince of the House of Savoy; and this party are still sufficiently numerous and formidable, if they had the opportunity, to change the whole form and system of government. That something of the kind would have been attempted immediately after the disastrous battle of Custozza, at a time when there was nothing heard throughout the entire land but a cry of treason, there can be little doubt, had it not been for the timely arrival of the unexpected intelligence of the victories of the Prussians in Bohemia. Indeed, when we remember the disgraceful state in which the Italian army was allowed to take the field, the indifference and utter neglect with which Garibaldi, the idol of the people, and his volunteers, were treated, it is impossible to say what might have been the result of any sudden manifestation of a people so easily excited as the Italians.

It has been truly said, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men,' and it must be admitted that both tide and wind have been favourable to the Italians. From the first expression of public opinion in their favour, they had only to shake their chains—they had only to utter a cry of distress, for it to find an echo throughout the whole length and breadth of enlightened Europe. Without impugning for a moment the natural bravery and patriotism of the people, their very battles have been fought and won for them, owing to the force

of circumstances, by nations entirely opposite to them in race, language, and creed. Again, as if to crown all, what other people but this, at so momentous a crisis of their fate, ever had two such chieftains—two such leaders as Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi—the one the very personification of what a King ought to be, and the other all that the imagination of the most romantic turn of mind could call up of what one of those demigods of antiquity might have been? A man who may, with truth, be said to be *sans peur et sans reproche*. Even the veriest sceptic who believes in nothing that cannot be seen and felt, must admit that up to the present time every incident connected with the emancipation of Italy, has been most fortunate; he will be still more impressed with the truth of this, when he contemplates what might have been her fate at a time when the passions of the multitude had risen to fever heat, if Prussia, her ally, had been less prompt in opening the campaign, or less successful on the field of battle. At all events, since the outbreak at Palermo, in Sicily, and the revelations that have followed, we are no longer left in doubt as to the real intentions of the *parti prêtre*, and their numerous adherents. In a word, their last card was about to be played, and when we take into account the number of disaffected, restless spirits, united to the ignorant, superstitious masses—all swayed by a subtle, designing priesthood—it is not difficult to realize what must have been the fate of the beautiful Peninsula, had the war only continued a few weeks longer.

On the other hand, we have only to reverse the picture, and look at Austria. Here was a great and powerful empire in possession of one of the strongest lines of fortifications ever created by the hand of man — the Quadrilateral—the acknowleged chief and protector of the Pope and the whole Papal hierarchy, aided and supported not only by their wealth but by all that subtlety and craft could effect over a superstitious world; yet she has subsided into a state of utter nonentity on the loss of a single pitched battle. If all this is nothing more than a mere incident in the life of nations, it is at least one that will be recorded in history as the most remarkable event that has occurred in any age. The Christian philosopher, however, will be inclined to regard the whole affair, from first to last, in the light of a manifestation of Divine Providence—of the commencement of a new era altogether different from the past, and that must operate an entire change in the present state of society. Of one thing, however, we may feel certain—with the fall of Austria, the Church of Rome must conform to the enlightenment of the age, or it must also fall like every other creed or institution that has outlived its time.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A free and united Italy.—Her future Prospects.—Victor Emmanuel.—His Frankness and Honesty.—National Failings of the Italians.—Garibaldi—His Life.—Character.—His Power of winning the Affection of his Followers.—Influence of his Example on the Field of Battle.—The Camicie Rosse.—Garibaldi as a Commander.—General Cialdini.—Mazzini and the Red Republicans.—Departure of the Austrians.

In every point of view the events of 1866 can never be forgotten by either Germany or Italy. The latter may be said to have secured the high destiny to which she has for so many ages aspired in vain. She has realized the hope that was nursed three hundred years ago in the breasts of her great patriots—Dante, Tasso, and Machiavelli. Italy is free!—how much is in that one word—free, after a servitude of fifteen hundred years; and now that she is really so in every sense of the word, it is her own fault if her career henceforth is not as glorious as it has hitherto been unworthy of the land and people. Her soil is no longer desecrated by the foot of that alien race whose presence was rightly, or wrongly, regarded as an insuperable barrier to her progress. Italy is free to compete with her sisters of Western Europe in the march of intellect and civilization. It matters not how her freedom was achieved; it remains but for her to turn it to the best account. To

some races, however, especially the Latin, self-government has proved a curse rather than a blessing; were we to draw an augury of her future fate from the eternal quarrels of the petty republican states of Italy during the Middle Ages, the prospect would, in truth, be gloomy enough; but we hope better things of modern Italy. There is much up-hill work to be done, and it must be confessed, the natural bent of the people tends more to a *far niente* state of existence than to hard labour. Still there is hope; they possess a magnificent country, and none that has produced greater men. They are also fortunate in having a King, who may be said, of all the European sovereigns, to be the only one whose word could be relied upon.

It is this manly, straight-forward conduct which has won for him the title of 'Il Rè Galantuomo,' and rendered him so popular with his subjects, far more than even his undisputed bravery in the field. It was this feeling of the masses that disregarded, and set at nought up to the present time, all the intrigues of the *parti prêtre* and their allies, the republicans. Had the ill-advised Francis Joseph of Austria pursued a different line of policy with his subjects than that instilled into him by his teachers, the Jesuits—'the end justifies the means'—how different might have been his position at the present day. What a lesson to the rulers of men is the fate of these two potentates! what a confirmation of the truth of the old adage: 'Honesty is the best policy.' A minister or a diplomatist in his negotiations with an adversary, may, perhaps, be allowed to cajole

him by fine words and fair promises, but for a man invested with the sacred office of sovereign, to whom his subjects look up as a species of divinity, who can do no wrong; to break his word is worse than impolitic, it is suicidal, because it is infamous; it not only weakens the faith of man in every human tie, but encourages his subjects to follow so high an example.

In one respect the soldier-king of Italy differs *in toto* from his subjects, especially those of the South, for, being much of a Northern in constitution, habits, and feelings, he dislikes everything approximating towards effeminacy, and never loses an opportunity of discountenancing, by his coldness, the processions, theatrical display, tinsel decorations, and pageantry of the modern French school, and of which the Italians are so passionately fond, thinking, perhaps, as every practical man must, that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and that gaiety and amusement, when indulged in so persistently, only tend to render a people idle and dissipated. Hence the little predilection his Majesty has evinced for these kind of demonstrations, has, it is said, rendered him somewhat unpopular with some of his pleasure-loving subjects. But now that the festivities of Venice, and, indeed, of every part of Italy, are nearly concluded, and that the people must of necessity return to the prosaic routine of every-day life, it is to be hoped that this feeling of discontent will be but temporary.

Much as the character of the Italians, when taken in the mass, may be open to reproach, and much as some writers doubt their ability and willingness to assume

habits of industry and become a really great nation, the very fact of their country having produced three such men as Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and the late Count Cavour, each without a rival in his own peculiar sphere, promises much for the future greatness of the beautiful Peninsula. But, as we before observed, if ever there was a country that the gods were determined to defend and carry safely through all its perils—it is this. Kings, as we all know, are not like ordinary mortals—they are swayed by different passions—they must be all or nothing. What, then, was more likely than that Victor Emmanuel should be jealous of the popularity of his great subject? On the other hand, what was more probable than that the latter, finding the great services he had rendered to his country had not been requited as they deserved, would have gone over to the republicans? But no, the hero of Sicily and Naples, the idol of millions, never swerved from his allegiance; and, however galling to his pride as a soldier might have been the contemptuous remarks he was constanly hearing from the aristocracy and the principal officers of the regular army, he had nothing of this kind to complain of from his King, who, being a right-minded man himself, never lost his confidence in the hero of the people.

In truth, Giuseppe Garibaldi is no ordinary man, and the stirring events of the generation in which we live, have brought no nobler soul to light than the great Italian patriot. In an age of selfish, personal ambition, and cold-blooded materialism, he has displayed all the

virtues of heroic times. Far removed from the narrow-minded and sordid throng among whom his lot has been cast, raised above the temporary interests and petty jealousies of the day by the transparent purity of his character, the loftiness of his aims, and the sublimity of his devotion, he stands on a pedestal more enduring than any raised by mortal hands, and posterity will not fail to render that justice to his memory which has been meted out but scantily to the living man by too many of his contemporaries. His name shall be mentioned by generations yet unborn, with those of the Aristides and the Cincinnatus of the past, until it has become proverbial for all that can add a lustre to the sacred name of patriot, or dignity to our common humanity.

There have been men equally distinguished for their prowess on the battle-field—men who have won kingdoms by the sword, and who, loaded with wealth and honour, preferred the retirement of private life to vain display and empty pagantry, but how few have ever united the same degree of heroism and self-denial to that child-like simplicity and goodness of heart which has endeared him to all that come within the magic influence of a nature that can, by a gesture, a smile, or a kindly word, convert even a foe into a friend. We have seen him in the heat of action defending Rome against the assaults of the French. We have seen him a proscribed exile, pursued by Austrian sbirri, with a price set upon his head. We have seen him in his island home, sole lord of his little domain. We have seen him in every phase of his eventful life—the hero

of the hour, the idol of the throng—but the man was ever the same, superior alike to the blandishments of prosperity or the frowns of adversity. There was the same well-known smile on his genial countenance, the same friendly hand outstretched alike to high or low, the same cordial greeting for an old friend.

To us cold Northerners—strangers to the impulsive nature of the fervid South—many of his acts may appear rash; yet, except perhaps on one or two unfortunate occasions, they never assumed the character of wilful obstinacy; as at Aspromonte, for instance, when having set his heart upon conquering Rome, and at the same time avenging himself upon the French, it might be, had he been allowed to have his own way, that he would have precipitated the present crisis, whether for weal or woe, it is not for us to determine; still, we cannot but think that such an enterprise would have been extremely hazardous.

Now that the freedom of Italy has been secured, we may fairly assume that he has fought his last battle. That he has been less successful than usual during the recent campaign, must be ascribed, in a great measure, to the bad management of the miserable Camarilla, to whom was entrusted the direction of the war, and to the fact that he was everywhere overmatched in strength, by a foe who not only knew how to fight, but was at the same time in full possession of all the leading passes in the mountains. Nor can much be said in praise of the soldierly qualities of too many

of the vapouring braggarts that followed his standard. Still, if ever there was a man that knew how to breathe a portion of his own daring spirit into those around him, until the veriest craven disdained to fly—or to follow up any advantage by a successful onset—that man was Garibaldi. Brave almost to a fault, he is the *beau-idéal* of a guerilla chieftain; but as a tactician—as a general, we may place him in the same category as his king, Victor Emmanuel. Neither possesses the coolness and judgment necessary to conduct a campaign. In addition to these points of similarity, they are equally deficient in the elements of true statesmanship. Doubtless there is much in the character of both that is suited to the stormy and eventful times in which their lot has been cast, but neither could ever hope to compete in the field with a Cialdini, or in the cabinet with a Cavour.

Before we have done with Garibaldi, it may be as well to state that in the Italy of our day there has been throughout the late war, from its first outbreak up to the present time, two distinct bodies of fighting men, who have each resolved, in their own way, to work out the deliverance of their country from the bondage of the foreigner, and which may be termed the monarchical and democratic party. The first, under the command of General Cialdini, of course had the support of the King and all the authorities—civil and military. Of the other, Garibaldi was the chief. It may also be necessary to state that the Italians, taken

in the mass, are by nature and historic recollections, democrats and republicans, and although they acknowledge the 'Rè Galantuomo' to be a most favourable specimen of a king, their allegiance to him has been won, rather by his military frankness, courage, and unimpeachable honesty, than for any love they bear to kings in the abstract.

The party, however, most to be dreaded are the republicans of the Mazzini school, who, if they had an opportunity, and saw any prospect of succeeding, would again revolutionize the country. As, however, the majority of the people—at least, those who have anything to lose—have had the good sense to come to the conclusion that, without a king, the fabric they have taken so much pains to rear, would certainly crumble to pieces, there is at present but little to fear from the intrigues of that party. Besides, the hostility that has always been shown to them by Garibaldi, Bixio, and the other great chiefs of the moderate republican party, has been the death-blow to their hopes.

That this should be the existing state of parties in modern Italy is much to be deplored; still it is only what might be expected in a country rising, as it were, from the tomb, and whatever may be the course of events, we cannot doubt that many years must elapse before a warm-blooded, imaginative people like the Italians, will give up their dream of acquiring fresh territory and other visionary expectations, for the sober realities of every-day life. On the other hand, we may

consider, as a favourable omen for the future, the kindly disposition they evinced when the hour arrived that was to separate them for ever from their old rulers, the Teutons. Wherever the two armies met—whether in Venice or the fortress towns of the Quadrilateral, they fraternized, shook hands, and drank together the cup of peace, as brave, disciplined soldiers always do when they meet, after the war is over. While we extol this trait in races so long the bitterest enemies, as one of the brightest examples of the humanizing influences of our age, it is another proof that the Italians have not been demoralized by their long servitude. Indeed, it was only at Verona where the Garibaldi and Mazzinian element happened to be in the ascendant, that any attempt was made to insult the Tedeschi, and then the *émeute* was confined to a few hundred drunken brawlers of the very lowest class.

All this tells still more in favour of the Italians, when we remember how severely their patience has been tried, and what a bitter pill they had to swallow —How insulting—how galling, must it have been to their pride, as a nation, to be compelled to accept Venetia, not as a guerdon, won by their own valour, but as a gift, at second hand, from their enemy Austria, to France—to be transferred from France to Italy, thus treating the entire people, king, government, and all, with no more consideration, than if they were a flock of sheep. No doubt this policy of Francis Joseph in making over Venetia to his friend Louis Napoleon,

tended in some way to his own advantage; but it might have been the means of lighting up the flames of another European war, had it not been for the firmness of Prussia, and the determination of the Italians to fight it out, *coûte que coûte*, sooner than break their engagements with their allies the Prussians.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Cession of Venetia.—Its political Motives.—Ill-advised Policy pursued by Austria.—The War in Italy and Bohemia contrasted.—Disaffection in the Austrian Army.—An unfortunate Miscalculation.—Venice, her Past and Present.—National Rejoicings.—Patriotic Conduct of the Clergy in Venice.—Important Era in the History of the Roman Catholic Church.

If to be as proud as a Habsburger has become a species of proverb, the princes of this house have been equally famous for the unbending haughtiness with which they endure a reverse of fortune, even at the risk of making matters worse. In this instance, the plan of ceding Venetia to France, if it had succeeded in establishing French supremacy in Venice, or in bringing a French army across the Rhine to fight against Prussia and German unity, was no doubt quite worthy the cunning and foresight of the jesuitical court of Vienna. In all probability we shall never get at the real truth of the matter; in despotic governments, where there is no freedom of the press, nor expansion of public opinion, secrets of this kind rarely transpire. Yet you scarcely meet with a Prussian or an Italian of any standing in the world, who does not persist in maintaining that this project had been arranged between Francis Joseph, and Louis Napoleon, previous to the late war, and would have been carried into effect, if it had not

been for the dread entertained by the French of facing the needle-gun.

We give this for what it is worth, as one of the *on dits* of the day, but the ungracious manner, to use the mildest phrase, in which Venetia was transferred to the Italian people, who, if they were not successful on the field, fought most bravely, recoiled fearfully on Austria; from that moment whatever sympathy had been felt for her owing to the manner in which she had been treated by Prussia fell to zero. In any case, whatever might have been the object of the parties to this treaty, it is another and very remarkable instance of the bad fortune that has so constantly attended the present Emperor of Austria in everything that he has undertaken since he ascended the throne of his uncle. He commenced his eventful reign by goading the Hungarians to the extremity of taking up arms in defence of their just rights, and as if that were not enough, he ended the tragedy, by invoking in his hour of peril, the aid of the Russians, thus destroying the prestige of his army, and compromising his independence as a sovereign. The same evil counsel, or bad fortune, in whichever light we may view it, urged him on to be the first to take the field against the French and Italians in 1859, by which means he lost Lombardy. Again, his every act, from the commencement of the quarrel with Prussia, down to the transfer of Venetia to the French, has been marked by the same want of tact and judgment. Any other sovereign but this ill-advised Francis Joseph, would have sent the flower of

his army—the broad-shouldered sturdy Germans of Upper and Lower Austria,—the hardy mountaineers of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, into Bohemia, to confront the Prussians, in defence of the honour of their country—instead of which they were kept in Venetia to defend a line of forts which in themselves were strong enough to defy any attempt of the best troops in Europe to take them. Can we then wonder that almost immediately after the first gun was fired on the field of Sadowa, the disaffected Italians, Magyars, Croats, Czecks, and Poles, of which the army in Bohemia was chiefly composed, should have laid down their arms and gone over to the enemy in thousands ?

Here again we have another illustration of that dangerous policy of the princes of the House of Habsburg—*Divide et impera,* which, though it might have succeeded very well in past ages, is not adapted for the present generation. No doubt the priestly government of Vienna had calculated that an army of fanatic Romanists would have fought to the death when opposed to the accursed heretics of Protestant Prussia—as their fathers had done ages ago, during the Thirty Years' War, altogether ignoring the fact that the feelings of the people are entirely changed—that the enlightenment of nations, even of these out-of-the-way nationalities of the Austrian Empire, has proceeded too far to permit a return to blind, fanatic zeal in the nineteenth century. Besides, the powers that be at Vienna are not so popular with any section of their subjects that they will dare certain destruction in support of a

government for which they entertain neither respect nor love.

In enumerating these facts, which have now become invested with the authority of history, the reader will see that nations, as well as individuals, are in nine cases out of ten the authors of their own misfortunes. How terrible then is the danger!—how great is the risk! to a people who live under an absolute monarchy, when the sovereign is not a man gifted with intellectual and moral superiority.

But to return to Venetia. Happily for both Italian and Teuton, the last Austrian is gone, and it is not likely that Italy will ever again be swayed by a German monarch. There is nothing in the character of either people that could possibly amalgamate with the other. An Austro-German and a Magyar may act in concert in a country where there are neither alps nor seas to divide them, and where their interests are in many respects identical, but this can never happen with the dark-eyed, dark-haired children of the South. It mattered not that their German masters had constructed roads, built bridges, erected public buildings, introduced habits of industry, reformed many of their dirty, indolent habits, and sought in every possible way to attach them to their rule. They were doomed, like the Turk in the land of the Christian, to remain encamped in the country over which they held dominion as its sole lord and master, and like him to keep it at the point of the sword.

He is gone, this burly, broad-shouldered, good-

humoured Teuton—gone for ever, and now that it is all over, we can scarcely believe that it is not a dream—so startling, so sudden has been the march of events, and perhaps there is nothing more striking, nor more remarkable, in the whole affair than that, at the eleventh hour, this dark-haired child of the South should owe all that he has won to the prowess of a German —to a native of that very land the name of which he never pronounced but with loathing.

Poor Venice! she was the last link in the chain, and when memory retraces what her people accomplished at a time when the whole civilized world was wrapt in barbarism; when we contemplate the magnificent city their industry erected in the midst of a swamp, and which still remains a glorious monument of their taste and enterprise; when we remember the position they occupied as one of the foremost powers in the world, and what they did towards furthering the enlightenment of mankind—their fate was indeed most deplorable. When we consider their seventy long years of servitude —the number of times they were compelled, by the fortune of war, or the caprice of a conqueror, to change their rulers; how they were obliged to accept, without daring to utter a sigh of regret, now a French ruler, then a German; how one conqueror marched into their prostrate city, with drums beating and colours flying, while the other, with reversed arms, marched out according to the terms of the capitulation; can we wonder that these poor people, now they are free, should have become drunk with joy, or that their beautiful Venice

should again, as of old, burst forth in a blaze of light, exhibiting in every possible manner the happiness of a people whose chains had been so unexpectedly rent asunder? But in nothing have they manifested so much good sense and deep gratitude towards their compatriots of the other provinces of Italy for their assistance, as in the result of the Plebiscito, which may be said to have been unanimous in favour of a union with Italy.

It would, however, be a great injustice to the Roman Catholic clergy of Venetia, did we not record the truly patriotic part they played in the great festival of independence. It might be surmised at such a moment, owing to the great hatred borne by the chief of their creed towards Victor Emmanuel and his supporters, they would have kept aloof and striven to repress, rather than stimulate, the popular enthusiasm—no such thing. From the archbishop, down to the humble curé of the village—all comported themselves in a manner worthy alike of the good pastor, and of the honest patriot. No thunder of the Vatican, no anathema of excommunication, deterred them from displaying the greatest energy in collecting the votes of the Plebiscito, while their sacred calling enabled them to exercise a salutary influence in repressing any unseemly manifestation of popular ill-will against the Austrians. In addition, the whole of the churches were decorated and thrown open. Te Deums were sung, and blessings solemnly invoked upon their King, the Italian army and people.

These are events, ascribe them to whatever cause we may, whose importance cannot be overrated. It marks an era in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. In a word, patriotism has triumphed over priestcraft; and, to the honour of the Venetian clergy be it said, they have been the first to break down the barriers which have so long existed between the priests and the people—and which the head of the Roman Catholic Church has of late striven, with a blind zeal and fatal want of foresight, to strengthen, rather than to remove. Such acts as these have a still greater significance, when we remember that they are in direct opposition to Papal authority—in thus rendering homage to a king who had been excommunicated, and in praying for the success of an army whose deeds having been anathematized, they have, according to the spirit of their Church, necessarily involved themselves in the same condemnation. Surely, after the example set by such high dignitaries as the Archbishop of Venice, and his principal clergy, we can no longer resist the conviction that, if Mastei Ferretti be not the last Pope, he is, at least, the last who will be suffered to wield irresponsible spiritual sway. Truly, his supremacy—his assumption of infallibility, must be drawing to a close, when his very clergy act in direct contradiction to this the most cherished of his edicts.

In point of fact, events are marching too fast for the Papacy, and it will be left hopelessly in the rear, if no effort be made to place it more in harmony with the

spirit of the age. The clergy of Venetia have had the good sense to perceive this, and have boldly grasped the horns of the dilemma. It remains now to be seen how far the Vatican will profit by their example—these are no times for excommunications, and invocations for saintly aid and protection. 'Aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera,' must now be the motto of the Papacy, and if it will only shape its acts more in accordance with the liberal and enlightened spirit of the times in which we live, the Pope may long continue to be the Hierarch of the Holy Roman Church. Be this as it may, Venetia—nay, all Italy, has just been the scene of a mighty political revolution; she probably stands on the threshold of a religious one, equally momentous. Her priesthood have set an example, that their brethren in other countries would do well to take to heart and ponder over. May it not be reserved for the same people to free mankind from an intolerant spiritual thraldom, who were the first to deliver the world from the intellectual darkness that prevailed after the downfall of the Roman Empire?

If success be accepted as the criterion of worth, it must be confessed that the Italian people, King, government, and priests, have passed through their late ordeal at least with credit. If we except the demoralized South, so long the home of brigandage, superstition, and ignorance—all meaner motives seemed to have been merged in one irrepressible outburst of national enthusiasm, on the recovery of their independ-

ence, which had not, however, betrayed them into any of those excesses that might be expected in a people who had suffered so long, and so fearfully, under the rule of the foreigner. Their own good sense told them that the poor hireling of the Tedeschi was nothing more than an instrument—a species of automaton, that must perform its appointed task, however repugnant.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Venice before the late War.—Characteristics of the Austrian Soldiery.—Sketch of the Quadrilateral.—Fortifications of Venice.—Their great Strength.—Venice in the olden Time.—Impregnable Character of the Lombardo-Venetian Forts.—Singular Fatality attending the Career of Francis Joseph.

How strange is history! How impossible is it in times like the present to foresee what a few hours may bring forth. The events that have recently transpired in Austria and Italy might well form an instructive chapter in the imperishable records of the rise and fall of nations. It was only a short time previous to the commencement of the late war, that we happened to be at Venice listening to the openly-expressed convictions of ultimate success indulged in by the Austrian officers stationed there, and how quickly they would dispose of the Wälschers (Italians) should they again dare to raise the standard of revolt. It was impossible to question the probability, ay, even the certainty of such a result, when one regarded the splendid and well-disciplined army to whom the defence of Venetia was then entrusted. A finer set of fellows it would be difficult to find in any part of Europe: they seemed to be all picked men, broad-shouldered, tall, and soldier-like, and their clothing, arms, and accoutrements, fully corresponded with the high physical condition of the men. They were under the

command of a general who had the rare advantage of being beloved and trusted by his troops, and who, at the same time, was regarded as one of the most successful commanders in the Austrian army—the Archduke Albrecht.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was then the idol of his soldiers, whereas at the present moment he is known by no other name than Josef der unglückliche; and, truly, when we calmly review the events that have recently occurred in Italy, they appear to belong rather to the realms of fiction than reality—events which have had no parallel in the influences they are certain to exercise on the whole of Europe since the fall of the first Napoleon.

We will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the celebrated Quadrilateral, a succession of forts erected, it is said, at the joint expense of the Emperor of Austria and the other princes of Italy, unequalled for strength and the facility with which they could be defended. They might, indeed, be termed impregnable; for, in addition to the strategical advantages of their position, all that labour could effect, all that the ingenuity of man could devise and wealth accomplish, was employed in their construction. In point of fact, this Quadrilateral was intended to be a stronghold to which these princes and their adherents could retreat with safety in the event of any adverse fortune befalling them in their own dominions, and which was to secure to them and their descendants possession of the beautiful Peninsula until time should be no more.

Surely there must be something more in all this than can be fairly ascribed to the mere accidents of war. Is it that these princes of Italy, then so firmly seated on their thrones, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting? Be this as it may, every event connected with Italy and the fate of her foreign rulers, has been so strange and unexpected as to justify some such conclusion.

But it was not alone the Quadrilateral of Mantua, Verona, Peschiera, and Legnano, that was so strongly fortified—Venice itself was a perfect network of forts and strong places. Every weak point discovered during the bombardment in 1849, when that city was so gallantly defended by Manin, was put into the most perfect state of repair both by sea and land, and so ingeniously were the various lines of defence constructed, as by their united cross-fire to destroy everything that attempted to come within range.

To enable our readers who have never visited Venice to form a clear conception of its unique position, and the vast capabilities of defence it possesses, we must carry them back in imagination to a period when the site now occupied by the grand old city of the Adriatic was a vast region of swamp and lagune, formed by the deposit of the numerous rivers that here find their way to the sea. This desolate and inhospitable region, in which land and water might be said to fight for the mastery, was abandoned to the undisputed sway of wild fowl and reptiles innumerable, until a handful of adventurous Italians, who had striven in vain to drive

the barbarians from the soil of their country after the fall of the Roman Empire, determined to make it their home. Here, at least, they would be unmolested. No one would dispute their possession of a territory which it appeared more than probable the waves of the ocean might at any time reclaim.

The result fully justified the wisdom of their choice; the position was admirably suited alike for commercial and defensive purposes, while its sanitary disadvantages, arising from the injurious miasma caused by the commingling of fresh and salt water, were counteracted by judicious drainage and embankments, by cutting channels for the escape of the fresh water to the sea, whose salt waves, on the other hand, were permitted to invade the land and fill the network of canals cut for their reception. The next step was to secure a foundation for their city. This was chiefly effected by driving piles into the substratum of solid earth, on which the treacherous and shifting alluvial deposit lay.

It would alone fill a volume were we to attempt to describe the gigantic works successfully carried out by these enterprising and indefatigable Italians. Would that their degenerate descendants in the present day might take the lesson to heart, and strive to emulate the industry and perseverance of their ancestors. Suffice it to say, their labours were crowned with the success they deserved. They were amply rewarded for the bloodless victory they had achieved over the powers of nature by the creation of a vast commercial emporium. Thus out of the stagnant waters of a lonely morass arose, in her

strength and in her beauty, the peerless Queen of the Adriatic.

In such a position as this, backed by the far-famed Quadrilateral, a great military power like Austria, with the resources of an empire at her command, might have safely defied the utmost efforts of the Italians, even if supported by the French or Prussians. Having visited several of these fortifications a few weeks previous to the outbreak of hostilities, in company with an English gentleman—an officer in the Austrian service, and witnessed the preparations that were then everywhere making to withstand a siege, it was impossible to resist the conviction that Austria was utterly impregnable within the lines of her stronghold; and that no army that ever took the field could have succeeded in driving her, by mere fighting, from a position so admirably adapted by nature, as well as by art, for the purposes of defence.

Not only were these fortresses, forts, redoubts, and field-works, constructed in accordance with the most recent and improved rules of military engineering, but their strength lay in the fact that, even if the artillery of the enemy succeeded in effecting a breach, they could only be stormed after the assaulting party in most cases had waded through pools of mud and water, and deep morasses, filled with stakes pointed with iron, in which the men would be caught as in a trap, and exposed, at the same time, to the concentrated fire of the surrounding forts. With the same foresight, the same determination, to fight to the last, this wary govern-

ment, knowing that it only required a mere spark to light up the volcano that slumbered under its feet, even took the precaution of having the barracks in all the great towns and cities not only loop-holed and case-mated, but, in some places of more than ordinary importance, rendered bomb-proof by a covering of earth. In addition to this, the men were provided with block-houses, to which they might retire during the heat of action, and, without exposing themselves, keep up an incessant fire upon the enemy. Dry and spacious magazines everywhere existed in these strong places for the stowage of provisions and munitions of war, together with mills for the grinding of corn, and establishments for baking bread and cooking by machinery. Does not all this indicate that Austria was prepared to hold this key-stone of her power in the South against every assailant? Does it not also show how deplorable must have been her condition after the defeat at Königgrätz to feel that the surrender of such an important part of her dominions was her only safety from a still greater evil?

We will merely describe one of these island fortresses in the vicinity of Venice, which may be taken as a specimen of the rest, whether situated on the sea-coast or inland. To form a just idea of what they are, and their great strength, you must imagine a cluster of small islands, covered with earthworks, of prodigious strength, which, though separated from each other by deep canals, are linked together by drawbridges, and so admirably arranged for defensive purposes, that each island must

be separately captured; at the same time, the storming party is exposed to a murderous cross-fire, from perhaps twenty or thirty of these isolated forts.

Among these the strongest, most important, and best adapted for a position both offensive and defensive—either to prevent an enemy from advancing on Venice on the land side, or for bombarding the city itself, is Fort Malghera—or, as it has been recently called, Fort Haynau. It is situated on the extreme edge of the lagunes, at a point where the railway and the canal St. Secondo—the only one which forms a direct line of communication with Venice—approach each other so closely as both to come within the range of its murderous fire; thus enabling it to repel any attack, either from the land or the water.

It is an irregular bastioned work, with outward and inner lines of defence, environed by a number of small islands, upon which redoubts have been erected, and so skilfully protected is every approach by a succession of deep muddy pits, and iron stakes, carefully concealed from the eye, as to render any attempt to take it by assault almost impossible, exposed, as the storming party would be, to the concentrated fire of not less than two hundred guns.

Like all the other first-class fortresses, whether in the neighbourhood of Venice, or in any other part of Venetia, it is amply provided with dry magazines, rifled and smooth-bore cannon, mortars, high and low, bomb-proof blockhouses, and inexhaustible stores of every species of war material. There are no embrasures to be

seen, and the muzzles of the guns themselves are barely visible over the parapet, while their carriages are altogether concealed and protected. Indeed, so many special precautions have here been taken, with a view of rendering the whole place as invulnerable as possible, every building being rendered bomb-proof by sheltering mounds of earth, that it is difficult to conceive it possible for a single soldier to be injured even during the hottest action.

This was the fortress that was so gallantly defended by Daniel Manin in 1848, and was only abandoned by that heroic patriot when it was no longer tenable, not from the want of defenders, but owing to the fearful unhealthiness of a place which carried off his men in hundreds by cholera and other diseases arising from malaria. Surely, if this fortress alone proved impregnable for eighteen months to such an army as Austria could bring against it, with no other defenders than the revolted population of Venice, what chance had the Italians? and it must be taken before an enemy could hope to enter Venice as a conqueror.

Among the other precautions adopted by this great military power to hold her own, there was not a single fort throughout the whole of Venetia, even those of minor importance, that was not amply provisioned for at least four months; and being in possession of the sea from Venice to Trieste, and all the mountain passes in the Tyrol and the Carnic provinces leading to Vienna and all the other great towns and cities of the empire, they could never suffer from the want of a fresh

supply, in the event of a siege. Thus, with abundance of the finest bread, corn, wine, oil, and fruit for the soldiery, together with thousands of oxen, pigs, and poultry, that might be seen covering all the islands about Venice, and on all the marshy fat lands in the vicinity of the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral, what hope could there be of starving out an army? Even supposing that all other means of subsistence failed, the whole of the rivers, canals, and marshes by which they are surrounded abound with the finest fish. We have already alluded to the superabundance of water as a prime element of the strength of the Quadrilateral and the other fortresses of Venetia in checking the approach of a hostile force. Nor does it operate in this way only, for the poisonous exhalations engendered by the hot sun during summer and autumn, would soon prove more effectual in thinning the ranks of an attacking force, exposed day and night to their full influence, than even the bullets of the foe. If, with all the comforts of good barracks, and wholesome food in abundance, the garrisons of one of those fortresses, more especially Mantua—the strongest of them all, and the most exposed to these deleterious influences, has to be changed every three months, what must not be their effect on an army in the field!

It is true Cialdini penetrated into Venetia as far as Padua and Vicenza, and took possession of the railroad that leads from Venice to Verona, but there was still Mantua the Impregnable threatening the whole of Lombardy, and until that was taken, with its outstanding

redoubts, the slightest mishap, the slightest check in his career, must have forced him back to his old quarters on the Po and the Mincio, with the prospect of seeing Lombardy, and perhaps the whole of Italy, again overrun, as in the olden time, by a victorious enemy.

In summing up the defences of Venetia, it cannot be too often repeated that Austria was thoroughly prepared to wage a war of life or death against the whole Italian nation, even with the French as their allies; and also that Venice, that city of palaces, was not only an interesting relic of bygone times, but a vast fortress in the fullest sense of the word, strong enough to hurl back any enemy, however powerful, that might attack her, besides the immense advantage it offered from its position of serving as a vast depôt for men and all the material of war, in the event of the invasion of an enemy either by sea or land.

All this is the more remarkable, we may add, unaccountable, if we contrast these vast military establishments and preparations, to repel the attack of an invader in the southern part of the empire, with those of the north, where everything was left pretty much in the same state that it was a century ago. Not one of the fortresses of Bohemia, not even the far-famed Olmütz, could have withstood a siege of a few weeks; while as to Josephstadt and Königgrätz, immortalized in the history of the late Prussian war, they were almos entirely useless to arrest the march of an enemy, for their outward defences were not only suffered to remain in a half-ruinous state, but their armaments

were of the very worst description. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that a highly practical people like the Prussians, who must have been aware of the inadequate and unskilful preparations for war made by their old enemies the Austrians, forced the campaign in the North, well knowing there lay the weakness of the Austrian Empire. Be this as it may, it affords another instance of that extraordinary ill fortune which has so constantly and for so many years attended this really great military power, for do as she would, act as she might, she was certain to be the loser in the end. It mattered not that her soldiers had fought like lions at Custozza; it mattered not that her sailors were victorious at Lissa; they were as nothing when weighed in the balance against the crushing defeat at Königgrätz.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Magic of a Name.—Battle of Custozza.—Its Effects on Italy and Austria.—Disastrous Retreat of the Italians.—Military Panics and their Consequences.—Battle of Custozza from a French Point of View.—The late Prussian War and its Results to Italy.—Good Faith and high Character of the Italians as an Ally.

If our ancient and modern prophets have been accustomed to draw their auguries of the future from figures, the Austrians and the Italians may be permitted, with more reason, to deduce theirs from the magic of a name, for if ever there was one that has been significant to them of good and evil, it is Custozza. It was the defeat of the Italians, under the command of their gallant King Carlo Alberto, at Custozza, in 1848, that cost them the whole of Lombardy, to which Piedmont might have been added, had it not been for the timely interference of their neighbours, the French. Neither was his warlike son, Victor Emmanuel, the soldier-king, more successful on the same battle-field, in 1866, and his defeat, in all probability, would have cost him equally dear were it not for the opportune victories of his allies the Prussians, in Bohemia.

On the other hand, the victories gained by Austria on these two occasions at Custozza cannot be too highly estimated, when we remember that in each instance, at that particular moment, her very existence as an empire

may be said to have depended on them. In the first battle, in 1848, the insurrection in Vienna, and the war in Hungary had so exhausted her strength and resources, that nothing could have saved her from utter shipwreck, but some such interposition of kind fortune in her favour as this victory over her refractory subjects, the Italians.

With respect to the other. Those persons who happened to be at Vienna in the summer of 1866, and witnessed the discontented state of the people, will agree with us when we say, that were it not for the battle of Custozza, gained by an Austrian Archduke, over the same enemy, the Italians, and coming most opportunely as a sort of counterpoise to the terrible and continued reverses sustained by the Austrian army in every battle it waged against the Prussians, a catastrophe of some kind or other was inevitable. Indeed, such was the turbulent, discontented state of every class of society, and so loud were their cries universally uttered against their rulers, that it only required a mere spark to kindle a conflagration that must have ended in the destruction of the Austrian government and dynasty, for the unthinking masses would surely have visited on the heads of the Emperor and his advisers the disgrace that had befallen the nation.

The battle of the 24th of June, 1866, on the field of Custozza, has been so often and not unfrequently so unfairly described by interested writers, that it is impossible to give in the present day what may be termed an authentic account. It is, however, very generally admitted that a large portion of the Italian army were

seized with a sort of panic—threw down their arms and fled for their lives, leaving the field in possession of the Austrians. From all we have been able to glean there does not appear a doubt that the war from first to last, whether by land or sea, was badly managed, not only by the officials at the War Office, but by the superior officers in command. It is also very evident that the Italians were overmatched, not in numbers indeed, but in superior *physique*, discipline, and obstinate courage—in a word, the enemy they had to contend with were for the most part Germans, and under the command of one of their own princes, a German Archduke—just the men who, with no other enemy before them but the despised Wälshers, would be certain to fight to the last man rather than surrender. In addition to this they had the prestige of success on their side; they had also the advantage of being much better armed, while in the event of a check, they had a secure retreat within the strong walls of their own Quadrilateral.

As might be expected in an army so admirably disciplined as this, and so well in hand, their generals, from the commencement of the battle, outmanœuvred those of the Italians; at the same time, as was also to be anticipated, their artillery soon silenced that of the Italians. Thus, with every advantage in their favour, these big, brawny Germans, whether on horseback or on foot, whether armed with the sabre or the bayonet, soon made for themselves a clear field. Still, let it be remembered, we have not the slightest reason to say that the Italians did not stand well to their arms.

Indeed the Archduke Albrecht admits this, in his despatches to the Emperor, making use of the expression, *Unendlich tapfer*, when speaking of the Italians. Still no one can read these despatches, or the cautiously-worded bulletins of Victor Emmanuel, without perceiving that the Italian army, from the commencement of hostilities with the Austrians, sustained very severe reverses, which ended in a complete rout, when they were cut down without mercy, as is always the case when men throw down their arms, and run for their lives.

No one can form an idea of what a *sauve qui peut* scamper like this is, who has not witnessed something similar on the field of battle, nor the danger to which a body of men is exposed from the moment they show their heels, much resembling the flight of a flock of sheep when run down by a pack of ravenous wolves. So long as you show a bold front to your enemy, eye to eye, hand to hand, there is some hope of life—some hope that fortune may befriend you—although the tide of victory may be turning against you. But you have scarcely any chance of escaping being cut down by those in pursuit, or trampled to death by your own comrades, from the moment you turn your back upon the enemy. In cases of this kind, the foremost rank, if they attempt to halt for an instant, even to draw breath, are certain to be the first who will suffer; for, urged on by resistless pressure from behind, they are certain to fall—the next rank meets the same fate, and so on, until the whole becomes one confused mass of

human beings—all trampling one over the other, and preventing every possibility of advancing, when in the midst of the confusion, and without a hope of extricating themselves, up comes the enemy who rides over them, or cuts them down without mercy.

This is the reason why we see, in the bulletins of the conqueror and the vanquished, such an enormous difference in the amount of the killed and wounded, those of the one being, in nearly every instance, ten to one of the other. Of course, soldiers well in hand are perfectly aware of this, and never retreat except by word of command, and then in an orderly, soldier-like way. Still there is always the risk of a panic, to which even the best-disciplined soldiers are liable, and, when this once sets in, it spreads like wild-fire, and very rarely admits of a remedy.

The Latin races, and the people of Southern countries in general, being more imaginative, easily excited and impulsive, are far more liable to be seized with a sudden panic than our more cool-headed and imperturbable men of the North. The *sauve qui peut* of the French is really terrible. The English soldiers are perhaps less subject to such influences than any others, indeed the first Napoleon was accustomed to say they were so stupid as not to know even when they were beaten. Still history records a singular and painful exhibition of this unreasoning frenzy in the English army at the battle of Fontenoy. These men, after bearing down all before them, destroying regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, of the finest

troops in the French service, till the battle was absolutely won, suddenly fled in the wildest disorder, after the discharge of four pieces of miserable rusty cannon, and which were only fired by the French for the purpose of covering the retreat of the king and the remnant of his army.

It is almost needless now to repeat that the panic was owing to the news flying from rank to rank, from lip to lip, that they were in the act of being surrounded by several parks of the enemy's artillery that had just come up. 'The long tried, steady, immovable English column that nothing could shake,' says a French contemporary writer, 'was not a more wonderful spectacle than its sudden rout—which was the affair of a few minutes—for the ill-fated soldiers not only fled, but almost immediately disappeared, so dreadful was the slaughter; trampled to death as they were by our cavalry, and cut to pieces by our fanatic allies, the Irish Brigade, they soon became an undistinguishable mass.' It must have been some such idea as this, the apprehension of unexpected danger, that struck the Italians with sudden terror at Custozza; otherwise, how can we account for the fact that they left ten thousand dead on the field of battle, to say nothing of the thousands who threw down their arms and surrendered as prisoners of war?

'Up to the taking of Custozza, at the point of the bayonet, by the Austrians,' says a French superior officer, when writing in the *Journal des Débats*, the Italians fought remarkably well for young troops; but

here they completely broke down, and, when the order for retreat came, the showers of bullets, the shells bursting among them in every direction, the crash and tumult of a battle at the very height of its fury, and the sight of the town in flames, struck such terror in the hearts of these young soldiers, that, instead of retreating in an orderly manner after the battle was lost, as old soldiers would have done, rushed down the hill in one headlong flight, and were massacred by the Austrian cavalry in pursuit, without mercy.'

We may learn alone, from this incident, how difficult it would have been for the Italians to work out their independence, unless they had been assisted either by the French or the Prussians. Even assuming that, under their gallant king, they had defeated the Austrians at Custozza, the victory would have been of little use, as the Germans could retreat to Verona, where, under cover of the Maximilian towers, they would be safe from any further attack, the Quadrilateral being so skilfully designed that, if the troops entrusted with its defence were beaten at one point, they could easily retreat to another, and in this manner weary and exhaust their adversary by carrying on the war at their own leisure.

It is also very evident that when an army, fighting under the eye of the sovereign, could not resist the assault of troops, so well trained and prepared for action as the Austrians, there could be little hope of success for the undisciplined masses who followed the standard of Garibaldi. In skirmishing, such troops as these may

obtain some partial success, but when attacking a strong position, or a body of men so well in hand as the Austrians, they never can do much unless led on by old soldiers. This has been exemplified in the fact that General Kuhn, with only ten thousand men under his command, was able to hold the South Tyrol, from the Stelvio to the Primolano Pass, against the whole force of Garibaldi and his second in command, General Medici, amounting to more than fifty thousand men. Most unfortunately for them, they had an opponent in General Kuhn, who was not only a true soldier, but remarkable for his talent as a strategist; one of the few Austrian officers, during the late war, who, although labouring under great disadvantages, distinguished himself very highly, and has been most liberally rewarded.

Still, everything considered, however unsuccessful the Italians may have been by land and sea, they have abundant cause to be proud of what they have achieved, especially when we remember that this naval and military force, with the exception of the Piedmontese bersaglieri, were recruited among a people enervated by so many centuries of debasing servitude. They have at least the consolation of knowing that it was in no slight degree due to the diversion they effected against the common enemy of both, that enabled their allies, the Prussians, to carry all before them in Bohemia, and nothing proves more their good faith, as friends and allies, than their steadfast adherence to the

terms of their treaty when the strongest temptation to violate them was thrown in their way by the offer to cede Venetia. In firmly refusing the tempting bait they have shown an honesty and straightforwardness which will certainly not be forgotten, and may, at some future day, plead more eloquently in their favour than if they had won a hundred battles. An act like this, at the commencement of their career as a nation, united to such a succession of good fortune as rarely falls to the lot of any people, promises well for the future; and as the Italians have not only secured their independence, but have acquired one of the finest provinces in Europe, protected by a frontier almost unequalled for strength, it would be strange indeed if they did not make for themselves a great name in the future history of the world.

Every true friend of Italy must therefore feel gratified at the part played by the Italians during the late war. In estimating its results we must not forget that they were opposed to the flower of the Austrian army, and had thus, in a certain sense, to bear the brunt of the campaign, and, even if vanquished, must be held to have contributed in no small degree to the success of the Prussians. They may also congratulate themselves on having turned the victories of their allies to the best possible account. They had the practical good sense to sacrifice all other considerations to the pursuit of the one great object they had in view, and never to desist in their efforts until secure of its attainment.

Herein they have shown wise policy and good statesmanship; nor, on the other hand, can we regard as less admirable the temper, forbearance, and patience they have displayed throughout the severe misadventures and trials that have recently befallen them.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

European Military Reform since the Peace of 1815.—The French and Austrian Systems.—Prussia and the Needle-gun.—Wellington and the first Napoleon.—Their Tactics.—Value of Enthusiasm in a Soldier.—Ancient and modern Warfare.—Breech-loaders and rifled Cannon.—What will be the Result of their Introduction.—Opinion of the first Napoleon upon the military Tactics of his Day.—Anecdote of Solyman the Great and the Alchymist.

THERE probably never was a war, however short in duration, that did not give rise to numerous alterations and improvements in the military system of the day. Weak points of strategy, and mechanical imperfections in every species of weapon, are brought to light by the test of actual experience on the battle-field. An obsolete tradition of routine has to be abandoned to meet the exigencies created by new systems of defence and attack.

The first great reforms in military matters since the peace of 1815 were inaugurated by the war in the Crimea, and the French, as usual, took the lead. Among other important facts that were considered to be demonstrated in the campaign before the walls of Sebastopol, was that of the superior endurance, fortitude, and discipline of veteran troops as compared with the raw levies of youth furnished by the conscription.

The short but brilliant campaign of the French and

the Piedmontese on the plains of Lombardy, in 1859, marks the next era in the history of modern warfare. Here, for the first time, the decided superiority of rifled cannon in their precision of aim and mobility on the field over the clumsy old smooth-bore was practically demonstrated, and led to numerous improvements and modifications in arms of every calibre. Nor was this the only result of the war of 1859. It was followed by an equally important revolution in tactics and drill. The rigid discipline and pipe-clay system of the martinets of the old school were found to be unsuited for modern warfare; men were no longer to be regarded as mere fighting machines, to be moved hither and thither at the word of command, like automata on a chess-board. He was held to be the best soldier who possessed in the highest degree his individual faculties, and, above all, great bodily activity. A regular system of military gymnastics became henceforth an indispensable part of military training in the French army, doubtless with the design of enabling the undersized troops, of which it is mainly composed, to compete on a more equal footing with heavier and more powerful adversaries by opposing agility and skill to mere brute force. The consequence is, that the luckless recruit from the moment of joining his depôt, is put through a regular course of gymnastics, which, with his drill, parade, roll-call, muster, and other duties, leave him but little leisure from the time he rises in the morning until he retires to rest.

The French and Austrian governments, in their desire

to excel each other, spared no efforts to render their armies as efficient as possible. Swimming and racing, singing and dancing, were included among the multifarious accomplishments of their soldiery. So perfect had both armies become in all that it was considered desirable they should learn under the new *régime*, that military travellers on the Continent, previous to the outbreak of the late war, were loud in their praises of the high proficiency of both armies. In several of our own journals the Austrian army was lauded as one of the best disciplined and best equipped of any in Europe. They are said even to surpass their teachers, the French, not only in the ease and precision with which they went through their evolutions, but even in the use of the rifle. The same might be said of the artillery and cavalry. It was impossible for any unprejudiced traveller to witness the manœuvres of a body of Austrian light horse without being strongly impressed with a high opinion of their efficiency. We have ourselves seen them at the word of command plunge in a body into the deep waters of the swift-rolling Danube, swim to the opposite bank, sweep in compact military order over the level surface of the Marchfeld, or Prater, taking hedges, ditches, and other obstacles in the way with the ease and confidence of experienced foxhunters. The strength and beauty of their clean-limbed sinewy steeds, together with the style and grace of their riders in their picturesque uniform, with the loose dolman and jaunty sabretasch, seemed to realize the *beau-idéal* of a light horseman.

Having had no opportunity of seeing the Austrian

artillery at its shell and ball practice, we cannot express any decided opinion with regard to its efficiency in the field; but the general turn out, the readiness with which the artillerymen fell into line, the quickness and precision of their movements, the ease with which the train of the guns was hooked at the word of command to the saddle; all bespoke careful and assiduous training.

Can we wonder, therefore, that nearly the whole of the military authorities of Europe confidently predicted the success of an army thus disciplined, equipped, and commanded by an Emperor in the flower of his age, and a whole train of archdukes and sovereign princes ready to assist him with their counsel in the cabinet and their services in the field. Yet, how strangely have all such anticipations been falsified by the result! How completely have the so-called authorities been at fault! clearly proving that some essential element of success had been entirely overlooked. True, Austria possessed an army of veterans, men who for the most part had passed through an apprenticeship of active service, who had graduated on the field of battle, while that of her adversary was composed for the most part of beardless boys, half citizen, half soldier, whose only laurels had been won in a struggle with the poor overmatched Danes. Can it be wondered if it was universally predicted that the Austrian army, backed by those of the four kings and the minor princes forming the German Bund, would soon make short work of them? Alas! for the fallibility of human judgment, that patriotism, that bond of union, which is supplied by the sense of fighting

for a common country and a common cause, and which, after all, was the real secret of Prussia's success, was not taken into calculation, nor yet the fact that the Prussians, above every other people in Europe, not even excepting the French, are by nature and training essentially a military nation. While other governments were occupied in perfecting the discipline and outward appearance of their men, these practical Northerners had the good sense to arm themselves with a weapon without a rival for deadly efficacy on the field of battle, and instead of being trained only to move in masses like a well-organized machine, every man was taught to rely at need on his individual courage and ability. Yet, as we have already shown, there is nothing in the military education of the Prussian soldiery that might not have been copied by any other European State, our only marvel therefore is, that in a warlike age like the present, they alone should have carried their military system to a degree of perfection which left them practically without a competitor.

Again, when we consider the great success they achieved, the high position they occupied after the short but brilliant campaign in Bohemia, when the whole of Germany might be said to be lying at their feet, we are equally inclined to wonder at the unprecedented forbearance they displayed in the hour of victory. Any other people than the Germans, with their strong sense of justice and clear perception of right and wrong, would have trampled on every obstacle that stood in the way of the realization of their fondest hopes and

ambition, and have insisted on the recognition of German unity from the Baltic to the Adriatic,—would, in a word, have solved finally and for ever the question of the future condition of the fatherland.

When we come thus to review the causes that led to the recent victories of the Prussians, we cannot fail to remember that history furnishes many striking examples of a like result having been accomplished by similar means.

Let a soldiery once be animated by the conviction that they are fighting in a just cause, and let them feel implicit confidence in the skill and courage of their leaders, and they are capable of almost anything. Of this we have a striking example in the early campaigns of the first Napoleon, who, at the head of the ragged, half-starved *sans culottes* of republican France, defeated the whole of the well-fed, well-trained armies of Continental Europe, in rapid succession. He understood the men he commanded, and knew how to avail himself of the enthusiasm by which they were animated. At the same time he possessed the genius necessary to inspire them, with the most unbounded devotion to himself as their leader. With such men, it is impossible to say how long he might have pursued his career unchecked, had he not met a people—who, if less impulsive, were animated by as deep a devotion to their country and as firm a belief in their leader—the English under Wellington.

In estimating the causes that have led to the greatest achievements in history, it is impossible to assign too

high a place to the elements of enthusiasm and devotion. It was this that smote the power and majesty of Persia to the dust on the field of Marathon. It was this that fired the heart and nerved the arm of the heroic followers of Tell and Bruce on the fields of Morgarten and Bannockburn. It was this that won for the 'Ironsides' of Cromwell, their world-wide renown. It was this that enabled the half-naked, half-civilized, followers of Mahomet, to found an empire larger than that of ancient Rome itself. It was this blind confidence in the mission he had come to perform, that enabled his successors to overrun some of the finest countries in Asia, Africa, and Europe—the Caliph Omar to ride forth to battle with a wooden platter and a wooden bottle of water on one side of his saddle, and a bag of barley on the other, as an example to his followers of abstinence and self-denial.

However much some of our readers may, in prosaic and sceptical times like the present, be inclined to smile at such a belief, there can be no question, and we speak from personal observation—that the Prussians of the present day are animated by a strong feeling of religious enthusiasm. The King of Prussia has never made any secret of his belief that he has been singled out as an instrument for accomplishing the great designs of Providence, and the same sentiment to a great extent pervades the ranks of the common soldiery. During the whole of the late war, they never advanced to battle without singing Luther's hymn, and when the fight was over, they might be seen reading their Bibles

by the light of the camp-fires. We may be assured such men are not easily beaten, and only require to be led by a commander whom they can trust to accomplish the grandest results.

The marvellous rapidity with which the late campaign in Bohemia was brought to a successful issue, will no doubt be ascribed by most people to the perfection of the mechanical appliances with which science has supplied the art of war in the present day. Now, while fully prepared to recognize the important par played therein by the railroad, the telegraph, and the needle-gun, we are bound to remember that history furnishes many precedents of a similar short and unbroken career of victory. Without referring to the conquests of Alexander the Great, and the brilliant feats of arms of ancient Rome, we shall find that the French in the campaigns to which we have already alluded, under their young hero Napoleon, had overrun Italy and Germany, and laid the power of Austria in the dust in as brief a space of time as was occupied by the Prussians in bringing the war in Bohemia to a close, and this at a period when neither railroads, telegraphs, nor rifled cannon existed.

Again, perhaps, the most important struggle in the history of modern times, and certainly one of the most decisive battles ever fought—that of Waterloo—was in like manner, the affair of a few days. But in those days, there was no lack of able commanders on both sides. The nations who were then confronted, had each a tradition of glory to uphold, and were ani-

mated by a sense of the tremendous issue at stake. It is true great changes have taken place, in our time, and in nothing more than in the superiority of the weapons now in use. Still, no one who takes into consideration the destructive nature of the breech-loader, and the equally fearful effects of rifled-cannon, can doubt for a moment that, in the battles of the future, it will come to be more and more the fashion to close with the enemy, and that he will be deemed the best general, who, instead of allowing his men to be shot down at a distance, rushes in with the bayonet, and puts an end to the fight, by calling into action the individual pluck, endurance, and fighting qualities of his men.

This is what the Prussians did on the field of Sadowa. After one or two point-blank volleys of the death-dealing needle-guns, they invariably closed with the Austrians, and the result fully justified the wisdom of the proceeding. Endowed with superior physical strength, and the animus of men who knew that the cause they were fighting for was just, they bore down all before them, and gained, as all the world now knows, one of the most signal victories on record. May not this result be regarded as a confirmation of the theory we have advanced, that the fate of battles will now, as in the olden time, be decided by the *élan*, and high spirit of the men themselves, and the boldness of a leader who has won their confidence, rather than by the passive obedience of the best trained legions if destitute of these essential elements of success?

This was also the opinion of the first Napoleon, expressed in the conversations he was accustomed to hold with his friend Las Casas, at Saint Helena. 'When I get back to France,' said he, 'my first step will be to effect an entire change in the organization of the French army, and the system of warfare, by introducing as much as possible the old Roman mode of fighting—the buckler and the broad sword.' That some such plan as this had been brooding in the fertile brain of that great captain, which he would have put into execution and taken the world by surprise had he succeeded in escaping from his island prison is highly probable, when we remember that it was not so much his own genius as the indisputable valour of his troops which enabled him to beat in succession the whole of the armies of Continental Europe, and in the end must have secured to him the mastery of the world, had it not been that he found, when he least expected it, a superior in the same system of warfare—a British army commanded by a Wellington.

We have another instance in the wars of the French in Algeria, of how helpless the bravest and best disciplined troops may become when they are brought face to face with an enemy whose only tactics consist in individual bravery, and whose mother-wit tells them never to risk an attack unless they are sure of victory. Yet these half-civilized horsemen of Northern Africa—the Bedouins—were only repeating, at the expense of their Gallic invaders, what their predecessors, the Numidians, had done in their wars with the Romans some

two thousand years ago; and so successful were they in their encounters, that the French must have given up the country in despair, had it not been for the lucky thought of one of their best generals, Marshal Bugeaud, who at length acting in accordance with the spirit of the saying, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, partially subdued them by turning against them their own peculiar tactics.

But so it is, has been, and ever will be, till the end of time, you have only to be successful in any cause, whether just or unjust, to be certain to find a host of imitators and admirers; hence the Zouaves and the Turcos, the Kabyle riflemen, and the Bedouin cavalry, that France found so useful as an auxiliary force to her army in Algeria and the Crimea, and whose strange costume, wild war cry, and still wilder mode of fighting struck such terror into the Austrians in Lombardy, though at that time in such high favour, are now as completely forgotten in the new wonder of the day—the Prussian needle-gun and the Prussian Landwehr—as if they had never been. Truly it would appear as if the rulers of men in our day had no other aim, no other object in view, than how they can in the most expeditious manner destroy their fellow-men.

Now that the tendency of the age has converted the whole civilized world into a vast workshop for the manufactory of every species of deadly missile and destructive weapon, and at a time when you hear of nothing else from year to year, from day to day, than the organization of armies upon this or that plan; ac-

counts of the last new breech-loader, and the last new rifled-cannon, whose destructive mouth is to sweep off at a mere puff whole battalions,—the philosopher is compelled to come to the conclusion, that the more we advance in what is called civilization, and the more familiar we become with the arts and sciences, the more prominently are the evil uses to which they may be put exhibited. At all events, whatever else may be the boast of our age, it cannot be called a chivalrous one. We certainly have not a single trait in common, when fighting is the question, with our heroic ancestors, who when they met in deadly conflict fought fairly man to man, and, above all things, despised anyone, whatever might be his rank, who sought the destruction of an enemy by any dishonourable means. Of this chivalrous trait in the character of the warriors of by-gone times, our own history, as well as that of every other country in Europe, furnishes many bright examples, but perhaps nothing affords a more striking illustration of our meaning than that interesting tale of the Oriental story-teller, 'Sultan Solyman, usually called the Great, and the Arabian alchymist,' which deserves to be generally known, were it for nothing else than as a characteristic trait of Turkish manners, at a time when the power of the Crescent was all but omnipotent, and for the moral it serves to point.

The story-teller, after enumerating the early victories achieved by that great Osmanli chieftain over his enemies the Persians, and the Giaours, and informing his hearers how the whole world stood in awe of his vic-

tories, goes on to say how his hero was at length arrested in his glorious career as a punishment for daring to arrogate to himself those honours which belong alone to the God of battles—to the Lord of Hosts. To chastise such blasphemous presumption it was decreed from above that his legions should be everywhere defeated, alike by the Persian heretics as by those eternal enemies of the true faith, the unbelieving Huns. The disgrace weighed heavily on the heroic soul of the dread lord of the faithful—the Crescent, hitherto the symbol of victory, had in his hands become the ensign of dishonour—what penance could atone for this? What humiliation would be too profound to mark his sense of his own unworthiness?

In the midst of this season of universal mourning, when every true Osmanli prayed and fasted in sackcloth and ashes, hoping to win back the favour of the Most High—when the Sultan lay hid in his tent, secluded from the light of day, and refused to be comforted, a stranger from a far distant land, covered with dust, and half-dead with fatigue, makes his appearance in the city of the Sultan, and solicits an immediate audience with the Commander of the Faithful, on a subject of the utmost importance to the whole Mahometan world. He is introduced, and after having told who he was, at once proceeded to lay before his majesty, and the great chieftains of his army, the details of an invention so terrible in its power of destroying human life, that the possessor of his secret must inflict such fearful and instantaneous loss on his enemy, as to ensure him the

victory in every conflict, no matter how great might be the odds.

After a careful examination of the wonderful machine, and the deadly effects of the combustibles with which it was charged,* the Sultan, being convinced of the truth of everything the alchymist had told him, without a moment's delay commanded the inventor to make a trial of its force upon a flock of sheep that was then peaceably grazing a few hundred yards from his tent. The experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations—the poor sheep were slaughtered wholesale; and having drawn many a Mashallah! and God is great! from all present, the Sultan, without expressing the slightest enthusiasm beyond that of raising his eyes and hands to heaven, retired to his tent, where he remained some time in meditation and prayer.

At length, after struggling long with the temptation offered him, the nobler nature in the bosom of this illustrious Leader of the Faithful triumphed. 'No!' he exclaimed, rising up from his devotions: 'No! I will have nothing to do with the hellish invention; it is

* Notwithstanding all that has been said and written by the Asiatic Turks respecting this wonderful machine and the nature of the combustibles it discharged, nothing, in reality, has transpired that can be depended upon, if we except a tradition in the family of the princely House of Caraman, which says, that in shape, it resembled a gigantic blunderbuss, and that the shower of bullets it discharged possessed the property of exploding in the air, like sky-rockets, and in their descent destroying every living thing with which they came into contact. But the nature of the material, and the secret of its manufacture, died with the inventor.

unworthy of the elect of Allah!—of him who claims to be the soldier of the Most High.'

The alchymist was a second time summoned to the tent of the Sultan, who again demanded whether the stranger was in truth the sole depositary of this wonderful secret? being answered in the affirmative, he gave the fatal signal to the Bastandji in waiting, and the head of the unlucky inventor rolled in the dust. Then raising again his eyes and hands to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Forgive me, O Allah! O Prophet!—Forgive me, Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe! It cannot be Thy will that a man like this should be allowed to live!'

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Naval Battle of Lissa.—How to attack Ironsides.—Admiral Tegethof and the Austrian Navy.—Unfounded Report of the French and Italian Journals.—Dalmatia and its Seamen.—How Dalmatia came under the Rule of Austria.—Characteristics of the Inhabitants of Dalmatia.—The Illyrian Peninsula and Dalmatia—Their probable Future.

THE tactics displayed by the belligerents in the naval battle of Lissa teach but little, it must be confessed, in connection with a branch of warfare so interesting and so important to a maritime people like ourselves. That little, however, is all in favour of the principles we have advocated in the preceding chapter. There can be no doubt that the Italians blundered lamentably, and were chiefly conspicuous for the absence of that skill and daring they formerly displayed in their naval battles against the Turks, and in their eternal wars with each other. Still, view it as we will, the result of the battle of Lissa seems to prove that if these qualities of the seaman are wanting, every superiority of size in a ship, weight of metal, armour plating, guns, and training of the men, will avail nothing. Without troubling our readers with a detailed account of the number of ships engaged at Lissa, or entering into a discussion of the causes to which the Italians ascribe the discomfiture of their splendid fleet, we may briefly state that there

can be but one opinion on the subject;—the battle was gained by the dogged courage of the Austrian Admiral, who, aware of the disadvantages under which he laboured, and knowing that his wooden vessels would be sunk one after another by the iron-sides of the enemy if he allowed them to remain for any length of time as a mark for their bullets, like a brave seaman boldly resolved to disregard all the rules of naval tactics, and to rush upon the enemy like a bull on its tormentors in the arena. It is scarcely necessary to say that this reckless boldness disconcerted all the plans of his opponents, and fighting rather in accordance with the obsolete rules of ancient warfare than with aught sanctioned by modern practice, he made use of his vessels as battering rams, and, like a gallant seaman as he is, kept butting and firing at every ship, without respect to size or armament, that had the misfortune to come in his way. The *Rè d'Italia*, a first-class frigate, plated from stem to stern, was the first he struck, and the first to go down before the force of his irresistible swoop, for whatever chance a wooden vessel might have of safety from a great yawning hole in her side, there was none for one plated with heavy iron, and to make matters worse, in less than two minutes she went down with the whole of her crew. The loss of such a ship, the finest in the Italian fleet, must have been most disheartening at the commencement of a fight, but to be followed almost immediately by that of another iron-clad, the *Palestro*, which the same enraged, bull-like Austrian contrived to set on fire, would have

a serious effect on the courage of a more cool-headed seaman than a child of the South.

Even the *Affondatore*, the only turreted ship engaged in the fight, and which belonged to the Italian squadron, whether from bad management, or the difficulty of handling her, lay like a huge monster defying attack, it is true, but of little or no use in a close fight, owing it is said to her unwieldy proportions. Still we cannot but think that such a vessel under the management of more skilful sailors might be turned to better account as a ram, armed, as she was, with a tremendous weapon of destruction at her prow, than in wasting all the shot from her powerful guns, not one of which, says Tegethof, the Austrian Admiral, in his despatch to the Emperor, did any serious damage to his ships. He also says that his own ship, a wooden one, the *Kaiser*, defied every attempt of the great iron monster to run her down, owing to the celerity of her movements; and he might no doubt have added, if he was a little vainglorious,—to the superior way in which he handled her.

We learn, however, one lesson from Admiral Tegethof's *mad-bull* mode of attack, which ought not to be lost sight of by our own naval authorities, which is—that armour is no protection to an iron-clad from fire, or from being run down by a vessel built of wood of even less tonnage, as was proved in the case of the *Max*, having, as we before observed, sunk the *Rè d'Italia*, a vessel heavier than herself by one-third of the tonnage. It also shows that a turret-ship is more serviceable with

her guns at long-range fighting, than in the confusion of a close engagement. Finally, it seems to demonstrate, that if naval conflicts are to be decided by actual collision between opposing ships, those which are the most easily handled and quickest sailers, are certain to win the fight. The Italians themselves, in their accounts of the battle, attribute the loss of the *Rè d'Italia*, to the fact that her rudder was out of order, and consequently unable to manœuvre out of reach of the *Max*, when that vessel with every sail set bore down upon her with the full shock of her speed and momentum.

Be this as it may, we apprehend that the lesson taught by the battle of Lissa may be received as a further confirmation of that taught by the American war, namely, that in spite of all their detractors may allege to the contrary, the *rôle* of wooden vessels-of-war is not yet come to an end. That they are more seaworthy no one can doubt; in addition to which, they are more easily handled, and can get out of the way of an adversary more quickly and with less danger of having their plated sides, wood and iron, stove in together like the ill-fated *Rè d'Italia*, leaving an opening for the sea, which no human power is able to fill up. It must therefore follow that since the art of destruction not only keeps pace with, but surpasses, that of defence, and we are able to knock a hole in the side of a plated frigate, as well as in one built of wood, we think the more buoyant craft has the better chance of the two. Doubtless iron-clads are best fitted for attacking forts, and in a long sustained fire, wooden vessels would pro-

bably stand little chance against them. Still there are other ways of circumventing an enemy besides this, as British seamen have discovered before now, and as they will again do if necessary; and notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary, we cling to the belief that the wooden walls of Old England may still be found serviceable in her hour of need.

It would be a great injustice to our countrymen, and also to our children in America, if we did not take this opportunity of positively contradicting the assertion of the French and Italian journals, that the naval victory obtained by the Austrians at Lissa was entirely owing to the tact and skill of the English and American officers who were entrusted by the Austrian Government with the command of its fleet. There never was a more wilful mistatement, nor one made more obviously with the view of reviving all the old animosities of the Latin race. We are not surprised that an inventive people like the Italians, should resort to any subterfuge, however unfounded, to palliate the severe castigation their navy received at the hands of such an inefficient maritime power as poor Austria; but that our neighbours the French, who ought to know us better, should echo, in their journals, these unfounded statements, must have been done with a view of holding us up to the contempt of the other great nationalities of Europe, who are always ready to listen when our old enemies, the Gauls, draw the long bow at the expense of poor John Bull.

So far from this being the fact, we can unhesitatingly declare there is not a word of truth in the statement, as any Frenchman or Italian will find, if he takes the trouble to examine the Austrian official list, when he will see that, with only two exceptions, and these were Greeks of the Levant, that every officer under fire at the battle of Lissa were natives of the Austrian Empire, and, nearly to a man, including even the common seamen, inhabitants of that province on the Adriatic which has always been the best nursery for Austrian sailors—Dalmatia.

The real cause that the Italians were again overmatched by the Austrians, was not, indeed, the number of men, ships, and weight of metal of the latter, but what is still more important in a struggle of life or death—the tact, daring, and courage, of perhaps some of the very best seamen to be found in any country—of which the number of islands, creeks, and harbours on that dangerous coast of Dalmatia have been, from time immemorial, the nursery. As is the case with the Austrian fleet, in the present day, that of the Venetian Republic was, to a still greater extent, manned by the same race of hardy fishermen, whose valour enabled her to hold, for so many centuries, the dominion of the sea against all her rivals. Even in the days of Imperial Rome they had acquired a high reputation for seamanship; and it is not less interesting than true, that the progenitors of the same race who fought and conquered at Lissa, in by-gone ages, contributed, in no small degree, to the successes of Augustus at Actium, the

greater part of whose fleet consisted of those Liburnian galleys, of which Horace speaks when he says,—

'Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium
Amice, propugnacula.'

On the fall of the Venetian Republic, Dalmatia, with its long line of coast, became annexed to the great French Empire, and gave the title of Duke to Marshal Soult But whether from the inability of the French to rule over a country whose inhabitants they had never been able thoroughly to subdue, or that they apprehended they would eventually be driven out, perhaps ignominiously, by the united attack of the inhabitants and a British fleet, it was hastily made over to Austria in exchange for some trifling strip of territory in South Germany. Since that time it has remained under the rule of the princes of the House of Habsburg. From a thorough knowledge of the country, its capabilities, and the character of the inhabitants, we can say confidently that it would be difficult to find among any of our great European races, a finer set of men, or any more highly endowed with those qualities so indispensable to the soldier and the seaman, daring and enterprise. Of this we have many striking examples in the incessant war their brethren of Montenegro and Herzegowina have been waging for the last four hundred years against the whole force of the Turkish Empire, although they never numbered altogether more than about half-a-million.*

* The reader, who may be interested in the fate of this remnant of a once great people—the Illyrian—will find an ample account of them, and the countries they inhabit, in Spencer's 'Travels in European Turkey.'

Unhappily for Austria, her Illyrian subjects of Dalmatia are as little attached to her rule as the Italians were on the other side of the Adriatic. Like them they sigh for an independent fatherland, which is to embrace the Illyrian Peninsula and those provinces formerly united to it on the Lower Danube. That they will obtain the object of their desires at some future day, we think there can be little doubt. In fact, it is impossible to suppose that a people, numbering so many millions, can continue to vegetate for ever under the rule of two powers so distinct from them in habits, race, language, and religion, as the Osmanli and the Austro-Teuton.

In one essential point of view, the position of this section of the Slavonian-Illyrian race inhabiting Dalmatia and the inland provinces of the Illyrian Peninsula is most pitiable, when we come to reflect that Austria, by holding the sole possession of the whole coast of their country from Fiume in Hungary to the Bocca di Cattaro on the confines of Albania, shuts them out as completely from any communication with the sea—that channel of industry and civilization—or intercourse with their brethren of Dalmatia, as if they were divided from each other by a wall of fire. We say a wall of fire, so strict are the military regulations, so numerous are the outstanding forts and sentries of that suspicious government to prevent the possibility of any intriguing or conspiring of interest on the part of her subjects of Dalmatia and those of their compatriots who acknowledge the Sultan as their lord and master.

Still, however much we may pity the hard fate of

this unlucky nationality, we cannot blame Austria in using every possible precaution to retain in her hold the possession of a territory so essential to her interests, and without which she never could aspire to become a naval power. In this she has been more unfortunate than any of our other great European States in being called upon to rule over so many adverse nationalities from whom she never could expect either loyalty or devotion to her interests. That she will lose Dalmatia when the Turks are driven from the Illyrian Peninsula is as certain as she has been obliged to resign her claim to Lombardy and Venetia. Even now, as we before observed, the Austro-Germans are as much disliked by the inhabitants of Dalmatia as they were by the Italians previous to the late war; nor are the Italians by any means favourites. In a word, they are Slavonians, and they have not yet forgotten the harsh usage they were subject to while they were under the sway of their Venetian lords.

We may, therefore, safely predict now that their neighbours, the Italians, have got all and much more than they ever expected, that the Illyrians, ere many years pass over, will likewise assert their claim to independence, and never give over agitating until they also get what they term their natural rights. The only cause likely to delay such a consummation is the want of education, political knowledge, and the art of carrying out an intrigue possessed by the former. They have, however,—these Illyrians,—what the others never had, a dogged courage and a contempt of danger

which in no slight degree compensates for the absence of higher qualities. Again, they are not more hopelessly divided into tribes and nationalities than the Italians were into petty States, and they have like them that great bond of union—one common language. In addition to this—being for the most part members of the Greek Church—they are certain, in the event of any national movement, of having the unanimous support of their clergy—in itself a tower of strength—an advantage which Italy never had, nor any Roman Catholic country can expect, and for this simple reason that its ecclesiastics, from the moment they are ordained, become the slaves of the Papacy, and must obey its behests, be the cause right or wrong; whereas the former are as little liable to be influenced by their spiritual chieftains, in matters unconnected with the doctrine of their Church, as our own sturdy reformers are by an Archbishop of Canterbury.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Historical Sketch of the Illyrian Peninsula.—How it came under the Rule of the Turks.—Gradual Decline of Ottoman Power.—Dalmatia and the Lion of Saint Mark.—The Bocca di Cattaro.—Its Importance as a Naval and Military Position.—How the French lost the Bocca di Cattaro.—Its Uselessness to Austria.—Importance of Montenegro as a Military Position.—Its Natural Defences.—Concluding Observations on the Eastern Question.

We have neither time nor space, nor would it be of much value to the reader were we to attempt, to give a description of the old empire of the Illyrians, which, if we are to believe the piesmas and traditions of the Illyrian bards and story-tellers, was coeval with that of Babylon and Nineveh. There can be little doubt, however, that the Macedonian Empire of Philip and his great son Alexander, was nothing more than a brilliant offshoot of the Illyrian. Of this we have sufficient evidence in the writings of the ancient Greeks, as also that it was from among this ancient people that these warlike princes were accustomed to recruit their finest soldiery.

From all that we have been able to learn, the most brilliant period in the history of the Illyrians was that during which their country remained attached to the Roman Empire, and they must indeed have been both

happy and prosperous to justify the proverb still current in their language, the Slavonian,—'To be as rich as an Illyrian.' More than one of the Emperors of Rome was an Illyrian by birth, and nowhere else, in the present day, do you find such splendid remains of Roman art and Roman grandeur as those at Pola and Spalato on the Dalmatian coast. Indeed, they are in such a wonderful state of preservation, that it has always been a mystery to the archæologist how they escaped the destructive hand of the barbarian.

The Illyrian Peninsula must have been as great a favourite with these civilizers of the world as their own beautiful Italy, since we find in almost every part unmistakable evidences of their fostering care in the number of old paved roads that everywhere intersect it, as well as the various bridges, forts, and strong places the remains of which still exist. Several of these roads and bridges are yet in use, although, in all probability they were constructed some two thousand years ago. At all events, we have frequently travelled over them with the caravan during our excursions in that country, and found them all that could be desired by anyone whose means of transit were limited to a horse and a pack-saddle.

It is by no means an advantage to a country to enjoy the reputation of being wealthy and prosperous when one of those periodical cataclysms among nations occurs, of which we have read more than one example in the history of the world, because such a condition is sure to attract all the freebooters, brigands, and other vaga-

bonds of the day in the hope of plunder. This was precisely the position of Italy and Illyria at the fall of the Roman Empire, and since, as history informs us, there was no portion of that vast dominion more wealthy, more prosperous, and more flourishing—it follows, as a matter of course, that they suffered in proportion from the inroads of the barbarians. No sooner had one half-savage horde carried off everything that they could lay their hands on, than another, equally ruthless and greedy of plunder, supplied their place, and thus these beautiful countries were reduced to the condition of deserts.

Of the two, Italy doubtless suffered the most; for we find that for many centuries after she continued to be the battle-field of nations—the arena of civil strife—Pope against Emperor—Emperor against Pope—republic against republic—city against city; while her sister, Illyria, on the other side of the Adriatic, under the fostering care of her krals—native princes—was gradually recovering the proportions of a great and united empire from sea to sea, from the shores of the Euxine and the banks of the Danube to the Adriatic and the Ægean; and such it really became under the rule of its greatest sovereign Stephan Douschan, who bore the title of 'Imperator Rasciæ, Bulgariæ, Bosniæ, Græcæ atque Albaniæ.'

We now come to the period of that terrible war which ended in the destruction of the Illyro-Servian dynasty, and the subjection of the entire Peninsula to the leaden despotism of the Turk. From this period,

down to the Napoleonic wars, and the repeated defeats those openly-avowed enemies of the Christian faith, the Osmanli, suffered at the hands of their hereditary foemen, the Russians, no language could adequately portray the sufferings this unhappy people were compelled to endure.

Their new rulers, animated by a blind fanaticism and believing it to be their special mission to extirpate idolatry in every form, ordered their unhappy Christian subjects, under penalty of death, to abandon a form of worship which was associated with the use of painted images of saints, angels, and relics. Fortunately, the avarice of their conquerors proved stronger than their religious prejudices and iconoclastic zeal, and afforded these poor Christians an unexpected means of securing immunity from such a dire alternative, in the shape of a capitation tax, the Haritsch—to be paid annually to the Sultan. In justice to the Osmanli, it must be confessed, this tax was by no means exorbitant in its amount, and as long as it was punctually paid, the Christians were free from molestation, provided they carefully abstained from angering Allah by any public exhibition of the idolatrous rites of their Church.

This intolerant exclusiveness is now fast disappearing among the Turkish people, thanks to the victories of the Russians, and the unceasing exertions of the British government to improve the social condition of the Christians, and to assimilate the Ottoman government, as far as possible, to the other European powers. Hence, a Christian, in whatever part of the empire he may

reside, can now practise the rites of his religion with perfect freedom. But no changes, however well intentioned they may be, will ever be able to unite in friendly brotherhood the professors of two creeds so utterly antagonistic to each other as the Christian and the Mahometan. The members of the former Church patiently bide their time, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the rule of the Turk is drawing to a close. Indeed, it is difficult to understand why the Christians of the Illyrian Peninsula, or, as it is sometimes called, European Turkey, who, exclusive of the Servians and the inhabitants of modern Greece, number about ten millions, have not, ere this, risen *en masse* and overthrown for ever the dominion of the Crescent, especially when we remember that their Osmanli rulers, in the present day, do not amount to more than about a million-and-a-half; as we cannot for a moment imagine the descendants of those pervert Illyrians of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Albania, would allow their religious sympathies to interfere with their patriotic instincts in the event of the overthrow of their Moslem co-religionists. So marvellous has been the gradual decline in the numbers of those warlike descendants of Othman, who at one time shook the entire fabric of Christendom, that we may safely predict, at no very distant period, the entire disappearance of this race from Europe, even if their downfall be not precipitated by the march of events.

Happily for Dalmatia and its inhabitants, they were exempt from many of the evils to which their com-

patriots of the interior were the victims in consequence of having placed their country under the protection of the Lion of St. Mark. As might be anticipated, the presence of a foreign power on the coast of a country which the Turks considered theirs by right of conquest led to an interminable succession of wars by sea and land, which almost invariably ended in the triumph of the arms of the Venetian Republic.

There can be no doubt that the Dalmatians and their protectors had the advantage of occupying one of the strongest positions to be found in any country—the far-famed Bocca di Cattaro, which might easily be converted into a species of Gibraltar by any power that held possession, as they did, of the sea and the surrounding mountains.

This magnificent harbour and stronghold, better known in the country by its Illyrian name of Rizonica, is without exception the most important naval station of the Adriatic, securing as it does to its possessor the command of the trade, not only of Dalmatia, but also of Albania, and the whole of the Turkish coast as far as Arta and Previsa.

During our travels in Dalmatia, Herzegowina and Tchernegora, we had frequent occasion to admire the caprice of nature displayed in the formation of the rocks in certain districts, giving them the appearance of forts, castles, turrets, and other buildings. This is especially remarkable in the country about the Bocca di Cattaro, where we are, moreover, presented with the unique spectacle of a succession of capacious docks,

likewise fashioned by the hand of nature. This will be understood when we say that they consist of vast basins hollowed out of the rock, entirely land-locked and communicating with each other by narrow passages, easily defended. Nor is this all, the same mysterious agency to which this singular harbour owes its origin, has also dowered it with depth of water, a secure anchorage, and the fullest protection from every wind that blows. It is, moreover, sufficiently capacious to receive the entire fleet of a first-class maritime power.

However capable of resisting an attack by sea, Bocca di Cattaro is nevertheless useless to Austria in a strategic point of view, as she only possesses a narrow strip of territory along the coast. No power can be said to hold Cattaro that is not also mistress of the adjacent country, as this harbour is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, rising in ledges and plateaus, on which a few cannon could easily be planted so as to sink any vessel at anchor below with the greatest ease. Our readers will therefore understand how worthless this possession must be to Austria, when we say that these surrounding heights are occupied by the warlike mountaineers of Montenegro, who claim the Bocca di Cattaro as their own.

We think we are fully justified in saying, that in the event of any insurrectionary movement in this country, having for its object the independence of the different races inhabiting it, the sooner Austria makes her exodus the better will it be for her shipping and

soldiers. It was the dread of a bullet from these surrounding mountain plateaus that prevented that active, energetic people the French from converting Cattaro into one of the strongest naval possessions in the world. Doubtless in process of time they would have succeeded in exterminating these mountaineers as they did the unhappy Kabyles of the Atlas mountains when they stood in the way of their conquests in Algeria. Such an act of barbarity was in this instance rendered unnecessary however, by the arrival of an English fleet, and a simultaneous attack by sea and land, in which our countrymen were assisted by the Montenegrans, and in a few hours settled the question of who should be masters of Cattaro.

Rizonica dates its origin from a very early period. We are told that the Illyrian Queen Teuta, when driven from her states by Philip of Macedon, fled hither for protection, and in this impregnable position, continued to hold her court, and to carry on a desultory warfare against her enemy, whose vessels she destroyed whenever an opportunity presented itself. Somewhat later. we find Rizonica affording an asylum to some of the most formidable pirates mentioned in history, and who were only finally exterminated by the joint efforts of the Carthagenians and the Greeks.

A position so admirably adapted for the purposes of legitimate commerce or piratical plunder, was sure not to be overlooked and forgotten. At the commencement of the eleventh century therefore, we find Rizonica (or to call it by its Italian name Bocca di Cattaro) consti-

tuted into a Republic under the Protectorate of the Krals of Servia. After passing through many vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity—its independence being alternately threatened by its powerful neighbours the Kingdom of Hungary and the Venetian Republic, it was finally absorbed by the latter State, under whose rule it continued to prosper until the extinction of Venice as an independant State by the French,

We have already informed our readers how Cattaro was wrested from the French under Marshal Marmont, by the English and their Allies, the Montenegrans. It was thenceforth permitted to remain in the hands of the latter people, and formed a portion of their little Republic until it was finally delivered over to the custody of Austria, by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. We cannot here refrain from expressing our entire disapproval of the policy of our rulers, at this momentous crisis of European history, who by sanctioning this act of injustice towards a gallant ally, consigned to the keeping of an alien power this valuable position, the best, and indeed the only port in the territory of a people to whom it belonged by right of immemorial possession, even if they had not also made good their title to it at the point of the sword.

How great must have been the astonishment of these poor mountaineers, ignorant as they were of what had been then passing in the great world, of which they knew so little, when they beheld a fleet of armed vessels filled with soldiers enter the harbour of a town which they had already made the capital of their little state,

cast anchor and make all the necessary preparations for taking possession, with as much *sang-froid* as if it had been lawfully theirs from time immemorial. The Montenegrans, however, were not the men to submit to such an injustice—such an infringement of the natural rights of a people—without an attempt at resistance; they instantly flew to arms, feeble as were their hopes of being able to contend against such a mighty empire. as Austria then was. Hence, at a time when the whole of Europe was enjoying the blessings of peace, Cattaro and its miserable inhabitants were subjected to a long and murderous siege, and it was not till its gallant defenders had expended their last cartridge, and saw before them the horrors of starvation, that they surrendered.

In vain did they appeal to their old comrades in arms—those lions of the sea, as they were accustomed to call them—the Ingleski, to cause the treaty with their Vladika to be respected. It was of no avail—the deed was done, and could not be recalled. Still they did not despair at some future time of recovering the only port in their little territory that placed them in a direct communication with the civilization of the West, as Austria has found to her cost in the repeated attempts these mountaineers have since made to recover possession of it, and in the fact that for years afterwards not one of her soldiers dare show himself in an exposed position, without incurring the danger of having a bullet sent through his heart from the rifle of a marksman,

who, in the unerring accuracy of his aim, has no superior.

It may perhaps be considered that we have been somewhat diffuse in our description of a place so little known, and of such little importance to the great world as an obscure harbour like the Bocca di Cattaro, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. Our political and military readers, however, will be of a very different opinion, when we tell them that, in the event of a dissolution of the Ottoman power, in what is now called European Turkey,—a contingency for which it behoves us to be prepared at any moment,—we know of no other position throughout the whole length and breadth of Europe, not excepting even our own Gibraltar, that offers such natural facilities of being made one of the strongest naval and military stations that exists.

The Russians, always alive to their own interests, were perfectly cognizant of this when they stipulated with Austria the cession to them of this harbour as part payment for the assistance they afforded her to put down the insurrection of the Hungarians in 1848, and which that feeble power would gladly have acceded to had it not been for the strenuous opposition made to the carrying out of such a nefarious act by our minister, the late Lord Palmerston. In this affair we lay claim to the credit of being the first writer who, in a series of articles in the 'United Service Magazine,' drew the attention of the English public to this notable scheme, which we heard of by the merest accident

while travelling in Montenegro. It may also be necessary to add that, whatever power or people obtain possession of Cattaro and the adjoining territory now occupied by the mountaineers of Montenegro, and Herzegowina, which may be termed a natural fortress, will be certain, in process of time, to gain the mastery of the whole of the Illyrian Peninsula—a fact which the two great powers of the West, including Italy, should never lose sight of.

It was the possession of Cattaro and this part of the Dalmatian coast, with the whole of the mountain district in its vicinity, comprising these unassailable plateaus and dangerous defiles, that enabled the great Illyrian Kral Stephan Douschan to make head against the Hungarians, who were then in possession of a large portion of the Dalmatian coast, and finally to extend his dominions, little by little, until he became sole lord of a territory larger than the whole of France. The possession of but a small portion of the same stronghold has enabled the mountaineers of Tchernegora, or as the Italians call it Montenegro, to defeat every attempt of the Turks for the last four hundred years to possess themselves of their territory, and even to carry on against them an incessant and almost invariably successful guerilla warfare; yet this people never numbered more than about a hundred and fifty thousand. The position they occupy is indeed one of extraordinary strength, in a strategic point of view, and one which could not be better adapted for all the purposes of warfare, offensive and defensive, if it had been fashioned by

the hands of the military engineer, so perfect in all respects is this vast natural fortress. Approach it from whatever direction you may, whether from the sea-coast or the interior, you see towering up before you, to the height of from four to eight thousand feet, a vast wall of calcareous rock, which must be scaled by some mountain path or bridle road, before an entrance can be effected into the little world that lies behind it, and even then, on descending, further progress is arrested, by another circuitous wall of rock of lesser elevation, but which must also be crossed; and at the very time when all obstructions would seem to be at an end, the real dangers and difficulties in the way of an invading army will be found to increase at every step, owing to the continual windings of the only road that can possibly be taken to the capital of the Republic, Cettigne. This road consists of nothing more than the bed of a mountain stream, dry in summer, presenting, at every angle, a projecting ledge of rock from behind which a few armed men might, in perfect security, keep up an incessant fire on an invading army.

In view of the impending dissolution of Ottoman power in Europe—for let our statesmen and public writers say what they please to the contrary—it is an event that cannot long be delayed. The all-important question naturally arises, of what is to be the future of that magnificent country, the Illyrian Peninsula. The first solution, and that which would doubtless chiefly commend itself to our politicians of the West, would

be to make it over to Austria, and leave it for her to form out of the fusion of its Slavonic inhabitants, with those she already rules over in her own dominions, an Austro-Magyar Illyrian Empire. Such an arrangement would indeed obviate the danger that must result to the equilibrium of European power, should Russia, by any wily intrigues with her co-religionists, obtain the mastery of this splendid territory. But alas! for the possibility of its realization. In the first place, the results of Austrian rule over peoples of alien race have little in them to inspire us with any hope for the future; moreover, there arises the prime obstacle of that difference of creed which we hold to be fatal to the feasibility of any such scheme. Bad, as in many respects, the rule of the Turks undoubtedly is, it is at least free from any tendency to proselytize, and we really believe that these Christians of the Greek Church in European Turkey would prefer remaining under the sway of their old masters to submitting to the spiritual thraldom which they would have to endure under the priest-ridden Jesuitical power of Austria. Any interference with the free exercise of their religious ceremonies—any undue pressure brought to bear upon them by the Romanist government of the Kaiser could only end in that most terrible of all struggles, a religious war.

Without pretending to advance any theory of our own on the delicate and difficult question with which we are confronted when we come to speak of the future of European Turkey, we will simply say that we consider a policy of non-intervention to be the best and wisest

that could be pursued. These people are fully alive to their own interests, and perfectly competent to defend them, if need be, and we think that they possess all the elements necessary to form a great and powerful nation if once constituted into an independent State—under a sovereign of their own choosing.

We have now fulfilled the promise set forth in our title, of conducting our readers from the Baltic to the Adriatic, throughout the whole of Central Germany, Austria, and Venetia, and have done our best to make him acquainted with the present political, social, and religious condition of these countries, so as to enable him to realize at their true value the important events of which they have recently been the theatre, and to estimate their probable bearing on that future which we regard as fated to exercise a still more momentous influence on the destinies of the human race.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHARING CROSS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018